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THE MONTESSORI SCHOOLS IN ROME

THE REVOLUTIONARY EDUCATIONAL WORK OF MARIA MONTESSORI AS CARRIED OUT IN HER OWN SCHOOLS

BY

JOSEPHINE TOZIER

[FOUR years ago Maria Montessori, an Italian physician and educator, opened the first "House of Childhood" (*Casa dei Bambini*) in Rome, and began to apply her revolutionary methods of education to the teaching of little children. Her work has set on foot a new educational movement that is not only transforming the schools of Italy, but is making rapid progress in other countries. In June, 1911, Switzerland passed a law establishing the Montessori system in all its public schools. Two model schools were opened in Paris this September, one of them under the direction of the daughter of the French minister to Italy, who has studied with Montessori in Rome. Preparations are being made to establish Montessori schools this year in England, India, China, Mexico, Corea, Argentine Republic, and Honolulu. In the United States schools have already been started in New York and Boston, and Montessori has received applications from teachers in nearly every State in the Union who wish to study with her in order to apply her methods. To meet the demand for instruction, Montessori will open a training class in Rome this winter for teachers from England and America. EDITORS.]

THE Montessori system of education* is more than a mere method of teaching young children: it is a branch of applied modern science—directed toward the development of a new race of men. "The external world," says Madame Montessori, "transformed by the tremendous development of experimental science in the last century, must have as its master a transformed man. If the progress of the human individual does not keep pace with the progress of science, civilization will find itself checked."

Madame Montessori, who is an anthropologist of European reputation as well as a teacher, has adopted the inductive methods of experimental science to insure the development of the individual, under freedom, to his highest capacity.

"The conception of freedom which must inspire pedagogy," she says, "is that which the biological sciences of the nineteenth century have shown us in their methods of studying life. The old-time pedagogy was incompetent and vague, because it did not understand the principles of studying the pupil before educating him, and of leaving him free for spontaneous manifestations. Such an attitude has been rendered possible and practical only through the contribution of the experimental sciences of the last century."

The methods of this new system of pedagogy are exactly the same as are adopted by all modern investigators in the field of biology.

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* A previous article describing the Montessori system of education appeared in McCLURE'S for May, 1911

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Deftness and Bodily Poise a Result of the Montessori Sense Training

In the first place, Madame Montessori tries to give the child an environment that liberates his personality; she places him in an atmosphere where there are no restraints, where there is no opposition, nothing to make him perverse or self-conscious, or to put him on the defensive. His personality is thus liberated into free action, and the thing he is expresses itself.

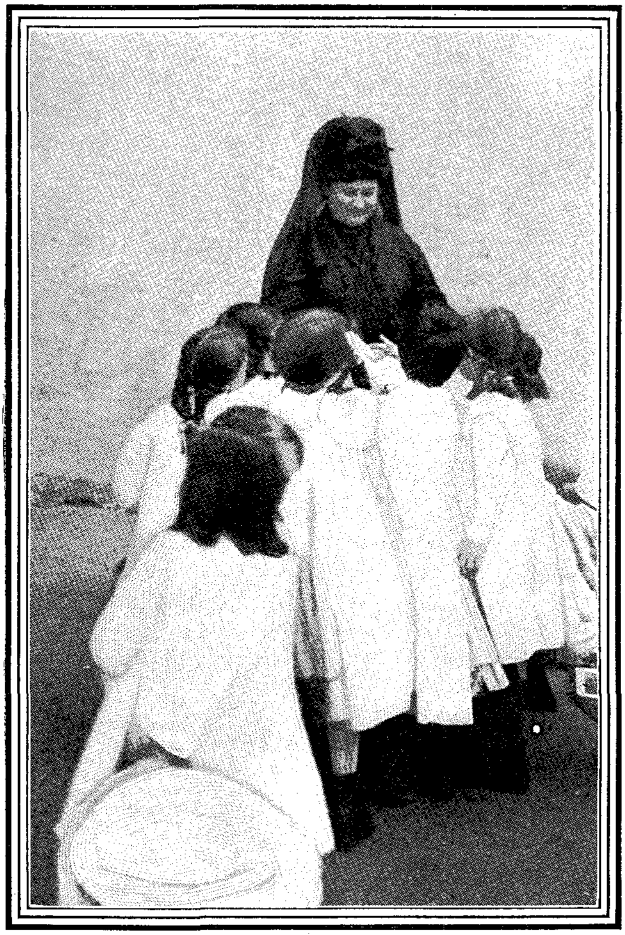
Secondly, by her system of sense training she develops in the child a sense of his relation to his material surroundings and a facility in accommodating himself to them. As a result of the sense training, he learns to manage his body deftly, to walk without stumbling, to carry without dropping, to touch objects delicately and surely — in short, to move among the material things that surround him, whatever they may be, with ease and freedom, and with the least possible fret and wear to his spirit and to his body. Every element of embarrassment and self-consciousness is overcome, and he inevitably prefers harmonious action to the discord by which the untrained and awkward child so often tries to hide his inadeptness.

Thirdly, Madame Montessori tries, through her sense education, to reach and to stimulate the intellect itself. Through the child's interest in the materials with which he works, she leads him to purely intellectual concepts of form and the relation of numbers.

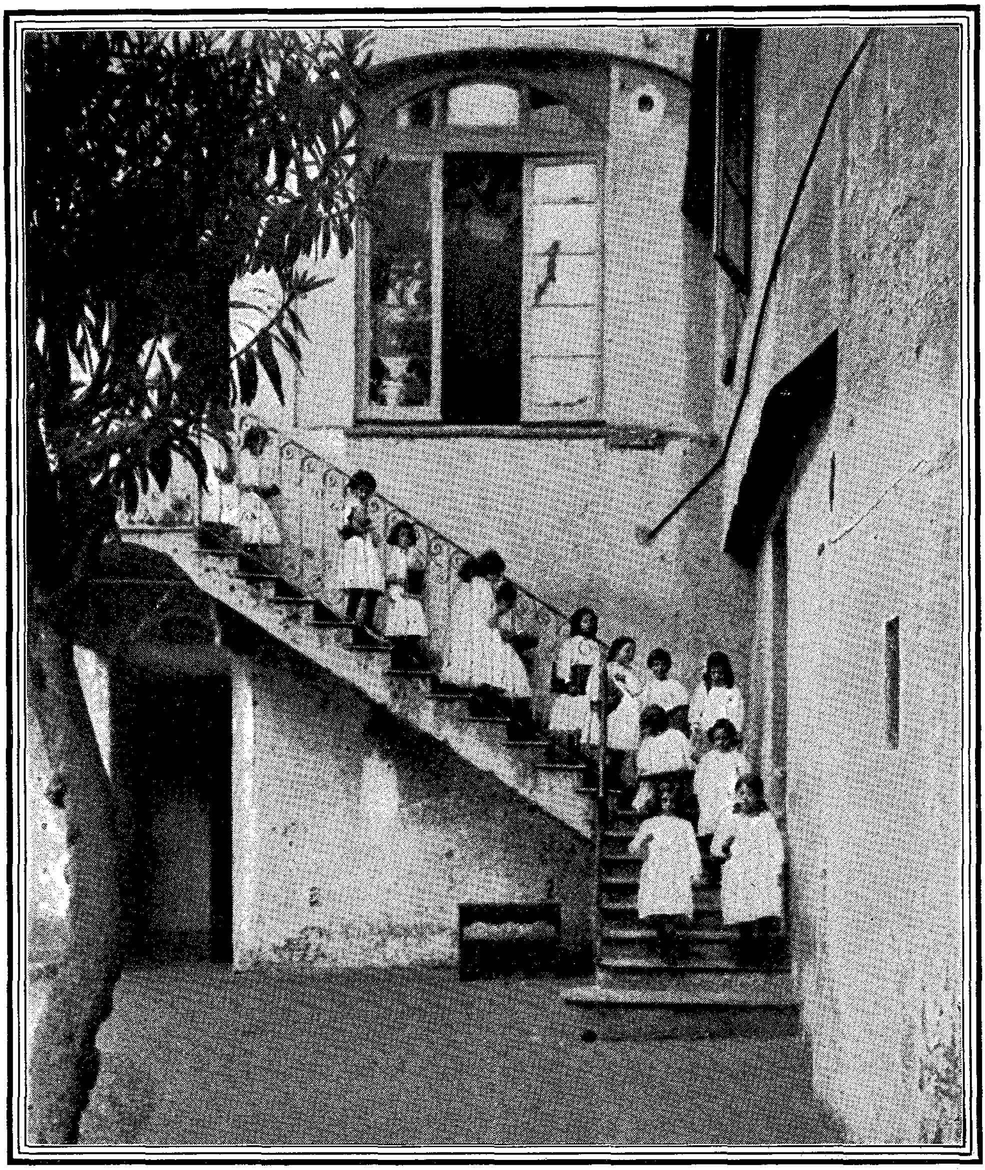
The Modern Baby No Longer the Plaything of Its Parents

Madame Montessori starts all her system of primary training from the premise of independence and self-reliance which underlies the modern practice of infant hygiene — a comparatively new branch of medical science which, she says, has sprung out of the experimental methods of modern biology. A new-born baby is no longer allowed to be wrapped in folds of woolen or cotton cloth, to be shaken or patted into sleep, to be talked to and constantly handled. Its clothing is arranged to give its body as much freedom as possible. It is kept free from excitement, and is no longer made the plaything of its parents. The nurse has now become an observer rather than an arbitrary personage imposing her authority upon a helpless charge. The nurse's first duty is to watch the little animal grow; her second duty is to prevent the expenditure of energy by useless effort on the part of the child.

And these, Madame Montessori believes, are the first duties of the teachers of young children. The whole movement of society to-day is toward the protection of a child's individuality. Formerly, in hospitals, orphan asylums, and children's homes, the effort was to protect the child's life merely — to prevent infant mortality and to conserve so many living human organisms to society. But society is beginning to realize that it may have succeeded in preserving the living human organism and still have lost something that might have been infinitely valuable to the world. In other words, we have begun to give protection to the potential individual which is in every child's



LITTLE GIRLS IN THE SCHOOL OF ST. ANGELO WELCOMING THE DOTTORESSA MONTESSORI, WHO HAS COME IN TO OBSERVE AND TO GIVE LESSONS



LITTLE GIRLS IN THE GHETTO SCHOOL OF ST. ANGELO, IN ROME, CARRYING THE MONTESSORI MATERIALS FROM THEIR SCHOOL-ROOM ON THE THIRD FLOOR TO THE OPEN COURT. THE CHILDREN MAKE THE JOURNEY DOWN THE STEEP FLIGHTS OF NARROW STEPS WITH PERFECT ORDER AND SECURITY OF MOVEMENT

body — to keep it away from those things that would distort and destroy it, or force it into any given mold. We are trying to insure this individuality a chance to reveal itself, rare or commonplace, whatever it may be.

The protection of this individuality, then, is the foremost duty of the nurse in the first instance, and of the teacher in the second.

The most thoughtful modern teachers in America will find in the Montessori system all their best ideas reduced to scientific simplicity and precision. Dr. Montessori's chapter on discipline, one of the most important in her book, may be given briefly as follows:

Montessori Methods of Discipline

"Discipline through liberty. Here is a principle difficult for the followers of the common-school methods to understand. How shall one attain discipline in a class of free children? Certainly, in our system, we have a different conception of what discipline is. If the discipline be founded upon liberty, it (the dis-

CLARA, FOUR AND A HALF YEARS OLD, PEPPINELLA, THREE AND A HALF, AND DORA, AGED FOUR, SWEEPING THE CORRIDOR. THE INDIVIDUALITY OF THE CHILDREN IS SHOWN TO SOME EXTENT IN THE PICTURE. CLARA IS SWEEPING VERY CAREFULLY, PEPPINELLA WITH GREAT VIGOR

cipline) must be *active.* We do not call an individual disciplined only when he is rendered artificially silent as a mute and immovable as a paralytic. Such an individual is *annihilated,* not *disciplined.*

"We call an individual disciplined when he is master of himself, and can, therefore, regulate his own conduct when it shall be necessary to follow some rule of life.

"Such a concept of *active discipline* is not easy either to comprehend or to attain; but certainly it contains a great educational principle, and is very different from the absolute coercion to immobility.

"A special technique is necessary to the teacher if she is to lead the child along such a road of discipline, if she is to make it possible for him to continue in this way all his life, advancing always toward perfect self-mastery. Since the child now learns to move rather than to sit still, he prepares himself, not for the school, but for life; for he becomes able, through habit and through practice, to perform easily and correctly the simple acts of social or community life. The discipline to which the child habituates himself here is, in its character, not limited to the school environment, but extends to society.

The Children Must be Allowed Perfect Freedom

"The liberty of the pupil must have as its *limit* the collective interests; as its *form,* that education of acts and manners universally considered good breeding. We must, then, check in the child whatever offends or annoys others, or whatever tends toward coarse or ill-bred behavior. But all the rest — every manifestation having a

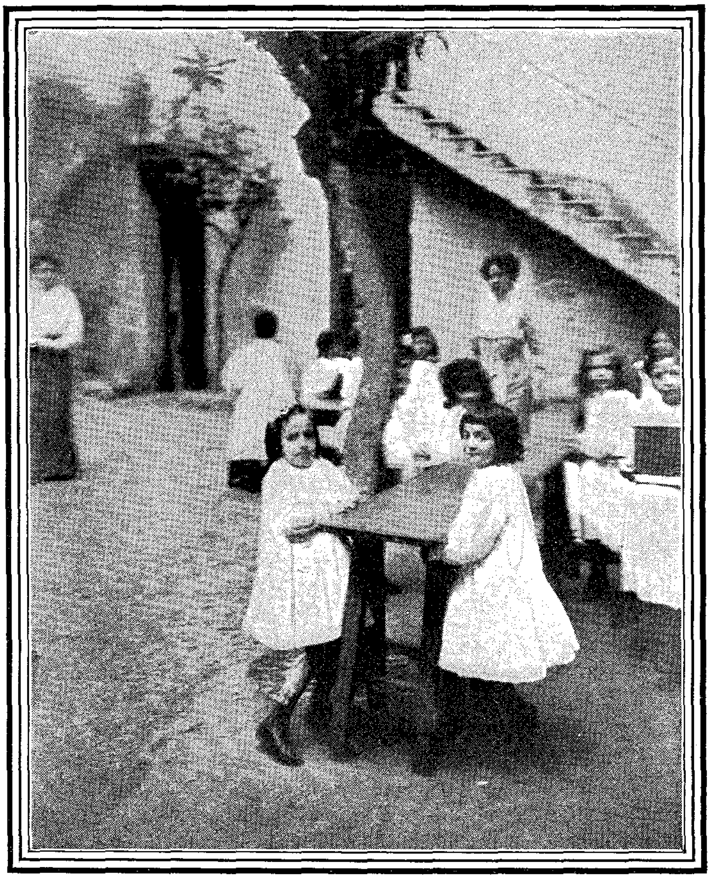
The italics are Madame Montessori's own

useful scope, whatever it be and in whatever form expressed — must not only be permitted, but must be *observed* by the teacher. Here lies the essential point. From her preparation the teacher should bring not only the ability to observe natural phenomena, but an interest in doing so. She, in our system, must be a *paziente* (patient one), passive much more than active; and her patience shall be composed of anxious scientific curiosity, and of absolute *respect* toward the phenomenon that she wishes to observe. The teacher must understand and feel her position of observer; the activity must lie in the phenomenon.

"Such principles surely have a place in schools for little children who are exhibiting the first spiritual and mental manifestations of their lives. We can not know the consequences of suffocating a *spontaneous action* when the child is just beginning to act; perhaps we suffocate life itself. We must respect religiously, reverently, these first indications of individuality; and, if any educational act is to be efficacious, it will be only that which tends to help toward the complete unfolding of the inner life of the child. To be thus helpful, it is necessary rigorously to avoid the *arrest of spontaneous movements* and the imposition of *purely arbitrary tasks*. It is, of course, understood that here we do not refer to useless or dangerous actions, for these must be suffocated — destroyed.

The Old-Fashioned Teacher Suffocated the Activity of Her Pupils

"The training of teachers not prepared for scientific observation, or perhaps trained in the old imperialistic methods of the public schools, has convinced me of the great distance between those methods and this. Even an intelligent teacher who understands the principle finds much difficulty in putting it into practice. She can not understand that her task is apparently *passive*, like that of the astronomer who sits immovable before the telescope while the worlds whirl through space. This idea that life *acts of itself*, and that to study it, to divine its secrets, or to direct its activity, it is necessary to observe it, and to come to know it without intervening, is very difficult to grasp. The teacher has too thoroughly learned to be the one free activity of the school, for too long it has been virtually her duty to suffocate the activity of the pupils. If, in her first days in a Casa dei Bambini, she does not obtain order and silence, she looks about abashed, as if calling the bystanders to witness her innocence; in vain we repeat to her that the disorder of the first moment is necessary. When she is obliged to do nothing but *watch*, she asks if she had not better resign, since she is no longer a teacher. But when she begins to find it her duty to discern which acts of the child she ought to hinder and which she ought to observe, then the teacher of the old school feels a great lack in herself, and begins to ask if she will not be quite inadequate to her task. In fact, she who is unprepared finds herself for a long time abashed or impotent,



LITTLE GIRLS ARRANGING THEIR WORK-TABLES IN THE COURTYARD OF ST. ANGELO IN PESCHERIA while the broader the scientific culture and the practice in experimentation of a teacher, the sooner will come for her the marvel of unfolding life and her interest in it.

"In those first days of training my teachers, I saw the dangers of blind intervention in the children's activities. These teachers almost involuntarily recalled the children to immobility, without *observing* and *distinguishing* the nature of the movements that they repressed. There was, for example, a little girl who gathered her companions about her, and then, in the midst of them, began to talk and gesticulate. The teacher at once ran to her, took hold of her arms, and told her to be still; but I, observing the child, saw that she was playing at being teacher or mother to the others, and was teaching them the morning prayer, the invocation to the saints, and the sign of the cross; she already showed herself as a *director*. Another child, who continually made disorganized and misdirected movements, and who was considered abnormal, one day, with an expression of intense attention, set about moving the tables. Instantly they were upon him to make him stand still because he made too much noise. Yet this was one of the *first manifestations*, in this child, of *movements* that were *coördinated* and *directed toward a useful end*, and it was therefore an action that should have been respected. In fact, after this the child began to be quiet and happy like the others whenever he had any small objects to move about and to arrange upon his desk.

The Ordinary Teacher's Mistaken Notions of Helpfulness

"It often happened that, while the directress replaced in the boxes various materials that had been used, a child would draw near, picking up the objects, with the evident desire of imitating the teacher. The first impulse was to send the child back to her place with the remark, 'Let it alone; go to your seat.' Yet the child expressed by this act a desire to be useful."

Madame Montessori here gives an illustration of a little girl of two and a half who, finding that she could not see either under the legs or over the heads of the other children, who were crowded about a basin of floating toys, stood for a moment in deep thought; then, with her face alight with interest, ran toward a little chair, with the evident intention of placing it so that she might see over the heads of her friends. Just at this moment she was spied by a young teacher, who, before Montessori could prevent, seized the baby and, lifting her up so that she could see above the heads of the others, cried: "Come, dear, come, poor little one, you shall see, too." Montessori says:

"Certainly the child, seeing the toys, experienced no such joy as that she felt in overcoming the obstacle with her own powers. The teacher prevented the child from educating itself without bringing to it any compensating good. She had been about to feel herself a victor, and instead she found herself held fast in two imprisoning arms, an impotent.

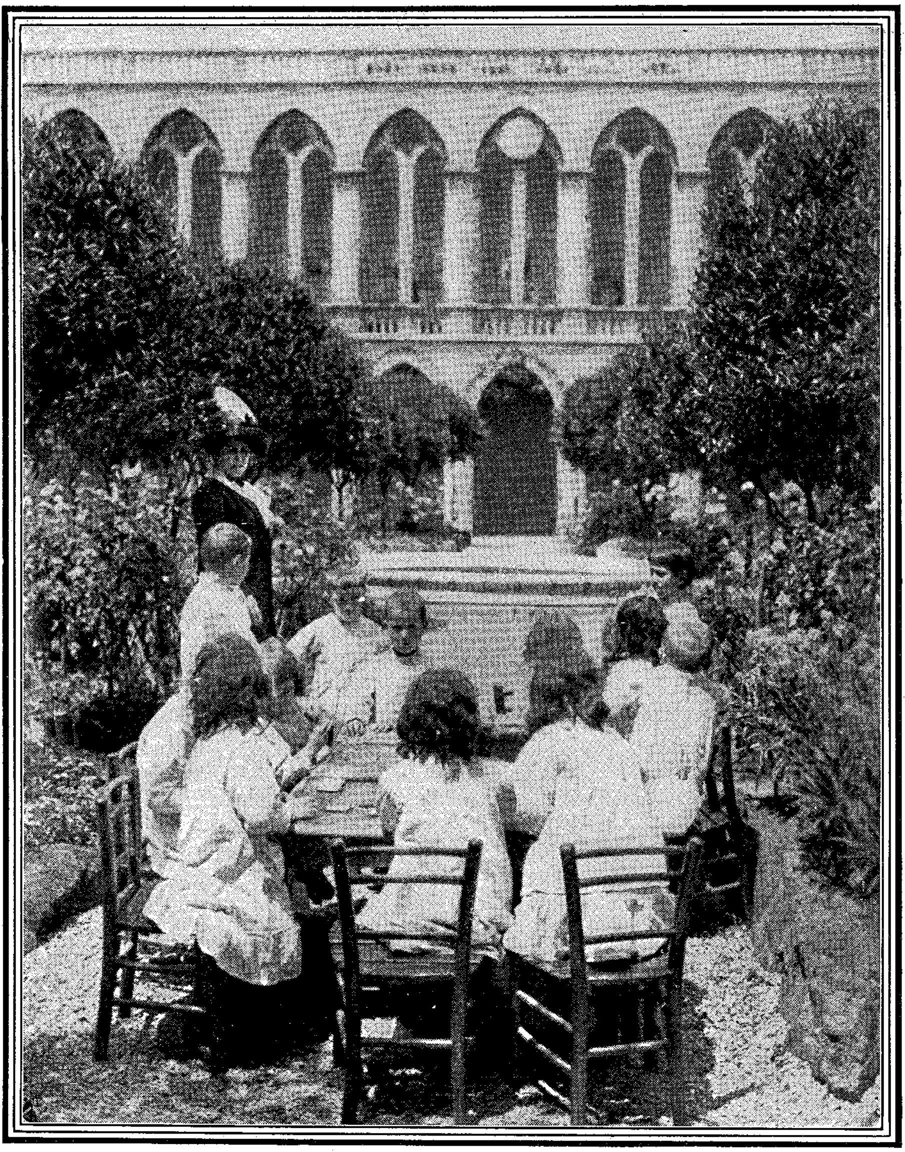
Goodness Too Often Confounded with Immobility

"When the teachers were weary of my observations, they began to allow the children to do whatever they pleased. I saw children with their feet on the tables, or with their fingers in their noses, and no intervention was made to correct them. I saw others push their companions, and I saw dawn in the faces of these an expression of violence; and not the slightest attention on the part of the teacher. Then I had to intervene to show with what absolute rigor it is necessary to hinder, and little by little suffocate, all those things which we must not do, so that the child may come to discern clearly between good and evil. The first idea that the child must acquire, in order to be actively disciplined, is that of the difference between *good* and *evil;* and the task of the educator lies in seeing that the child does not confound *good* with *immobility*, and *evil* with *activity*, as often happens in the case of the old-time discipline. And all this because our aim is to discipline *for activity*, for work, *for good;* not for *immobility*, not for *passivity*, not for *obedience*.

"A room in which all the children move about usefully, intelligently, and voluntarily, without committing any rough or rude act, would seem to me a class-room disciplined very well indeed.

"To seat the children in rows, as in the common schools, to assign to each little one a place, and to propose that they shall sit thus quietly observant of the order of the whole class as an assemblage — this can be attained later, the starting-place of *collective* education. For also, in life, it sometimes happens that we must all remain seated and quiet, when, for example, we attend a concert or a lecture. And we know that even to *us*, as grown people, this costs no little sacrifice.

"If we can, when we begin this collective education, arrange the children, sending each one to his own place in order, trying to make them understand the idea that, thus placed, they look well, and that it is a *good thing* to be thus placed in order, that it is a *good and pleasing arrangement in the room*, this ordered and tranquil adjustment of theirs — then their re-



CHILDREN IN THE CLOISTER SCHOOL OF THE FRANCISCAN NUNS IN ROME, PLAYING A GAME WITH REELS OF COLORED SILK. MISS GEORGE, THE YOUNG AMERICAN TEACHER WHO SPENT A WINTER STUDYING WITH MONTESSORI, IS STANDING AT THE LEFT OF THE PICTURE

maining in their places, *quiet* and *silent*, is the result of a species of *lesson*, not an *imposition*. To make them understand the idea of the practice, to have them *assimilate a principle of collective order* — that is the important thing.

"If, after they have understood this idea, they rise, speak, change to another place, they no longer do this without knowing and without thinking, but they do it because they *wish* to rise, to speak, etc.; that is, from that *state of repose and order* well understood they depart in order to undertake *some voluntary action;* and, knowing that there are actions which are prohibited, this idea of collective order will give them a new impulse to remember to discriminate between good and evil.

"The movements of the children from the state of order become always more coördinated and perfect with the passing of the days; in fact, they learn to reflect upon their own acts. Now, with the idea of order understood by the children, the observation of the way in which they pass from the first disordered movements to those which are spontaneous and ordered— this is the book of the teacher; this is the book which must inspire her actions; it is the one

QUEEN MARGHERITA VISITING A MONTESSORI CLASS IN THE SCHOOL OF ST. ANGELO. THE QUEEN HAS FROM THE BEGINNING TAKEN A GREAT INTEREST IN MONTESSORI'S WORK

in which she must read and study, if she is to become a real educator."

How Awkwardness is Done Away With in the Case dei Bambini

Sense training is one of the most important factors in obtaining this discipline through liberty. The children in Case dei Bambini are just at the age when they are forming all their bodily habits. If these are properly fixed in the beginning, that awkwardness and clumsiness which are the chief incentives to uncouth behavior are practically done away with by the time the child is out of infancy. Everything that he handles and works with in the Casa dei Bambini has been carefully planned for his use. The squares of carpet upon which the children work are so small that they can conveniently brush and fold them and carry them about. The tables are so light that babies of two and three can easily move them. When the children are taught to wash their faces and hands, they use little basins and pitchers which they can handle easily and safely. The cupboards in which the children keep the apparatus are low and open easily. The children are provided with three kinds of comfortable chairs, although they spend a good deal of their time standing by the tables or sitting on the squares of carpet. By the time the children are five or six years old, therefore, they have a repose and freedom of body that make them masters of themselves. Not only the sense exercises, but every piece of apparatus used, as well as the furnishing of the school-room, is the result of an investigation as scientific and thorough as it is human. Every piece of apparatus or furniture has been tested by use in many schools, and by a large number of children. Nothing in the Case dei Bambini is accidental; the apparatus and the appointments of the schools represent twelve years of study and experimentation on Dr. Montessori's part. Indeed, Montessori says that her method of teaching represents the work of three physicians, Itard, Seguin, and herself, and that it began at the time of the French revolution.

The Disturbing Voice of the Teacher Rarely Heard in the Montessori Schools

The gulf between the cultivated mentality of the adult and the primitive groping mind of the most precocious child is so great that even gifted children unconsciously tax their brains in the effort to understand and to assimilate the words that most teachers use in presenting a lesson or directing a game. Dr. Montessori sternly discountenances the folly of useless words. She insists upon the direct presentation of the object in the simplest manner, with the fewest words possible.

In the Case dei Bambini, the teacher, when she is preparing to give a lesson, seats herself beside the little one and firmly and distinctly calls his name. To sit down beside a little child in the attitude of a comrade, and to call his name distinctly, clearly, is to call, not to the body, but to the master spirit and owner of that body. Hearing his name, the child instantly knows that something is required of him. When, by his expression or by an intelligent gesture, he responds to this personal call, the teacher may begin her lesson, saying calmly, intently: "Listen!" No other explanatory word.

Giving a Lesson on Color

In her lesson on color, which is one of the first lessons that Montessori gives to children of three and a half or four, the teacher selects from the boxes of flat spools wound with colored silks two or three colors strongly contrasted and in pairs. The lesson proceeds according to the three periods borrowed by Montessori from Seguin.* Let us suppose the colors chosen to be red and yellow.

"Yellow," says the teacher, putting down the first spool of that color.

The average child will at once look pleased with the brilliant object. "This is *yellow*," the teacher may say again. She must repeat the name of the color clearly and emphatically, that the sound may carry a meaning.

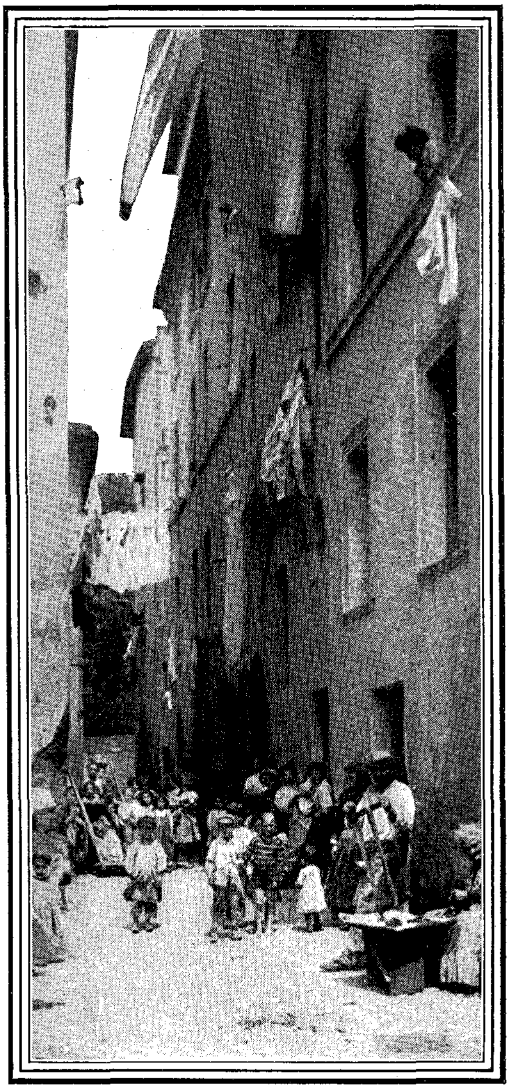
After a moment's pause, when she is quite sure that the child's eye has absorbed the yellow color, she puts down the second color, saying, "And this is *red* — red — red." The child commonly is moved to take the object in her hands and look at it. She has seen both of these colors before, many times, probably has been attracted to them before she could speak or even crawl; for all babies with normal sight usually laugh and crow at the sight of bright colors.

Notwithstanding the fact that the teacher knows that the child likes and recognizes yellow and red, she must allow her to contemplate the bright pieces for a moment undisturbed. A large proportion of children know the colors only perfunctorily, and in this lesson will come the first intellectual idea in connection with them. They will look at yellow or red for the first time in an intelligent fashion. For this reason the child must not be hurried. Some children absorb ideas slowly, and this is a very new, large, and important idea for the little brain. When she requires more information, she will look up with an intelligent glance.

Then only may the teacher proceed to the second period, which is to prove whether the child has understood the contrast and the names of the two colors. It is the trial of precision.

"Give me the yellow," demands the teacher. Then, "Give me the red." If the child obeys correctly and properly,— which is almost invariably the case with strong colors, unless the vision be defective,— then comes the third period of the lesson. The teacher points to the yellow object and says: "What color is that?" And then, being answered accurately, the three periods are closed.

Then may follow the little game in which, by the use of duplicate stimuli, Dr. Montessori so often allows the child to establish for himself the points in the explanatory lesson. Taking the two red spools, she places them carefully side by side, saying: "See, these are the same; these are red." Then, having done the same with the blue and yellow spools, she breaks up the neat little carpet of colors, and, mixing the spools, says, pointing to the red piece: "Give me the one like this." When the child has done this, she lets him place the two side by side, as she did, and leads him to pair, in this way, the other colors. She then shows him how to break up the line he has made, and leaves him to play the game by himself.



A STREET IN THE GHETTO OF ROME. IT IS FROM THIS FILTHY, DISEASE-STRICKEN QUARTER THAT THE CHILDREN OF THE ST. ANGELO SCHOOL COME

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*The three periods of Seguin proceed in the following manner: First, the teacher shows the child the object, and speaks its name carefully. Secondly, she calls the name of the object, and signifies that she wishes him to give it to her. Thirdly, she points to the object and requires the child to pronounce its name.

The Individual Taste of Each Child Must be Respected

If the child fails to respond to one of these periods, the teacher must not urge her. The little one has not learned the colors, either because her eyes are defective, or she was not sufficiently interested at the moment, or perhaps her young intelligence was not yet ripened to care about the matter at all. In such a case, the teacher, with a smile or a caress which implies that the child is not to continue trying to do a thing that seems wearisome to her, will leave the little one at liberty to go and get some game she knows and which pleases her more. Dr. Montessori says in her book: "If a child fails to respond at once to the lesson, the teacher must leave her, in order that the brain shall remain quite clear to receive a new impression the next time this lesson is attempted." If a child does not respond voluntarily to the object, nothing that the teacher can say is likely to help him much. When a child touches an object which appeals to his intelligent curiosity, he receives an infinitely greater stimulus than he can possibly receive from words. There are certain minds that spring forward to comprehend, and which in turn react, almost before they are called; others need to be led slowly, gently, before the same result is attained.

It is impossible to change fundamental qualities of mind. Not all children will respond to these exercises in the same way. Some children are anxious to drop an object as soon as they grasp its meaning; others never appear to take actual pleasure in it until they realize the scope of the object, and then love to repeat the exercise with it countless times. Dr. Montessori never ceases to reiterate that the tastes of each class of mind must be *respected*, *encouraged*, and strictly observed. Her teachers must never for one moment forget that "lilies can never be transformed into roses, nor can any amount of training change the personality or alter the color of the soul."

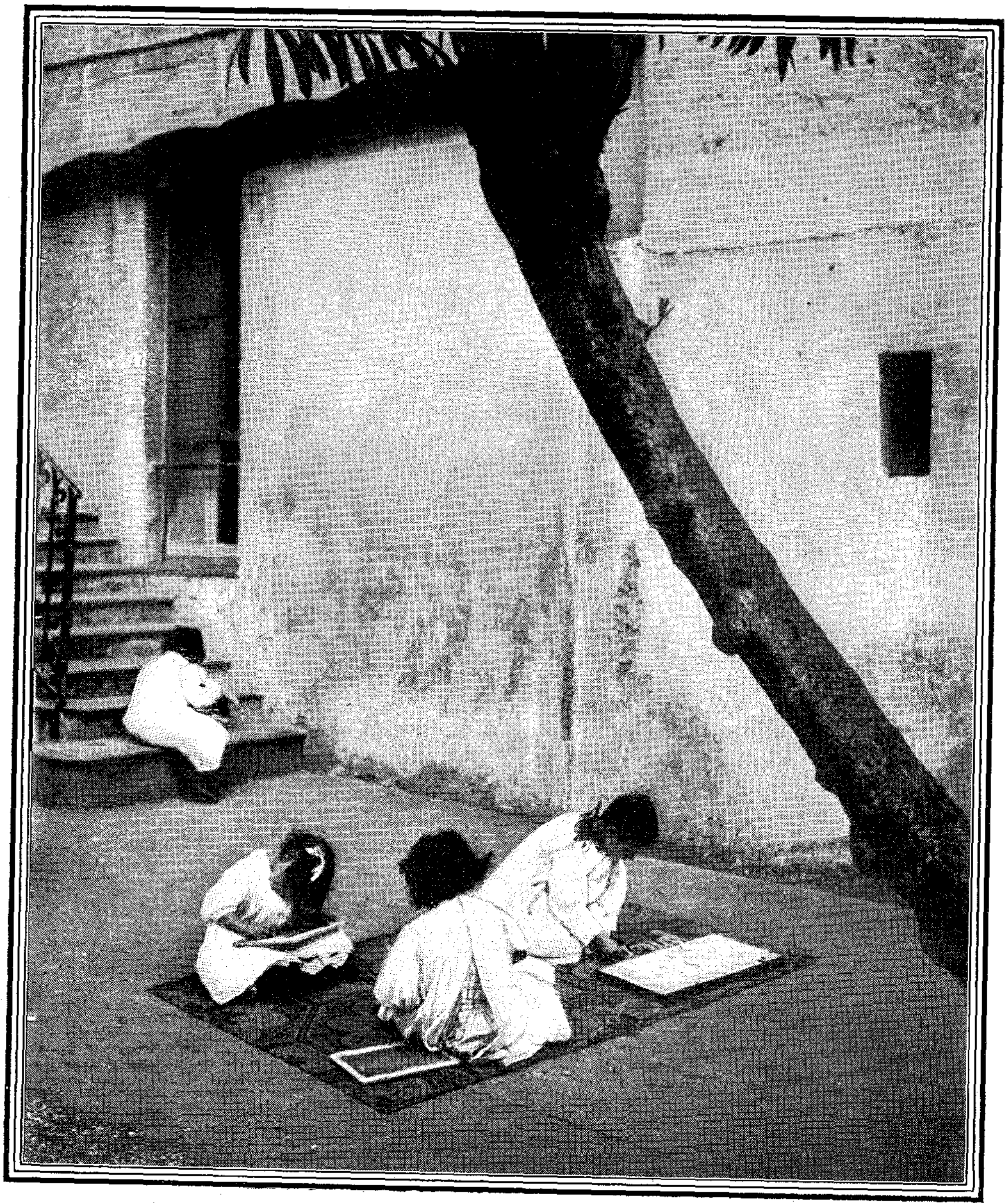
Dr. Montessori has the great sympathetic soul which is the basis of her physician's temperament, and it was in caring for unfortunate children that her genius discovered a method to broaden the outlook, lighten the drudgery, and assist the tender brain of the normal child. Her great and brilliantly emphasized principle is that, from the first entrance into the garden of education, the dignity of the individual explorer must be respected. He may be led to look upon the character of the flowers and plants, and to be guided into the best and most useful paths, but he must be left to choose the plants which he wishes to examine, to understand, and to cultivate.

She does all she can in training her teachers to understand this theory; she reiterates, she repeats, she emphasizes, she reproves; she goes personally into the classes to show her teachers how to handle the children, so that their nerves may be kept calm and their brains left untaxed. The only Casa dei Bambini as yet established by the Roman board of education has so many interesting circumstances in connection with its foundation, developments, and ultimate results, that I have selected it to illustrate this article.

The School of St. Angelo in the Roman Slums

This school is situated in the picturesque and foul quarter of the mediaeval Ghetto. The dark, reeking streets and lanes, which wind about and lose themselves near the Ara Coeli, skirting the old palace of the turbulent Orsini, swarm with a population diseased, filthy, and degenerate. In this appalling setting the Signora Galli-Saccenti, principal of a girls' public school, actually persuaded the Roman board of education to organize a Casa dei Bambini. Her first endeavors met everywhere with stolid indifference and intense opposition. The poor parents of that squalid region have no political influence; nor, indeed, have they vigor enough in their miserable frames to do anything more than turn the children they bear (their "creatures," to use the pathetic Italian term) into the narrow, noisy, dirty streets. This region was in the olden times the haunt of the pest, and to-day is a breeding-place for every epidemic. The physicians fear it, and the authorities have little interest in it or in its denizens. At first the municipal officials hardly listened to Signora Galli's eloquent appeals; but finally she compelled attention, and at last she was permitted to use a bare, desolate room in the school of which she is superintendent. This room and a narrow courtyard, with the promise of the didactic materials necessary to teach the method, was all she could get from the Roman bureau of education. With eagerness, if not with thankfulness, Signora Galli took what they would allow her. To overcome the squalor, and to inspire the pupils, she brought the riches of her own glorious spirit.

There are none of the comfortable chairs suited to little bodies, or the light, well-balanced low tables seen in the other Case dei Bambini. The board would not expend one penny beyond buying the didactic materials. In the class-room were the usual impossible Italian school benches and narrow, cramped desks. The cupboards for the didactic materials were devised by the ingenious Signora Galli long before there was



CHILDREN AT WORK IN THE ST. ANGELO SCHOOL IN ROME. THE LITTLE GIRL ON THE CARPET WHO IS COMPOSING WITH THE CUT-OUT PAPER LETTERS HAS BEGUN A SENTENCE TELLING THAT "FORESTIÉRI" (STRANGERS) FROM ANOTHER COUNTRY HAVE COME TO VISIT THE SCHOOL

any material to put into them. The top sections from two of her office bookcases were placed flat on the floor, forming cupboards in which the children might keep the precious materials in order.

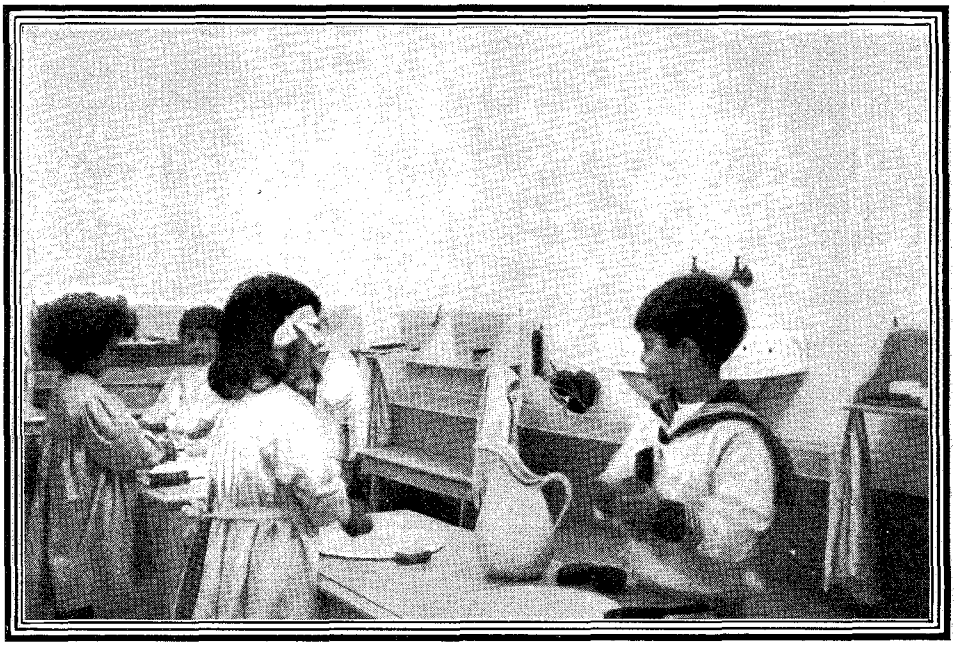
Last October, when the schools of Rome opened, Signora Galli had done all she could to put the bare, ugly room in readiness; but she discovered that the dilatory Roman school board had not yet ordered the didactic materials from Milan. Nothing daunted, Signora Galli began to work without them. Dr. Montessori was especially interested in this school because of the predicament in which Signora Galli found herself, and she devised a program which gave the children the same sort of training that the use of the apparatus gives them.

The children were taught (as much as possible in the open courtyard and through the medium of entertaining games) how to move gracefully and carefully, and how to bring their muscles into coördination. The little ones were encouraged to be free and spontaneous in all happy, useful activities, and to avoid ugly or harmful behavior.

Children of Three and Four Learn to Bathe and Dress Themselves

The children were taught how to wash the different parts of their body, their faces, their hands, their necks and ears, their feet, and even to take a complete basin bath. Although the little girls in the school came from the most miserable home conditions imaginable, there was every evidence, from their appearance and from the reports of their mothers, that they actually took a basin bath every morning before coming to school. Two little girls who attended the school were so poor that they were without a home at all. Their mother was a laboring woman who was able to earn so little that she and the children had no shelter all winter except the *portone* (entrance-hall) of a miserable tenement-house. In this bare vestibule the little girls slept, with their mother, on a straw pallet, and here they kept the brazier and the single cooking-pan for macaroni which constituted their entire household goods. But these little girls, who spent every day in the kindly atmosphere of the Casa dei Bambini, were so imbued with the spirit of the teaching they received there that, although they had no basin and no room to bathe in, they took their sponge bath at the edge of the fountain in the neighboring public square, Signora Galli herself having given them soap.

All the little girls were taught to brush and comb one another's hair, and to dress and undress themselves in an orderly and intelligent fashion. They were taught to move safely and quietly in the cramped spaces between the desks and chairs, to carry about breakable objects of various shapes securely, to place them in order upon the desks and to put them back again into the cupboards. They were taught to open and close doors quietly, to make the room tidy, and to walk with secure confidence up and down long flights of steps leading to the courtyard.



CHILDREN OF THE ITALIAN NOBILITY, AT THE MONTESSORI SCHOOL ON THE PINCIAN HILL, WASHING THEIR HANDS. THE CHILDREN USE LITTLE PITCHERS AND BASINS WHICH THEY CAN HANDLE EASILY, AND LEARN TO FILL THE PITCHERS AT THE FAUCET, POUR THE WATER, AND WAIT UPON THEMSELVES WITHOUT HELP

The defects of speech so common in the classes from which these children come were corrected, in a measure, by the light gymnastics of the lips and throat used in all the Montessori schools. The informal conversation which is part of the curriculum in the Case dei Bambini furnished an opportunity for helping them to articulate common words distinctly and to express themselves clearly.

By the time the materials arrived, a happy discipline was completely established in the school.

A young American teacher, Miss George,* from the Chicago Latin School, who had spent the entire winter studying the Montessori system of education in Rome, thus eloquently describes her first visit to this school of St. Angelo in Pescheria:

An American Teacher's Impression of a Montessori School-room

"There was no formal morning opening of school, and it was a surprise to me, while I stood talking with the teacher in the empty class-room, to turn suddenly and find a group of little girls in clean aprons behind me. They had come in quietly, and were waiting to wish me good morning. These were children from the Ghetto, but, aside from the pallor that arises from inadequate nourishment, the faces before me had nothing in common with those of the poverty-stricken inhabitants of the streets along which I had picked my way. The happiness, the intelligence, and the ease with which the children welcomed me showed that some better force was at work within these natures. And, as I watched, my wonder grew. With a directness and simplicity which showed that she knew what she wanted and how to get it, each little girl took from the cupboard or from her miserable little desk the materials with which she wished to work. In this class of forty-five children I saw not one idler. Two little girls brought from its corner a square of carpet, old, cheap, and shabby, but absolutely clean, and this they spread in a narrow space in front of one of the desks; then, bringing a box containing the cut-out letters, began with joyous eagerness to form these letters into words and phrases. One of these phrases, made seriously enough, interested and amused me. The child composing this sentence pronounced each word *sotto voce* as she selected the letters from the box, and then put them carefully in their place in the words she was forming on the old carpet. The sentence was as follows: 'Teresina does not like to bathe, but her little dog goes gladly into the fountain.' Signora Galli found, upon inquiry, that this spontaneous bit of composition had been inspired by an encounter the composer had that morning had with the unregenerate Teresina and her dog.

"The children in the Montessori class of this public school take great pride in their clean bodies, and have learned to respect themselves and their class-room too much ever to come into the school unwashed. They wipe their feet so carefully, before coming into the hallway, that the janitor, unaccustomed to such habits, is in a constant state of marvel. If, in their homes, the mother fails to have ready the clean apron which she is expected to furnish, her child protests and shows such a true distress that the repetition of such carelessness on the part of the mother is very rare.

What Children Six Years Old Have Accomplished

"I saw other children composing words with these same cut-out letters, and placing them with the greatest solicitude on the slanting planes of the narrow desk-tops, so that they might not slip to the floor.† Others were writing on the blackboard, and some had slates on which they were drawing letters in chalk. Some were sitting on the benches, some on the floor, and some on the few comfortable little chairs that Signora Galli has placed, at her own expense, in some of the corners of the crowded little room. With all this activity there was no noise or disorder. Instead, there was everywhere joy in work and a happy comparison of tasks. Occasionally, as I stood watching, a child would come to call Signora Galli to see some word that she considered particularly well written, or to beg her to pronounce slowly and distinctly some other word that she wished to write. In the attitude of the children toward their teacher and their directress I observed the most beautiful reverence, the warmest affection, and the greatest respect.

"The thing that struck me the most forcibly was the even, or, to speak in school parlance, the *perfectly graded* condition of the entire class. The greater number of these children were six years old when they entered in the fall, and they had, through the preparation which was done through the month of waiting, established their ideas about sense education. So it seemed, at the time they received the materials, we might consider that the children in this school presented somewhat the same problem we might face in offering these toys to one of the first grades in America. They accepted the simpler exercises easily, and spent much less time in mastering them than the younger children. Over the games with the geometrical figures and insets, through which the sense of form is trained, these children spent a much longer time; and the exercise of filling in the spaces drawn by the conventional shapes, which directly precedes the act of writing, was continued by many of them throughout the year.

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*Miss Anne E. George will spend this winter in New York, and will give talks on her work in Rome with Dr. Montessori, at the Pratt Institute and at St. Michael's School. She will also have experimental classes in the Montessori method in New York and elsewhere. EDITORS

†This spontaneous exercise of unusual care, when it becomes necessary to overcome some lack of perfection in the material or in the room equipment, is one of the many surprising results of the sense-training exercises.

"So much for the progress of this school, as measured by ordinary public-school standards. But of the life, the joy, the individual independence which I saw in the children themselves and in everything they did, and which made their work valuable, I can give no adequate description. To sit for an hour in the little brick-paved court with its narrow strip of garden and two eucalyptus trees, and to watch the children at work, was to feel that, during the year spent there, these little waifs of the Ghetto had found that personal liberty and self-control that alone make it possible for any human being to do his best work and to adapt himself to the conditions of the life about him.

Holding School Out of Doors

"One morning, sitting among the children in their school-room, I heard Signora Galli's assistant say quietly: 'Let's have school in the court now.' That was all she said. Yet I have seen many teachers fail, with a dozen explicit commands, to achieve the result that I witnessed after this simple sentence. The effect was immediate. There was no scrambling, no confusion. Quietly, tranquilly, and with the security that results from knowing how to do things, forty-five little girls put themselves to work getting ready to go down into the court. Each one supplied herself with what she would need for her work. Three children who at the time were composing sentences on the little carpet placed all the letters carefully in the large flat box made to receive them, and then one of them put on the cover and held it carefully, while the other two brushed the strip of carpet and rolled it into a bundle which they could carry downstairs between them. Several other children, who were using pen and ink for the first time, dried their freshly written lines, wiped their pens, and, holding the inkwells with the greatest care, made ready to follow their companions. There were others who furnished themselves with chalk, slates, boxes of letters, counters and rods for the number work, and cases of metal geometric forms with colored pencils for filling in the designs. There was no pushing nor disorder, though much happy talk and laughter. When all was ready, the teacher did not give a command for silence; she only smiled and moved toward the door; then, quite naturally and in perfect order, the children followed her. There was a hall to cross, two doors to open, and three flights of narrow, awkward stone stairs to descend. I, who have taken classes up and down stairs for many years, could only feel, when I saw the security and patience displayed in the movements of these children, that the sense-training exercises had given them a control that I had never attained with children and have seldom seen in grown people. At the second flight of stairs we came upon the janitor, who was sweeping down the steps with wet sawdust. The line halted voluntarily while he brushed a tiny path clear, and then, with evident pleasure, each child daintily picked her way through this cleared space.

The Montessori Method Popular with the School Janitor

"Giuseppe, the janitor, is very fond of the children in this class. He told Signora Galli an incident that gives a good example of the social and spiritual effect of such an education. It so happened that he one day brought his ladder and bucket into the school-room while the children were at work, and washed the windows and ventilators. The children watched him with friendly interest; and when he had finished, and was about to depart with his buckets, several of them, gazing admiringly at the shining glass, said to him: *'Grazie tante, Giuseppe; ha fatto molto bene.'* ('Thank you so much, Giuseppe; you did that wonderfully well.') The old man's astonishment and pleasure were extreme; and when one considers that these children come from homes where rudeness and scolding voices are accepted things, it is easy to understand his surprise.

In teaching these children of St. Angelo in Pescheria, neither reading nor writing nor the use of the materials were the main aim or desire of Signora Galli and her assistant. Had these inferior ambitions been allowed to influence the work in the school, there would have been little accomplished in the long months of waiting for the didactic toys, months that proved so valuable in the real education of these poor children.

Although nearly all the pupils in the class just described were six years old, the system is much more effective, of course, when the sense training is begun with children of three or three and a half, and followed slowly and thoroughly. The children from the Ghetto were less developed than children born into more fortunate conditions, and their sense habits were less fixed. The great value of an early training by the Montessori method is illustrated by the following case.

A Private Governess' Experience in Applying the Montessori Method

A private governess who has two little girls in charge, one seven and the other nearly five, gave me a most interesting account of the difference in effect of an early and late application of the method. The governess took charge of these children three and a half years ago. Up to that time the elder girl had been taught in the ordinary way. She had never been trained in the light gymnastics especially devised to give children a mastery over their legs and arms; nor had she had the sense-training exercises which do so much to give a child self-mastery and poise. Under the supervision of the governess, the younger girl, on the contrary, was trained entirely by the Montessori method. These two children for the past three years have been following the same path of education. In reading and writing the elder one is naturally much in advance of the younger; but she lacks the repose, the coördination of muscles, and the happy tranquillity in play and work which at once attract older people to the younger. They are the children of rich parents, who live in a large country house with a score of servants at command; but, while the younger delights to carry upstairs to her mother a bowl of flowers, and can do so without spilling a drop of water from the well-filled receptacle, the elder girl can not possibly pass a small plate of cakes around the tea-table without so tilting it that some of the cakes slip on to the floor. Yet the elder child has fingers strengthened by judicious piano lessons; the younger child's hands have been trained by the tactile exercises and the practical every-day work done in the Montessori schools. The same contrast is exhibited between the two sisters in the way they perform every-day duties, such as tying their shoes, taking care of the bird-cage, watering the flowers, etc.

Queen Margherita and the School Child

The habits of order, the interest, and the sense of the importance of the work in hand, which is always found in the Montessori classes, is illustrated here by the following circumstance. On a day of great excitement, when Queen Margherita visited one of the schools, she asked a little girl, who was engaged in putting in order a box of cut-out letters, to spell some words for her. The child made no reply, but went on calmly dropping each letter into its own compartment. An older person, standing near, horrified at the child's indifference, exclaimed:

"But, Rosa, you must pay attention! This is the Queen!"

"I know that," the child answered respectfully. "But the Queen knows that, before I begin to spell, I must first finish my work of putting the alphabet in order."

In the class-rooms of the various Montessori schools in Rome, the fact that the disturbing voice of a teacher is little heard induces a spirit of repose which all the children unconsciously feel. Often the teacher writes on the blackboard instructions for the pupils to leave their work and go into the courtyard or garden, to play or sing. The older children read the sentence, and the younger ones, who have not yet learned to read, follow when they see the others rise and depart.

During the past winter, professors from the foremost colleges in the United States, principals of schools, and many other interested persons have visited the Case dei Bambini in Rome, and have seen substantial proofs that encouragement of perfect liberty does not imperil discipline among young and nervously organized human beings, if their dignity and proper independence is respected and they are led to respect it themselves.

Last year a group of Italian noblewomen established on the Pincian Hill a school for their own children and the children of the various embassies. The Montessori plan has been as brilliantly successful there as among the children of the poor.

The problem presented was a difficult one, made so by the varying nationalities and the differing home influences. Confusion reigned at first; but, before a month had passed, the simple sense exercises, the respect shown by the teacher toward good and happy acts and her frank correction of selfish ones, had converted this Tower of Babel into a community of happy, busy children.

Still young and full of enthusiasm, Dr. Montessori has by no means completed her work. Far-seeing Italians, appreciating what she has done for Italian children, believe it imperative that she have a school of her own, where she will be able to give her teachers a more thorough training, and where, retaining from year to year the same group of children, she will be able to apply to the work of the higher grades her ideals of discipline through liberty.

In her January article Miss Tozier will describe in detail the Montessori educational apparatus, and will show what is accomplished with each toy. Arrangements have been completed for the manufacture and sale of this apparatus by the House of Childhood, 606 Flatiron Building, New York City, under the management of Mr. Carl Byoir. The manufacturers of the apparatus hope to place the material within the reach of parents and educators by the first of January. Dr. Montessori's representative in this country will collaborate in the preparation of a book of instructions and suggestions which will be sold with each set of the apparatus.

The Brothers

by Neith Boyce

Author of "The Blue Pearl," etc.

Illustrations by A. B. Wenzell

THE two handsome boys, six and four years old, one blond like the mother, the younger dark like the father, were playing on the terrace, through the light and shade of the border of pointed firs. They were both dressed in white, with sturdy bare legs, their hair picturesquely cut square across the forehead and nape of the neck. The younger had a new tricycle, and the elder, Richard, was teaching him to ride it, keeping a careful touch on the handle-bars and admonishing Paul in a grave, gentle voice:

"No, no, Paul; when you want to go this way you turn the handle *this* way — see?"

Paul saw, but sportively turned the handle the wrong way, and fell off, rolling on the grass with a shout of joy. Richard picked him up and dusted him, and said sternly:

"Well, if you don't *want* to learn, all right; I'll go and feed my rabbits."

"I do want to!" cried Paul, with a look of alarm. And he mounted the seat again, turning his big dark eyes with adoring submission on his brother's face.

"I *will* learn, Wickie — don't go away."

From where she lay in a long chair in the loggia, the boys' mother had been watching them, with a gaze that was not soft and smiling, but rather fierce.

"Do you think," she said in a low, hard tone, "that I would ever give up those children?"

The person whom she addressed did not reply. He sat leaning forward, also watching intently the two small white figures, a half-smoked cigar held in long, drooping fingers. While Mrs. Allyn was speaking, as she had been doing in a vehement undertone almost continuously for half an hour, Fleming held the cigar, and looked at it from time to time, watching its glow gather a white shroud of ashes — a symbol, in a way, of her story. As he listened, he seemed to see the dying of the fire of love that he remembered — its slow choking to death: a fire of straw, he said to himself, that flamed brightly for a time, but was not strong enough to fuse into unity two dissimilar natures. He had, as yet, made no comment. His face was impassive; his steady gaze away from the pretty woman beside him was the only sign he gave.

In her intense preoccupation with her own point of view, and her presentation of it with a woman's terrible frankness, Minna Allyn had seemed to have no least doubt of Fleming's sympathy. But she did at last note his silence, and she repeated her question sharply:

"Do you think any one could expect that I should give up my children — either of them?"

Fleming's slow reply came after a pause:

"They are his children too, aren't they?"

"What of that? A mother's right comes first! Even the law won't take away her children from the woman who has borne and cared for them, unless she is proved to be an unfit person — and I don't think he could prove that!"

She had sprung to meet the first hint of unfavorable judgment. He saw her now flushed, armed for battle.

"You know what I could prove against *him*, if necessary!" she cried. "His ideas and habits make *him* an unfit person to have them. I could divorce him, and they would be awarded to me. He hasn't a home for them, and I have — this place is *mine*."

"You want, then," said Fleming, "just to turn him out. You want to keep the house and the children, and merely to eliminate Robert."

"I want to keep the children, yes, and a proper home for them — of course. Thank heaven, I have money enough of my own to support them. All I ask is to be freed from a man that I have no respect for any longer,— not to mention love,— and who behaves to me in a perfectly insupportable manner and has the temper of a fiend!"

"Robert loves the children," said Fleming slowly.

"Perhaps he does — in a way. He likes to play with them, and to contradict all my ideas about them. But he's too immoral to be fit for the responsibility of a father."

"Then why did you confer it upon him?"

Minna's angry flush deepened.

"How could I know *then* what he would turn out to be?" she cried. "He was very promising then, every one thought. It's only the last few years that he's neglected his profession and become disreputable."

Fleming looked keenly at her, and almost smiled.

"You are unjust," he said quietly. "Robert is exactly what he was when you married him. He was never of the conventional pattern, and you knew it. Now perhaps he has become careless in some ways,— unhappiness makes people careless, you know,— but he isn't disreputable. Remember that, Minna, when you talk of appeal to the law."

"Yes; you are all alike, you men, so you stand by one another! But, if I have to, I will fight you all. I will fight for my children with every weapon I can find!"

She sank back against her cushions, breathing quickly, with parted lips.

Fleming looked at her in some admiration,— emotion gave her prettiness almost the character of beauty,— but with a question in his mind, how much of her emotion was genuine.

"I can see," Minna went on in a hard voice, "that you're entirely on Robert's side. I don't know what he's said to you ——"

"He's told me nothing — in words. It didn't need words to tell me that he's a broken man. I was shocked when I saw him."

"Oh, for the past year, you know, he's been very dissipated. All kinds of shady people and irregular hours ——"

"Yes, you told me that; but I think that's the effect, not the cause. If he's dissipated, as you call it, it's because he's unhappy."

"And I suppose you blame me for that?"

"Well, Minna — when I last saw you two, some years ago, Robert was very much in love with you, and you with him. I believe he still loves you. At any rate, it isn't he that's forcing the situation, wanting to break up the household — it's you."

"Yes, I want my freedom! It's nonsense to say that Robert loves me. Hates me would be nearer right — at least, he acts as if he hated me. Robert and I simply irritate each other; we're always quarreling — the children are beginning to notice it, and I don't want *them* to grow up in that kind of an atmosphere. And I'm not willing, as he is, to keep up the pretense of a relation that no longer exists."

"Not if it were best for the children?"

"How *could* it be?"

"You think, then, that you can supply the place of father to them as well?"

"Of such a father, yes! What can he teach them but his own immoral ideas and self-indulgence? What good could *his* example do them?"

"My God, Minna! You hold cheap enough now what you loved once!"

Fleming, with this exclamation, sprang out of his chair and strode to the railing of the loggia.

Minna rose too, and after a moment went to Fleming's side and put her hand on his arm.

"I know you think badly of me. But I can't help it; I'm fighting for my life," she said.

Fleming looked at her delicate face, too thin and sharp now, and at the hand that lay with rings tinkling loosely on his sleeve.

"I'm sorry. I'm your friend too," he said, with the first feeling for her that he had shown.

In nervous response, her eyes filled with tears; she turned and went into the house. Fleming looked at his watch; it was still early for Robert's train. He walked out on the terrace and down a few steps into the formal garden. Minna had made this place as nearly as possible after an Italian model, and she had attained in it a careful prettiness, a studied, minute elegance, which exactly expressed herself. Minna had wished to construct her life, too, on the best models, according to the opinion of the best people. But a sudden infatuation had swept her off her feet, and in Robert Allyn she had taken into her planned-out world a piece of material that she could not possibly assimilate to her design. Fleming, pausing a moment by the fountain, smiled mournfully. A shout of childish voices roused him. The two boys, with their governess, came out into the garden to take their supper on a round stone table. A man-servant brought the tray. Each child had a silver porringer and spoon and mug with his name on it. Each had a fresh damask napkin tucked under his chin. They sat there like two small princelings in a happy kingdom of sunlight, flowers, and bird-songs. Fleming stayed chatting with them a few minutes, and then went off to the station to meet Allyn.

Instead of returning directly to the house, he and Allyn took a roundabout path through the woods. Allyn, a slender dark man, rather carelessly dressed, looked fagged, and nervously smoked one cigarette after another. They went on for a little way in silence, then Allyn asked:

"Have you had your talk with Minna? Oh, I knew she meant to talk to you to-day. She's fond of talking just now — to anybody but me."

Fleming put an arm about Allyn's shoulders.

"She's in a very nervous state, old man."

"Yes — for her, she is. She's usually cool and calm enough — rather too much so. When she gets rid of me she'll be all right. I suppose she told you that, didn't she?"

"Look here, Bob; this thing can't be so serious as it seems! Married people all have jars and tiffs — I shouldn't wonder if a lot of them pulled through a strain like this and came out all right."

"No, old fellow, it's serious. It's been coming on for years — ever since Paul was born. It's got to the breaking-point now."

"I had an idea," said Fleming, after a pause, "that you felt there needn't be an absolute break."

"It seemed to me there needn't be," Allyn replied, "because there is no one else that Minna cares for — at present. But she means that there shall be some one else. She wants a complete new life. She wants to begin over again. *I* couldn't do it. But, of course, the reason is simple — she never loved me."

"I thought she did, Bob — when I saw you years ago, just after you were married."

"She thought she did — but it wore out. I'm not what Minna likes at all — never was. Now, of course, she hates me — because of the strain of the situation. But her natural feeling toward me is just cool dislike. I'm everything that she disapproves of. She's wasted seven years on me, and she thinks that's enough."

"She wants to retreat with all the honors of war, however."

"Yes; that's the difficulty, of course — the children."

Allyn stopped short and stood staring at a tree-stem by the side of the path.

"That's the difficulty," he repeated absently.

"You see," he went on, "we've disagreed from the first about the children. Minna thinks I want to bring them up to be like me — questioning everything. I think her values of life — the ordinary conventional ones — tend to make the boys soft and snobbish. . . . But the point now is, what shall be done with them if we separate? Minna wants to keep them both. She thinks they'll be better off with her — and, anyway, she wants them. She doesn't consider what it would mean to me to give them up."

"It seems to me that the children probably need you both," said Fleming. "I think you should insist on sharing them."

"But that would mean continuing the present arrangement, and Minna refuses to do that. She points out that, while it leaves me free to indulge my immoral inclinations, it binds *her*. Minna would never do anything immoral — from her own point of view. She is as free as I am — only it isn't that kind of freedom she wants."

"Does she want a divorce?"

"At present she just wants me out of the way. She can't bear to see me — she feels I've injured her deeply."

"But *how*?"

"Oh, first by not being, or even trying to be, what she wants — an ambitious, energetic, successful citizen. Second, because, failing to get from her the one thing I wanted, I've been unpleasant to her — irritable, ill-tempered, harsh. I couldn't help it. I don't care much for what most people want. I did want love — and I've never had it."

The two men walked on again, slowly. They were near the house now; its lights shone through the trees.

"This is about what Minna told you, I suppose — from her own point of view," said Allyn wearily.

"Yes — about that."

"And that she is determined to keep both of the children."

"Yes. But you should not allow that, Bob. You have as much right to them as she has. Even if it came to a legal fight ——"

Allyn shuddered. "Good God! What an ending!" he cried brokenly.

They went on in silence.

The sunset light shone on a charming group under the loggia: the slender mother and the two boys close on either side, their faces lit with eager interest in the story she was telling. The children ran to greet their father; but there was no greeting between him and Minna. She looked bored, and after a moment spoke crisply:

"It's almost bedtime. If you want to hear the rest of the story ——"

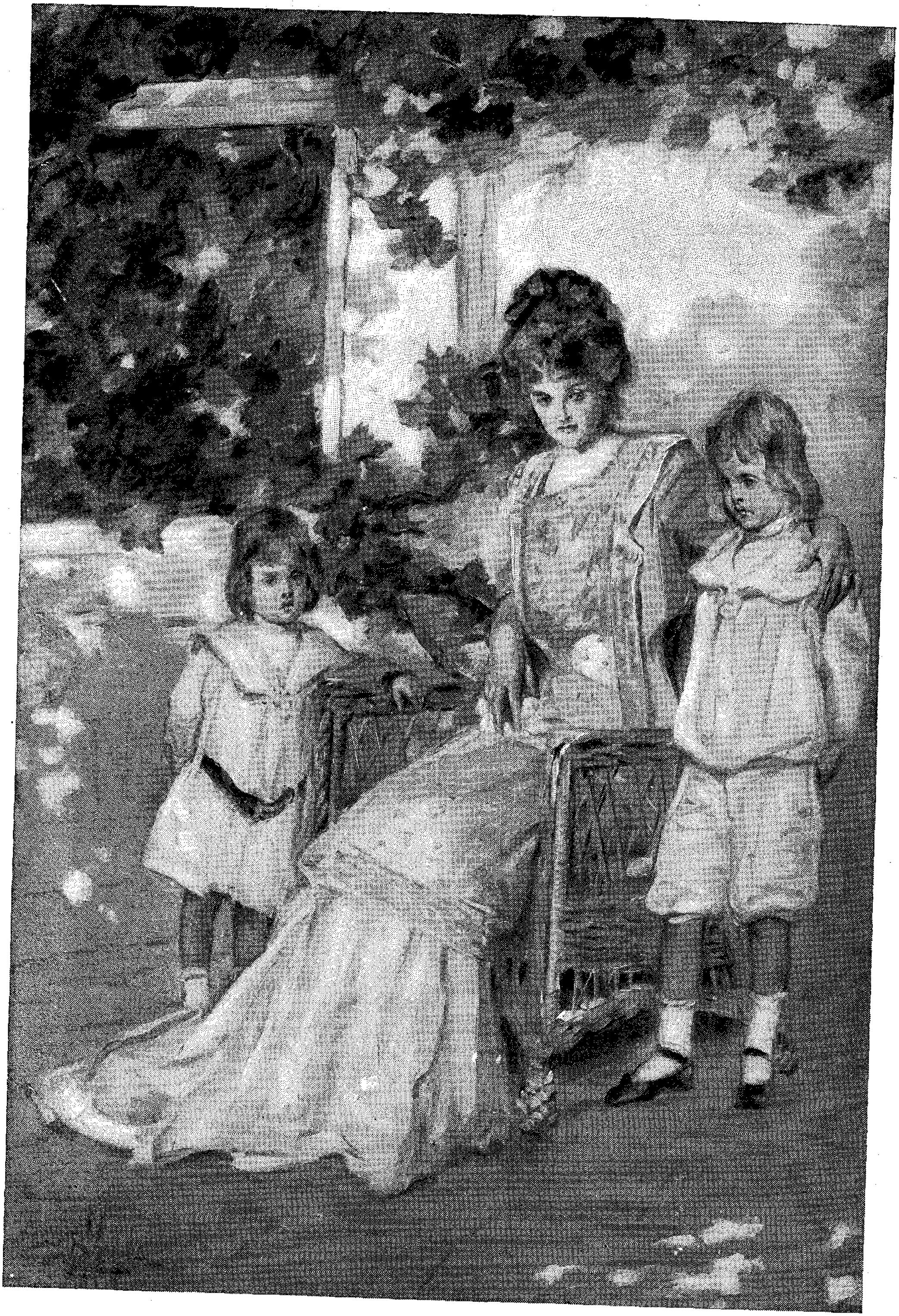
"You come and hear it too, father," said Richard, in his grave voice. "It's about some princes that were turned into swans ——"

"No, not now," said Allyn gently. "I'm tired and dusty. You can tell me the story sometime, Rick."

He bent and kissed the child's head, and went into the house.

Fleming lingered — but the charm of the story was broken. Minna finished it hurriedly, announced that it was bedtime, and led the children in. Paul, who was rather a rebellious spirit, protested and began to cry. But the small disturbance was quickly quelled.

To an observer not in the secret of its inner life, that orderly, quiet house might have seemed a temple of peace and domesticity. Fleming felt a dolorous impatience with his



"THE SUNSET LIGHT SHONE ON A CHARMING GROUP UNDER THE LOGGIA" two friends. Why on earth, with ease, leisure, agreeable surroundings, and those fine children, could they not sink their temperamental differences and live decently together for something besides their narrow personal feelings? He felt his own position between them acutely. Their discord made him wretched. But he would not follow his impulse and flee. He would, if possible, help them out of their present deadlock. But he foresaw a tough struggle with Minna. She would have to yield something; Robert should have one of the children.

"That seems the only solution that's at all fair to you both," he said, when, after dinner, the governess went out and the other three into the loggia for coffee.

Minna made no comment in words at first; but Fleming could hear her draw her breath sharply, and see her eyes turned toward him, gleaming like cold steel. Allyn was walking up and down restlessly.

"That would be all right," he said at last, "if they weren't so deucedly fond of each other — the boys. I don't know if you've noticed it, Fleming, but there's an unusual affection between them. They've never had many other playmates; they've never been separated for a day. Richard loves Paul. He's the more affectionate of the two. He loves Paul more than he does his mother or me ——"

"And Paul is devoted to Richard," broke in Minna sharply. "You've never been fair to Paul, because he doesn't care as much for you as he does for me. But he loves Richard dearly. Would you separate those two children?"

"It isn't fair that I should give them both up," retorted Allyn instantly. "They're mine as much as they're yours. No, by heaven, I won't give them both up!"

Fleming, after the quarrel that followed, could not sleep. The luxurious silence of the big house, the soft breathing of the wind in the trees, the bright moonlight, all jarred on his strained nerves. With the first glimmer of dawn, he dressed and went out for a long walk. He breakfasted with Allyn, the governess, and the children at the stone table in the garden; Minna did not appear. It was a bright, fresh day, and the children were full of joyous spirits; their presence was like the exquisite candor of the morning light, and as untouched by the shadow that lay over the three elders. Allyn watched them constantly, and Fleming found himself studying them with a new perception. A little later he sat smoking in the loggia, where Paul and Richard were building a house of blocks. Richard had almost finished an elaborate thing of towers and pinnacles, when Paul, with a mischievous sweep of the arm, knocked it flat. Richard snatched a big block and threw up his arm to strike.

"Richard!" called the governess quickly.

The boy's face with its flare of anger was suddenly fixed. He dropped the block, and, turning, threw himself full length on the floor, his face hidden. Paul began to cry.

"I didn't mean to do it; I'm sowwy," he stammered.

He crept over and took hold of Richard's arm, trying to pull it down from his face.

"I'm sowwy — I'm sowwy," he cried. "Wickie, I won't do it again, Wickie — I'm sowwy ——"

Richard twitched his arm impatiently, and after a moment he got up and started to walk away. His small face was quite pale. Paul clung to him, sobbing:

"Don't go away, Wickie — stay with Paul!"

"There, don't cry," muttered the elder boy. "You're a naughty boy, though, Paul."

"I didn't mean to! Will you build another house, Wickie?"

A pause, while Richard visibly put forth his uncommon self-control.

"Will you behave yourself?" he demanded.

"Yes, I will. I'll be good, Wickie — don't go away!"

"Well, then," said Richard slowly. "Remember, I didn't hit you."

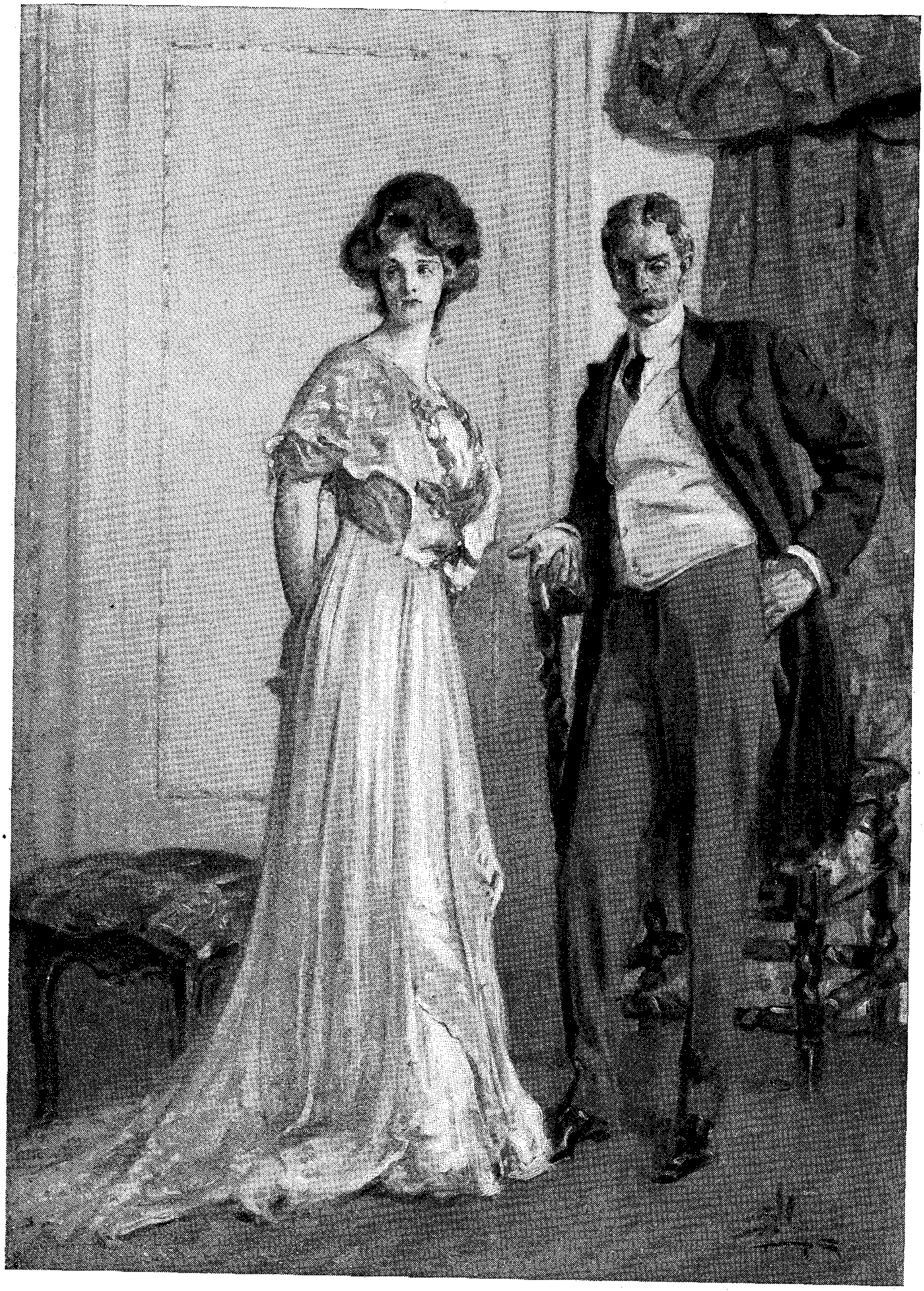
Paul began to gather up the blocks eagerly, but paused to kiss his brother on the cheek; and Richard, with a gesture that seemed to Fleming strangely mature, strangely touching, laid his hand for a moment on Paul's dark head. Then they went on with the building, Paul anxiously obeying orders like a small attendant sprite.

Fleming looked at the governess, who was sitting near him.

"That's so like them," she said in a low voice. "Paul is always irritating Richard, and yet he can't bear Richard to be angry with him. The worst punishment for him is not to be allowed to play with Richard. But I think Richard is fonder of Paul than Paul is of him. He's the more loving of the two. He's very good to Paul."

Fleming nodded, with a troubled look. He was beginning to dislike what had seemed to him the only fair solution of the Allyns' domestic problem. "Wickie, don't go away — stay with Paul!" He did not like it — and yet, what other was there?

He put it strongly to Minna when she came out to talk to him, looking fragile and colorless in the strong light. She was much shaken. At first she had absolutely refused, declaring that Robert was selfish and cruel to wish to



"'I THOUGHT I MUST ALWAYS GO ON FIGHTING,' SHE FALTERED. 'BUT HE — GIVES UP'" separate the two boys, to take either of them from a place where they were happy and well cared for, to drag about with him, heaven knew where; and that she would fight out the question in the courts rather than yield.

"Very well," Fleming had said. "It will probably come to that, then — and will probably go against you. You ask too much. In a break like this, you must expect to compromise."

Minna had given up her first absolute stand. This morning she came to plead and argue for her side of it. Fleming presented Robert's side. And it came down to the hard fact that Robert refused to give up both of the children, and could not be forced to do it. Before Fleming's driving in of this fact, Minna gave back, little by little. At the end of the talk she seemed to be convinced that she must yield something. But she did not by any means yield at once. Sullenly she consented to consider the compromise. Fleming, tired out, wished to cut short his visit and go back to town: but, at Minna's desire, he promised to "see them through."

"It can't last much longer," she said wearily. "I can't stand it; I'm a wreck now."

"The whole thing seems to be a wreck," said Fleming somberly. "Even the two poor little kids will have to suffer."

"Ah, you see that, do you?" murmured Minna.

"Of course I see it. I'm sorrier for them than I am for you or Robert. After all, you've made your own shipwreck; but their small world is going to be broken up through no fault of their own. I should think I did see it!"

He left her, wishing heartily that he had never come back to be mixed up in this unhappy affair. As he wandered in the woods, thinking about it, the possibility recurred to him that Minna might, to keep the children together, try to patch up her differences with Robert. Logically, if she felt for her children as much as she assumed to, she ought to do that — and Robert, he knew, was willing enough to try it. A gleam of hope came to him. He planned to put this strongly before Minna at their next interview. But it appeared that there was one form of compromise that Minna would not consider. Between giving up her freedom and giving up the child, she, after several days of argument, with tears and the bitterest resentment against Robert, yielded the child.

"I shall keep Paul," she said, trembling.

That night Fleming and Allyn sat together before a fire in the library. It was pouring rain outside. They had dined alone together, and the silence between them had hardly been broken. Allyn, sunk in a big chair, stared earnestly at the flames. From time to time, he gave a half-audible ejaculation.

"No, by Jove!" he said at last, loudly.

"Eh, what?" Fleming started from a reverie that pleasantly concerned his own affairs.

Allyn looked at him bewildered for a moment, then rose and began to walk about the room.

"I can't do it," he said.

"Can't do what?" Fleming asked.

"Can't take the child away — either of them. I can't separate them. It was no use ragging Minna, poor girl. They're the one beautiful thing — the children and their relation to each other — that's come of my marriage. I *can't* destroy that. It was worth while, if they live and keep on loving each other."

He spoke the last words huskily, with difficulty, and stood looking at Fleming with strained, bright eyes. After a moment he went on:

"We wanted Paul, you see, to be a companion to Richard. *I* wanted it particularly. I was an only child — and a lonely one. I wouldn't condemn another child to loneliness, of my own free will. I don't think enough of myself to think I could make up to either of them. Paul, perhaps — he's the younger and would forget more easily. But Minna will want to keep *him*. And Richard — he's too old now for his years — I wouldn't give him his first sorrow. No, Fleming! I see now it's impossible. I'll leave them together. I'll go away — abroad somewhere ——"

"Better think it over," said Fleming softly.

"No, no! You tell Minna I give them up!" cried Allyn. "Not for always, of course — I don't give up my responsibility for them. Later we can make some other arrangement. If she wants a divorce, they could both be with me part of the time. She won't understand — she doesn't believe I care much for them, you know. But, somehow, I think *you*, old fellow ——"

Allyn broke down as he clasped the hand that Fleming put out to him.

"You go — and tell Minna," he whispered.

"Are you sure?" asked Fleming, hesitating. "Look here, Bob; are you right to give in to Minna like this ——"

"It isn't Minna; it's for the children."

"*She* wouldn't do it," said Fleming. "*She* wouldn't compromise, to keep them together."

"No, she wouldn't," said Allyn dully. "So I must. Go and tell her ——"

"You must tell her yourself," said Fleming, as he rang the bell. "I'm out of this."

"I'd rather you stayed. There's nothing between us now that any one mightn't hear," said Allyn.

He stood quiet and composed when Minna

came in a few moments later, wrapped in a loose robe of blue silk, and looking pale and apprehensive.

"What is it?" she asked, shutting the door and leaning against it.

"Nothing to frighten you, Minna," said Allyn gently. "Sit down."

He moved a chair for her near the fire, but she did not stir. Then he told her his decision briefly, in a colorless voice.

"But I thought you *wanted* one of them," said Minna sharply.

Allyn winced. "Not now. You were right — it would be cruel to separate them."

"Then I am to keep them both?"

He bowed his head.

Minna drew a long breath, moved and sat down, folded her hands about her knee, and looked at Allyn, frowning. He did not meet her look, and she turned to Fleming suddenly.

"Does he mean it?" she demanded. "What makes him give up — what is it *really?*"

"Well, Minna, if you ask *me*," said Fleming dryly, "this incident reminds me of a certain judgment of Solomon. Perhaps you recollect a story about two women and a child? You were willing to divide the children, though you thought they would suffer by it. He is not; he gives up his claim. But he said you wouldn't understand."

She listened and sat in silence, smoothing the loose folds of her robe.

Allyn was looking at her now, and Fleming, too, was watching her face, her lowered flickering eyelids. Still she sat, plaiting and unplaiting the folds of silk. At last Allyn moved sharply, and went toward her with outstretched hand.

"Good-by, Minna," he said. "I'm going away — early to-morrow. I won't bother you. I'll send you an address; you'll write me about them. Say good-by — to them — for me."

She did not seem to see his outstretched hand. After a moment he dropped it, clenched, by his side, and moved away.

"Good-by," he murmured, and went quickly out of the room.

Minna rose to her feet and looked at Fleming. His eyes were intent upon her, scrutinizing, waiting.

"Like that?" she said breathlessly. "All over?"

"Like that," said Fleming. "All over. You win, Minna."

She looked bewilderedly at him.

"I don't — understand it."

"No, poor Minna; you've never understood."

Her head drooped.

"I thought — I must always go on fighting," she faltered. "But he — gives up ——"

"He gives up."

"He is generous ——"

"He is capable of unselfish love."

"And — I'm not?"

Her quick question found its answer in Fleming's look. Her head drooped again.

"Poor Minna!" said Fleming. Then, after a moment: "You might at least have said good-by to him."

"Ah!" she breathed.

She stood looking straight before her, her large eyes fixed absently.

"I hardly realize it yet," she said softly. "It is so different — from anything I expected, from anything that has been, for so long. Nothing but wrangling. This is ——"

"Yes, it is different."

"And — and *he* is different," said Minna slowly, as if struggling perplexedly for her words. "It isn't like him to do a thing like this."

"It is like him, Minna, when it comes to the test. Perhaps you'll come to see that — when you think of him, as surely you will now, with some kindness."

Fleming squared his shoulders and breathed deeply, as if a weight had fallen from him.

"This doesn't seem to me much of a solution," he said. "It seems to me to be pretty deeply unjust to Robert. But, all the same, it lets a little light into what was a fairly sordid situation."

Minna moved slightly.

"Sordid? Yes, perhaps it was," she said in a low voice.

"It *was*. But there is beauty in this act of Robert's."

"Yes. If he had only been like this always ——"

Fleming laughed shortly. "If you had only had your own way always! Minna, Minna, is this all?"

She raised her head and looked at him proudly.

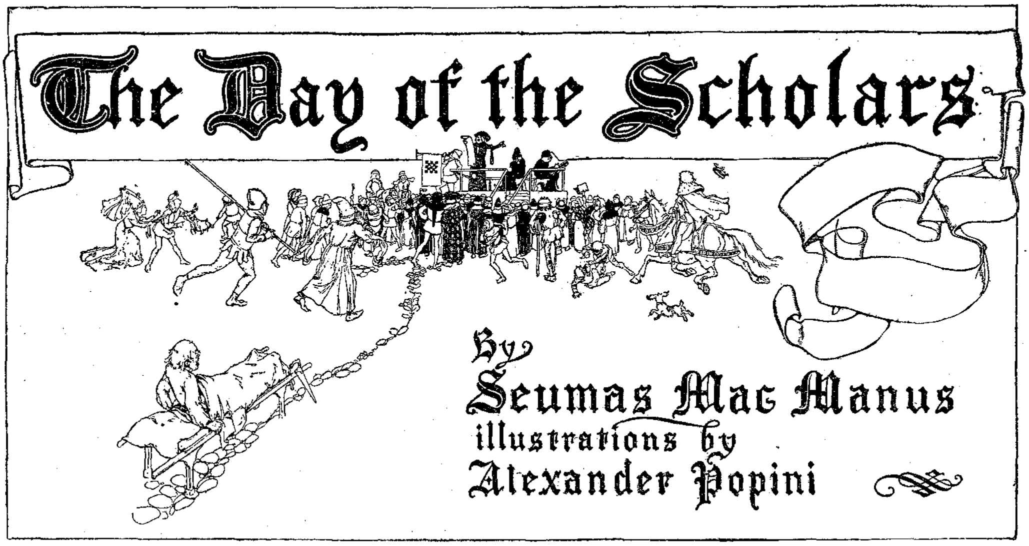
"No!" she said clearly. "But do you give me time — you and Robert. You think all the generosity, all the feeling, is on his side. I will do my share — I will try what I can do. I will not cut Robert off from the children; only — leave me now in peace a little while."

Her voice became veiled, and her eyes filled with tears.

"I shall not have to give either of them up — oh, I am thankful! Tell Robert I thank him — no, *I* will tell him; I will go and tell him."

She gave Fleming a quick grasp of the hand, the tears running down her cheeks, and went swiftly from the room.

The Day of the Scholars



By
Seumas Mac Manus
illustrations by
Alexander Popini

THIS l'arnin', as Dark Pathrick truly sayed, is a wondherful thing, surely — and divil a doubt!

'Tis a lee an' a long while now since the days of Cormac the Scholar; an' I give you my word that the men who lived then haven't had a toothache for seven hundred years. Ireland was in them days the seat of l'arnin', her schools and scholars known and noted to the worl's four corners. And Ireland's notorious scholars, after they had l'arnt everything was in the worl' to l'arn, begun inventin' new knowledge, and grew so proud and pompostious of their own greatness that they went thravelin' among wan another, and aist and west as well, challengin' everybody to meet them in scholar contests, the craziest they could think of. Whenever or wherever wan of these extraordinary contests of l'arnin' was announced atween two of the great, proud scholars, the doctor 'u'd l'ave his patient afore he had him dead, and the groom 'u'd l'ave the bride, and the sentry his post (though he seen an invadin' army comin'), and the king his crown, and the beggar his bag — every wan o' them breakin' their neck to see who'd be on the ground first. So mad, at last, did all Ireland become over these contests, that the country was goin' to pot out and out, neither child nor chief carin' what happened it, so long as there were fools enough to argue with them which scholar of all Ireland was best.

When the rage had reached its height, the scholars surrounded with such fame as had never been known afore, and the counthry lookin' ruination in the face, a scholar of scholars, who was named above all others Cormac the Scholar,— who, after he had l'arnt the last thing that was to be l'arnt in Ireland, visited every college in Europe, and every l'arnt man there, contestin' with them, and comin' out victorious and addin' something new to his wonderful knowledge in every fresh country he thraveled through,— came back to Ireland, all the worl' ringin' with his name and fame,— and came to his own native Kerry.

Every scholar in Ireland thrimbled like an aspen when they heared of his comin'.

Cormac didn't sleep nor ate, afther he landed in Kerry, till he'd sent a challenge to the High King of Ireland at Tara, for the greatest of the great scholars, which the King always had to maintain in flocks round his coort, to meet him in a final contest for the worl's champeenship — a contest in which sorra word was to be permitted, only sign language. And he named a day and a date when he 'u'd appear at Tara, to give it its choice of either fame or shame etarnal.

Now, the High King at Tara at this time was a man of common sense — so much so that there was no tellin' what minit the scholars would rise the nation again' him and take the crown from him in disgrace; and when he 'u'd get up in the mornin' he'd always feel his head to see if they'd still left it on his shoulders. When he got this challenge from Cormac the Scholar, he was — inside of himself — the maddest man his kingdom knew. All of his coort, though, were full of rejoicement — except the scholars. The King's scholars were the talk of the worl', for they had beaten and vanquished everything ever came afore them up to this. They now, however, knew that there was no standin' afore Cormac the Scholar, who had bate all Europe out of a clane face, and would surely bate and disgrace them for evermore.

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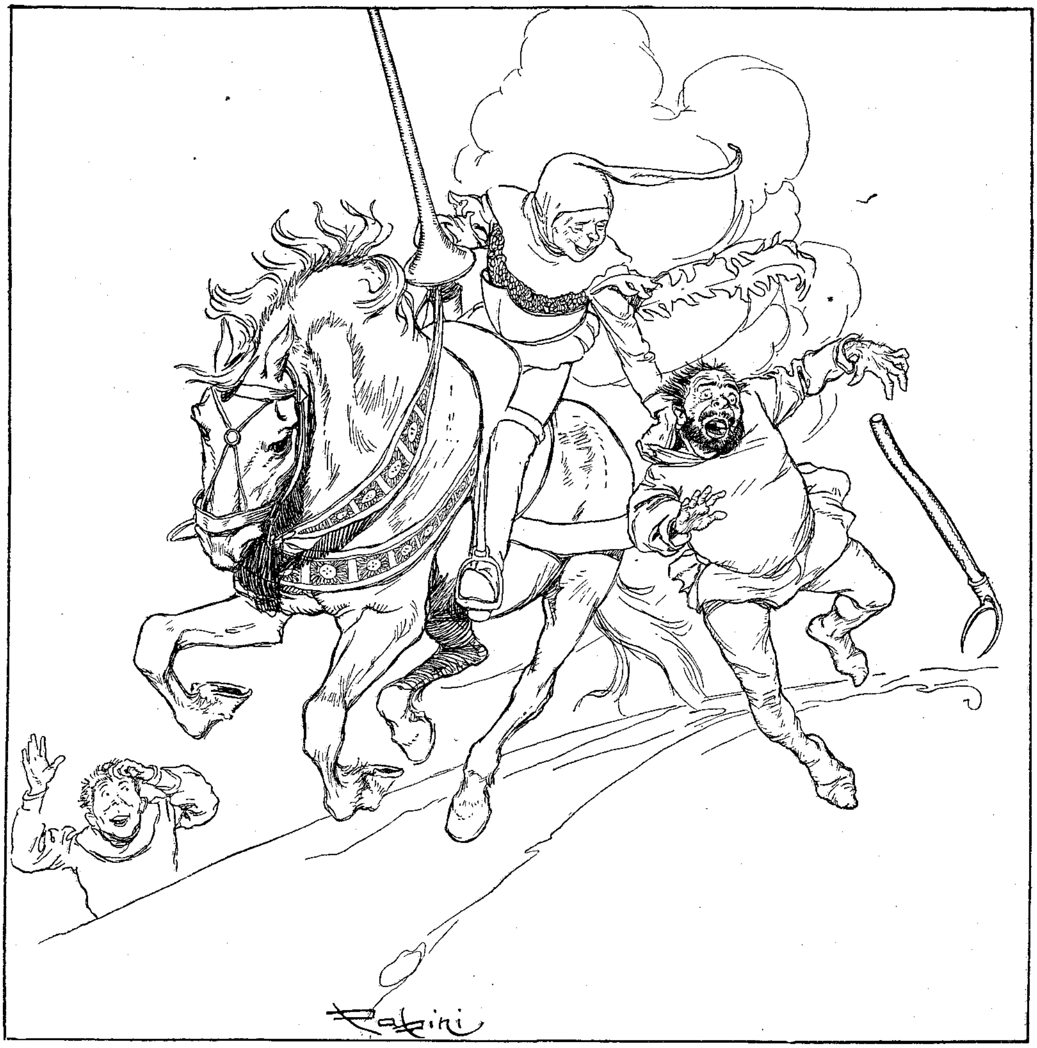
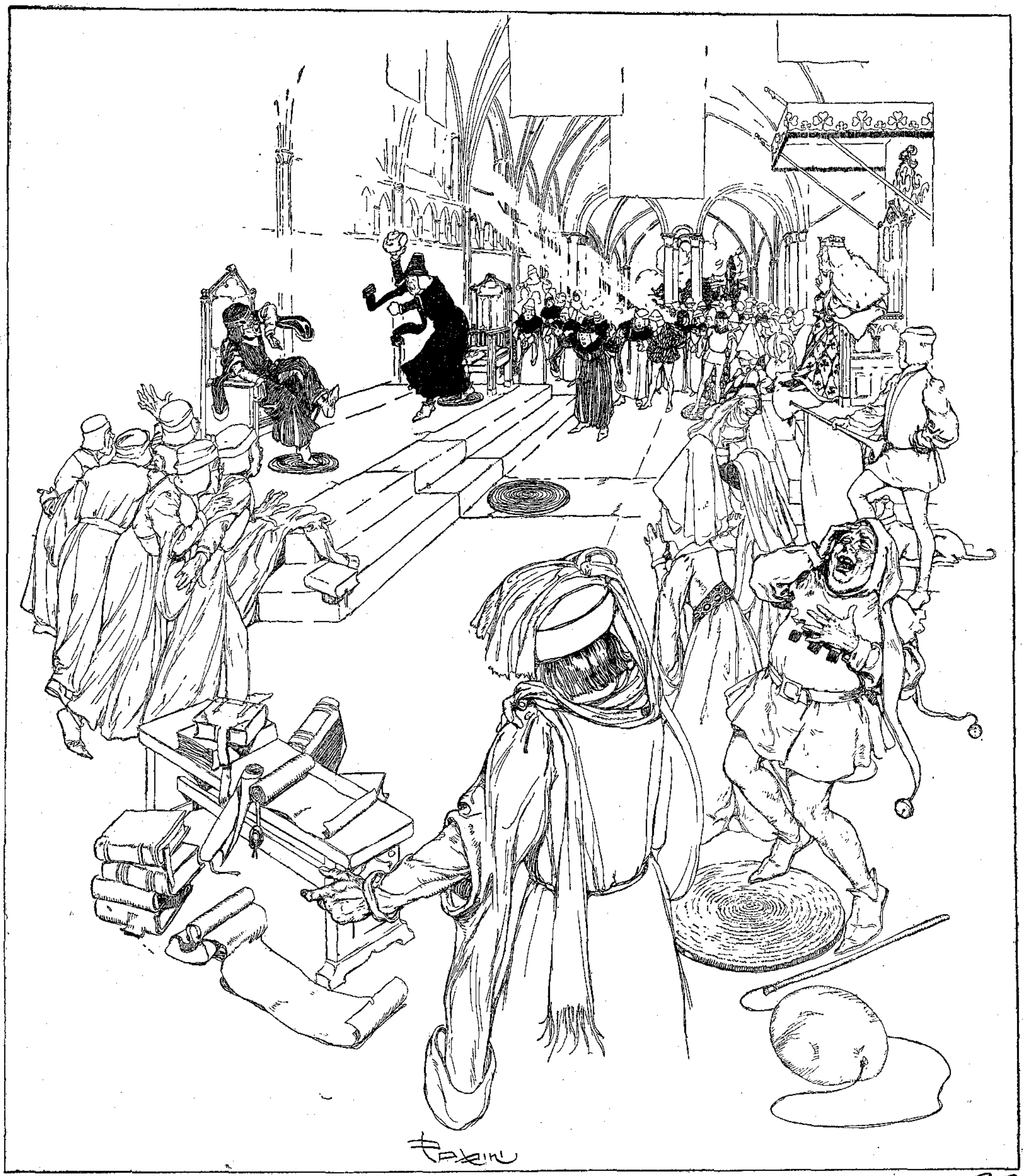
The nearer drew the day Cormac had named for the big contest, the worse got the plight of the King's scholars, and heart-breakin' grew the woe and wailin' among them. At length, in a body, they came afore the King and begged that he'd invent some way o' savin' them and savin' his coort from disgrace in the worl's face. And, in troth,— for their plight 'u'd melt the heart of a stone,— the King's heart was touched for them. Then he got neither aise nor paice, worryin' out what he could do. The King had heared tell at various times of a mighty knowledgable little black-whiskered man, that they called Dark Pathrick, who lived among the hills of Donegal, and who, though he had never seen the inside of a college or looked atween the covers of a book in all his life, was known far and wide for his extraordinary cleverness, common sense, and wisdom — and a man who, though he had unraveled many a wonderful puzzle in different parts of Ireland, when the needs of his country called him was still as humble as he was poor, and lived quiet and paiceful in his own little hut, tillin' his own patch o' land, and desirin' nothing greater than the respect of his neighbors, who were as poor as himself.

The King sent a courier to Donegal to fetch Dark Pathrick back with him to the palace at Tara. And to Pathrick the King gave in his case, askin' what he could do to help him.

Dark Pathrick he shook his head. "I don't know," he says. "This l'arnin' is a wondherful thing. But I'll do my best, and the best can do no more."



"The King sent a courier to Donegal to fetch Dark Pathrick back with him"



"Johnny ups with the loaf and let it fly at Cormac's head"

"That's so," says the King, all resigned.

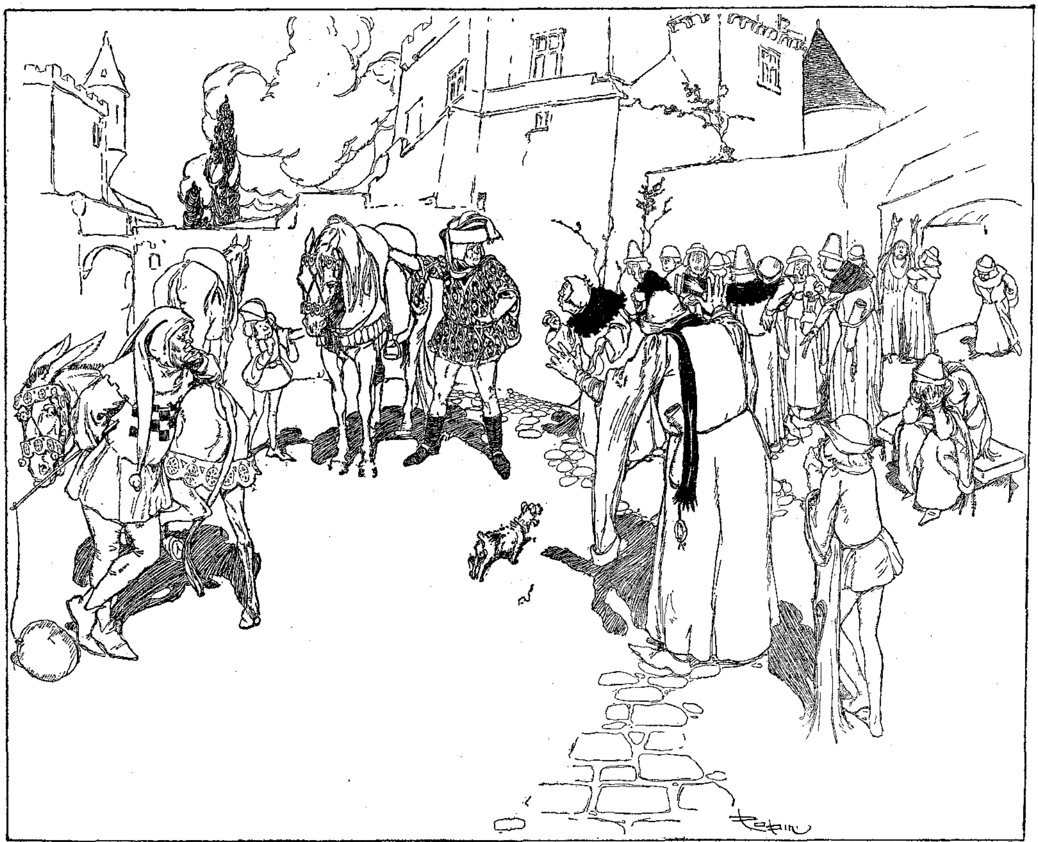
Dark Pathrick then set about makin' inquiries to find out if there was at the King's coort such a thing as a man who'd never l'arnt to know B from a bull's foot. And every wan agreed that Johnny One-Eye, the apple huckster's son, was not only the ignorantest man at coort, but you might drag Ireland with a herrin'-net and not find an ignoranter.

"Then," says Pathrick, "'tis Johnny One-Eye is goin' to contest with Cormac the Scholar."

The l'arnt wans of the coort riz in uproar at this, and asked the King was he goin' to let this country clown, Dark Pathrick from Donegal, bring etarnal disgrace upon him and them and the nation.

Says Pathrick: "My lord, maybe some o' the l'arned jintlemen themselves is willin' to undhertake to meet and defeat Cormac. If so, then your good name is saved, and you have no use for me, so I'll be biddin' you good mornin' and pushin' for the North again." And he looked all round the great scholars to see which of them was goin' to volunteer to meet Cormac. But wan scholar looked at the other, and the other looked at the wan, and the heart of every wan o' them sunk to his boots, and there wasn't a sowl among them had the courage to look the King in the face and say, "I'll meet Cormac."

"Then," says the King, "when ye'll not undhertake, wan o' ye, to meet Cormac yourselves, ye haven't any right to interfere with this good man in whatsomever arrangement it plaises him to make."



"They begged the King to save his coort from disgrace"

II

The great Cormac himself arrived, at last, with a terrible retinue of all the scholars of Munster in his train. And he'd scarce bow to the King, so great and proud was he. But he swept into the great hall that had been cleared for the contest,— him and all his flock of great scholars,— an' he s'ated himself on a throne on wan side of the platform in view of all the multitude, all the scholars and all the nobles and great men that now filled the hall to burstin'. And he called for the champeen who was to contest with him. Though the King's scholars were lookin' black in the face, there was thousan's o' men there had to stuff the tails o' their coats in their mouths when they seen Johnny One-Eye led in, in a professor's rig-out, and handed on to the platform, and s'ated on a throne right opposite to the wondherful Cormac.

Cormac, with a curl on his lip, was viewin' the champeen who was come to oppose him. The disdainful look that Johnny One-Eye gave him in return delighted the hall-full and rejoiced the heart o' the King.

When he seen that everything was ready, the King sounded a bell, which was for to be the signal for the champeens to begin the greatest contest Ireland ever knew, or ever would know.

Cormac the Scholar immadiately begun. He held up one finger tors't his opponent. And the minit he did so, Johnny put up two fingers tors't him. On the heels o' that, Cormac hoisted three fingers. Then the King's champeen presented a closed fist. Cormac next put up a ripe strawberry, and Johnny One-Eye put up a green gooseberry. The people, who were terribly anxious, quickly judged that, whatever it all meant, things were goin' hard again' Johnny, for he was goin' black in the face with rage. Cormac in another jiffy had up an apple that he took out of his pocket; then Johnny put up half a loaf o' bread that he drew from under his coat. He was 'most foamin' at the mouth now with rage, the people seen, while Cormac was as cool as a throut in a pool. Cormac next put the apple to his mouth and took a bite out of it; and the minit he did so, Johnny ups with the loaf, let it fly at Cormac's head, and laid him out like as a corp'!

The King's scholars all jumped to their feet to propose that Johnny One-Eye should be dhrawn and quartered, when, afore they had time to get out their first words, Cormac the Scholar, who was on his feet quick and fast, crossed the platform to Johnny, took his hand in both of his, and shook it. Then, turnin' to all the dumfoundhered people in the hall, Cormac sayed: "Jintlemen, I freely and publicly confess that, for the first time in his long career, Cormac the Scholar has been outmatched."

Every one was thunderstruck!

"I've thraveled far," went on Cormac, again, "gone to many famious colleges, and contended with the worl's most wonderful scholars, but I had to come among the High King's scholars at Tara," says he, "to meet this most supremely notable and extraordinary scholar, who, because his great l'arnin' exceeds all that I ever thought was in the power of mortial man, has overthrown me. I am not only b'aten, but actually proud o' the distinction of bein' b'aten by such an extraordinary jaynius."

Says the King, gettin' to his feet: "Would ye kindly explain to these assembled jintlemen all that passed between you and my champeen?"

"I'll do that," says Cormac. "I first put up one finger, signifyin' that there was wan God: then this l'arned jintleman put up two fingers, which meant to say the Father had two other Persons along with Him. Then, thinkin' I had him caught, I next put up three fingers, which meant, Then aren't there three gods? But your great doctor riz to the occasion, for he immadiately closed his fist, indicatin' that they all together made wan. I then held up a red strawberry to indicate that life is sweet: and your great doctor answered, with a green gooseberry, that life wasn't by any means all sweet, but was improved by havin' a judicious blendin' of both the sweet and the sour. Myself showed an apple to exemplify that, accordin' to the Bible, fruit was the first and natural food of man: the scholarly doctor corrected me by exhibitin' a loaf of bread — meanin' to say that bread was the staff of life, and that man was ordained to ate it in the sweat of his brow.

"Then, callin' up all my brains and all my l'arnin' and inspiration, I took a bite out o' my apple, which meant to say, 'I have ye at last; explain that if ye can.' And, lo and behold ye! this most honorable and extraordinary jaynius, without givin' me time to wink an eye, hurled his loaf at me and laid me out flat — in exemplification, as ye know, that 'twas the bitin' o' the apple caused the fall o' man. I'm done," says Cormac the Scholar. "My disgrace is everlastin' and complete. I only ask to be allowed to depart in p'ace and be for evermore forgotten."

And in shame and disgrace, with their heads atween their legs, Cormac the Scholar and all his retinue — the greatest scholars of Munster — departed from the King's palace.

Round Johnny One-Eye, who'd been listenin' in a sort of bewildhered puzzlement to Cormac's speech, all the King's scholars and great doctors gathered, raisin' him on their shoulders and carryin' him nine times round the castle yard, and they made the King invest him with all the degrees and l'arned orders of the kingdom, hangin' him with medals till the poor fella's back bent to the breakin'-point.

"Now," says the King, gettin' up from his throne, "there's wan man we're forgettin', and 'twould ill become us not to remember and honor him. I call upon Dark Pathrick," says he, "from Donegal, wherever he is, to come forth."

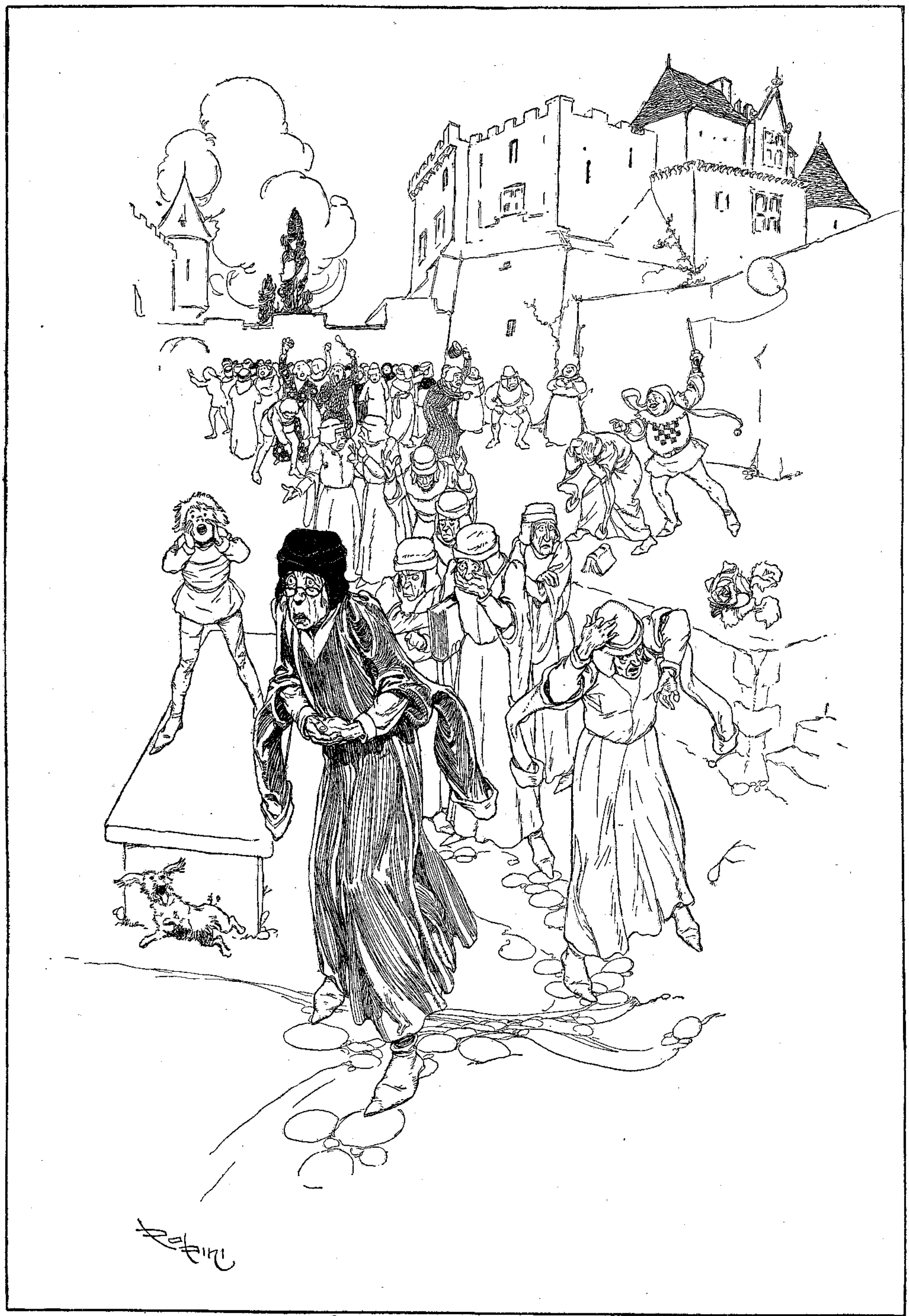
In a far-back corner of the room, under the choir-loft, a little dark-whiskered man stood up and made his obadiance to the King.

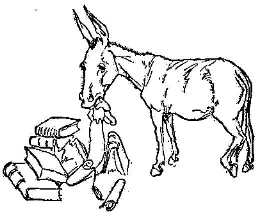
"Dark Pathrick," says the King then to the little black man from Donegal, "I have a fancy that I'd like to keep you about my coort, and give you any salary you name, for doin' nothin', only just bein' handy any time I take the notion to seek your advice. Name your salary — and, no matter what it is, it 'ill be yours."

"Me lord," says Dark Pathrick, "I humbly thank you with all my heart for your gracious goodness to wan so unworthy. But you'll pardon me if, before replyin' to your demand, I request an Irishman's privilege of askin' a question?"

"Certainly," says the King.

And says Dark Pathrick, turnin' tors't the seat where Johnny One-Eye, all bewildherment,





"In shame and disgrace, with their heads atween their legs, Cormac the Scholar and his retinue departed" was stoopin' under his medals: "It is of the l'arned doctor on the platform," indicatin' Johnny, "that I 'd ask the question.

"Cormac the Scholar kindly entertained this assembly to his point of view of the deaf-and-dumb discussion that passed atween you, an' by manes of which you, with your jaynius, floored the first scholar in the wor'l. Now would you kindly honor this assembly with your account of the transaction?"

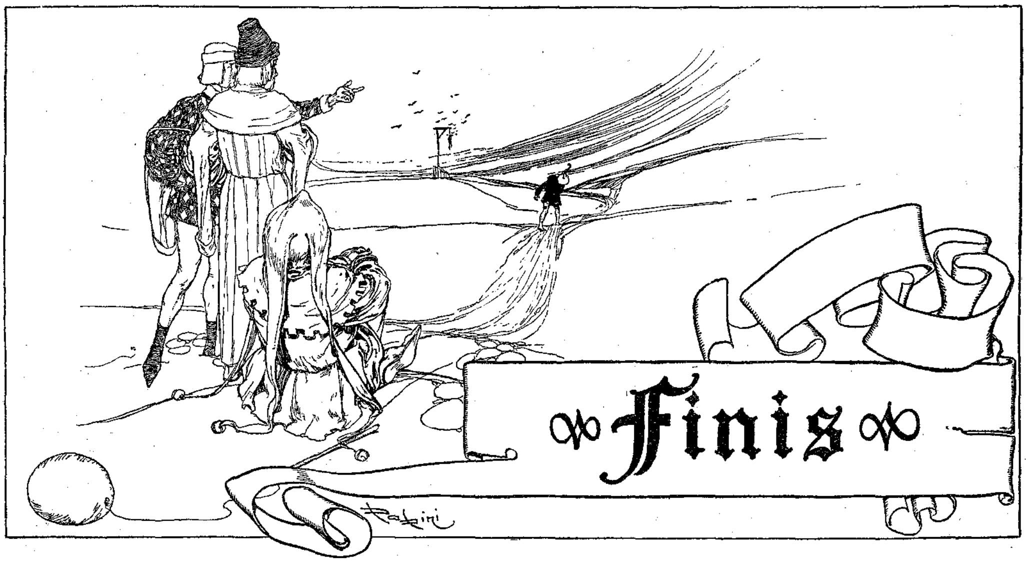
"Faith," says Johnny,— I mane the l'arned doctor,— "I'll do that! For 'twas mighty straight and simple. The lad ye put up again' me was the most ill-bred vagabone that I ever had the bad fortune to cross in all my thravels. For he started by a remark on my parsonal peculiarities — he held up one finger to taunt me that I'd only wan eye. As mad as a March hare, I put up two fingers to show that my wan eye was as good as his two. Then, carryin' his taunts further, he got up three fingers to dhraw an ill-natured laugh out of ye, for that here were two men with only three eyes in their company. I shut my fist at him to let him know what was waitin' for him if he didn't quick change his tune. He ups with a strawberry to tell me he didn't care that for me: I ups with a green gooseberry to let him know back again I didn't care that for him, or all his breed, seed, and generation. When the mane fella ups with an apple to tell me I was an apple-huckster's son, meself pulls out tuppence worth o' bread that I was bringin' home for my dinner when yous caught me an' hauled me in here — and I ups with the bread for to let him know if he didn't stop tauntin' me I'd very quick brain him. But the impident fella was bent on his own ruination, for he immadiately put the apple to his mouth and took a bite out of it, to remind me that when I was a youngster I used to steal my poor old crippled mother's apples and run away with them. That was the last straw — I let him have the loaf between the two eyes and stiffened him. 'Twas a great victory entirely," says the poor innocent fella.

"A great victory it surely was," says Dark Pathrick. "And," says he to Johnny, "I congratulate yourself, most l'arned sir, and all the other l'arned scholars here, on this most wondherful triumph."

"A terrible triumph, entirely, it surely was!" says the King, says he, takin' a pinch o' snuff. "And," says he, "I command that you, l'arned jintlemen, lead your new High Chief Doctor to the grandest soot o' rooms your end of the castle knows, and attend on him with all reverence and honor henceforward. And now, as to yourself, Dark Pathrick?" says the King, says he.

"Just, me lord," says Dark Pathrick, "what I was comin' to. For your most generous offer to meself, me lord," says he, "I regret I must reluctantly decline it. The likes o' me, an ignorant counthryman, 'u'd be terribly out o' place in a coort that is inhabited by such great l'arned jintlemen as these I have the honor to see round me. L'arnin'," says he, "is a wondherful thing, surely. I heartily and humbly thank ye, me lord," says he, makin' his obadience to the King, "and good-by! 'Tis time I was shortenin' the road to my little cabin in the bogs of Donegal."

The King himself strove hard to hold him; but 'twas no use. Pathrick hoisted on his stick the little bundle he thraveled with; and them that looked afther, soon saw him steppin' out lonely, but bravely, on the road to the North.



THE CONFLAGRATION HAZARD IN NEW YORK

BY

ARTHUR E. McFARLANE

AUTHOR OF "FIRE AND THE SKYSCRAPER," "THE INFLAMMABLE TENEMENT," ETC.

THE eight square miles between Forty-second Street and the Battery in New York City contain the greatest congestion of population, the greatest mass of buildings, and the greatest accumulation of property value ever brought together on the same area of which we have any record in history. The chief fear of the fire-insurance business to-day is lest a conflagration break out in this territory. "After such a conflagration," said the president of one of the great fire-insurance companies last year, "there would not be a fire-insurance company left in the world." A general conflagration in New York would not only bankrupt the fire-insurance companies: it would precipitate a financial panic both in New York and throughout the entire United States.

As conflagration centers our American cities have long been rivaled only by those of Japan. In ten years the fires of Jacksonville, Baltimore, Toronto, San Francisco, Chelsea, and Bangor have destroyed their half billion dollars' worth of property. But in New York a fire of less extent than San Francisco's could destroy its two billion dollars' worth.

If it traveled at the same rate as the fire of Baltimore, and took the direction of New York's prevailing winds, it would sweep down the island precisely like a fire coming from the landward end of a crowded ocean pier. A hundred thousand people might have to choose between death by burning or death by drowning. There is no possible prediction concerning the coming of a conflagration. It is a thing created by peculiar circumstances — unexpected accidents favored by special combinations of wind and weather. But, according to the most experienced fire experts in this country, New York to-day has more chances of a conflagration than had San Francisco and Baltimore before theirs came.

"The Most Serious Conflagration Hazard I Have Ever Seen"

Seven years ago the Baltimore fire made plain to the fire-insurance world the necessity of examining every city in the United States from the point of view of its conflagration hazard. The work was undertaken by the National Board of Fire Underwriters, the association whose constituent companies place ninety per cent of the fire insurance of this country.* The investigation was intrusted to a group of consulting engineers such as would give its findings the fullest possible authority. At the suggestion of President Roosevelt, the War Department lent the services of its fire-prevention specialist, Captain John S. Sewell, of the Army Corps of Engineers. Captain Sewell is a recognized authority. The government reports on Baltimore and San Francisco were written by him, and his study of fire-proof construction is used as the standard in the pocket manual carried by fire-insurance surveyors.

Before the investigating engineers reached New York, they examined thirty-six other cities, including Albany, Buffalo, Detroit, Pittsburgh, and San Francisco. This may lend the greater weight to their report upon New York. And that report may be summed up in a few lines written by Captain Sewell as a preface:

> In my judgment, the description of existing dangers [as detailed in the report] is, if anything, too conservative. . . . The type and occupancy of buildings prevailing in the worst sections, their mutual exposures, the narrowness of streets, inadequacy of water supply and distribution, together with the enormous values involved, combine to make of the situation in Manhattan by far the most serious fire and conflagration hazard I have ever seen. The conclusion is inevitable that the magnificent personnel of the fire department has been the only thing that has pre-

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*In 1910, one hundred and seventy-five companies were associated under this National Board. They carried a total fire insurance of $36,357,713,046.

vented sweeping conflagrations in the past. The existing physical conditions, not to mention inefficient engines and a deteriorated alarm system, constitute a handicap under which any mere human agency, however perfect, must ultimately fail. In view of the enormous interests involved, and the almost international character of the catastrophe which would be represented by a sweeping conflagration in Manhattan, no time should be lost in putting into effect all the proposed improvements and all the recommendations in this report, or their full equivalent.

Insurance Companies Dare Not Extend

Immediately after receiving this report, all the conservative and strongly managed fire-insurance companies began at once to limit their risks in lower Manhattan and to set a maximum beyond which they would not go in future. The insured property in this section amounted to more than fifteen hundred millions; the total "loss-paying ability" * of the insuring companies to about one fifth of that.

To-day, with a slight increase of insurance and a decrease of assets from conflagrations in other American cities, their risk in this section is eighteen hundred millions, and their total "loss-paying ability" about a seventh of this. And to-day there are millions of dollars' worth of property in lower New York, owned by perfectly reputable and responsible people, which no insurance company of standing will insure — simply because these companies dare not increase their risk.

This situation was shown circumstantially in evidence given before the so-called Merritt Investigating Committee of the New York State Legislature in December, 1910. George W. Hayes, speaking for the New York Credit Men's Association, of which most of the great wholesale merchants are members, said: "There are hundreds and thousands of men who are not carrying adequate insurance, because they can not get it." "The merchants here can not get insurance," said Harold Herrick, the president of the Niagara Fire Insurance Company. "The companies can not carry them." "It is a fact, is it not," the examiner asked of Frank Lock, the manager for America of the Atlas Assurance Company, "that the merchant is not being dunned for insurance, but he is around looking for insurance?"

ANSWER: "It is being pressed on us all the time, and we are being squeezed in every possible way to take a little more, and a little more, to help out."

Not getting good insurance, many New York business men are compelled to take poor insurance or none at all. Lower Manhattan has become, for this reason, a chief field of operations for the speculative fire-insurance company. What this means to the insured was clearly brought out in the testimony of Henry Evans, president of the Continental Insurance Company (one of the largest in the country), before the Merritt Committee.

"You perhaps know," he said, "that I was called in to take control of the Phoenix Insurance Company when Mr. Sheldon, the president, was found to be a defaulter. I found they had between twenty-one and twenty-two millions at risk between Fourth Street and Chambers Street" (the great wholesale dry-goods district of New York). "Their loss-paying ability was about two million dollars at that time."

A Conflagration Is a Fire that "Gets Away"

When, in 1905, the experts appointed by the National Board of Fire Underwriters showed in their report what the conditions in New York were, the great fire-insurance companies imperiled very naturally expected to see these conditions changed. They asked the city authorities to change them. The city authorities, in response, hastened the work on the city's high-pressure water system, a most valuable equipment for ordinary fires. The city has to-day over a considerable area below Twenty-third Street, an excellent system of this kind. In addition, it has a fire department that probably exceeds in its alertness and leadership and fighting strength any other fire department in the world.

But a conflagration is not an ordinary fire. The investigation made by the underwriters after the Baltimore and, later, after the San Francisco fire, showed this plainly. A conflagration, in the language of firemen, is a fire that has "got away." Any water pressure, no matter how great, is obviously useless against a fire half a mile square which can not be approached within five hundred feet. "Water streams," says the report on the Baltimore fire by Edwin O. Sachs, the greatest English fire expert, to the English fire-insurance companies, "were of no avail against it." The National Board of Fire Underwriters was concerned, first of all, to know what chance there was of a New York fire "getting away" and becoming a conflagration.

Defective Fire Alarms Burn Baltimore

The Baltimore conflagration, the investigators found, was created by the explosion of several thousand dozen celluloid shirt-fronts stored in the sixth story of a loft building. After that explosion it was perfectly useless to try to stop the fire; it was a conflagration, and it stopped when it burned itself out. But there was plenty of time to stop it before the explosion, while heat from a trifling blaze in the cellar was pouring up an elevator well-hole and roasting the celluloid shirt-fronts up to 300°, at which point celluloid explodes. This roasting was allowed to take place because of a defective fire-alarm system.

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* For any city the "loss-paying ability" of the companies writing fire insurance in it consists of their assets, less the amount owing pro rata to those insured in all other cities upon policies which have not expired. The companies under American register which carry risks in New York could meet a loss of about $233,000,000; the foreign companies involved, about $20,000,000 more.

There were automatic fire alarms in the building where the Baltimore fire started, which gave immediate notice of the fire's start. But wire disturbances were so common in the Baltimore alarm system that the alarm was thought to be merely another trouble of that kind. In this way, the fire got the twenty-five minutes' headway which made it a conflagration.

The New York Board of Fire Underwriters secured J. J. Carty, the chief electrical engineer of the New York Telephone Company, and Kempster B. Miller, the foremost authority on electrical signal systems in America, to examine the New York fire-alarm system. A few copies of their report were printed for the use of officials immediately interested; it has never come to the attention of the general public.

The Worst Fire-Alarm System

The New York fire-alarm system is the worst in the United States. It was installed in 1869. Ninety per cent of it is in the exact pattern of that period; and most of the boxes are the original boxes. It is, practically speaking, forty-two years old. In cities like Rochester and Detroit the type has been superseded for a generation. The Gamewell Company, which installed its signal-boxes, gave up even making them years ago.

The New York investigators began work in May, 1905. They found that in March, 1905, there had been 171 cases of "alarm troubles," and March, they reported, was in no way exceptional. On an average, eight per cent of the whole system was out of order all the time. On April 21 the severance of a cable left a quarter of Manhattan Island without fire-alarm protection for an hour and forty minutes. The trouble, they found, came from two sources — the signal-boxes and the wires.

The antique signal-boxes of New York, when they are opened, cause a gong to ring — an arrangement planned in 1869, to call attention to the ringing in of signals, and so prevent false alarms. But the fire alarm itself does not ring until a lever in the box is pulled. In a city like New York, where hundreds of thousands of people can not read the English instructions on the boxes at all, the ordinary ringer of an alarm believes he has finished his work when he hears the ringing of the gong. But this is not his only chance of failure. On the inside of the box is a lever that must be pulled down to send in the alarm. But it must be pulled all the way down, it must not be held, and it must not be pulled twice, or the antiquated machinery will not do its work. After many bad fires, those who suffer swear that they sent in an alarm, and that for ten, fifteen, or twenty minutes — until other alarms were rung in — the firemen did not respond.

But the fire-alarm boxes are no worse than the system of wires that connect them with fire headquarters. The investigators of 1905 started to follow the individual alarm wires out to the main cables. They found seventy-seven per cent without rubber insulation, protected only by some cheap and porous fabric. Many were carried in the same ducts with high-tension light and power wires.

In the section below Fifty-ninth Street, where lies eighty-five per cent of the property exposed to fire on Manhattan Island, the small branch cables are gathered up into two main cables — one on the East Side of the city, suspended from the Third Avenue elevated railroad, one on the West, suspended from the Ninth Avenue line. The protection of eleven hundred thousand people and of nearly two billion dollars' worth of property depends upon the Third Avenue cable alone. In many cases it hung, and it hangs now, within a few inches of light and power wires. It lies within a few feet of the third rail of the elevated system. Where its first fastenings have rotted away, it is tied to its guide-wire by pieces of twine or old rope. In places it sags for forty, sixty, or even ninety feet. In 1905, in entering fire headquarters — as the investigating engineers pointed out — it was so exposed to electricity and inflammables that there was grave danger lest New York's principal fire-alarm cable might set fire to its fire department headquarters. The fire-alarm situation in New York was far worse than it was in Baltimore.

For three years, in spite of all that insurance men could urge to better it, nothing of any sort was done; and in 1908 the Merchants' Association of New York joined the Underwriters in their attempts to secure a proper fire-alarm system. Their report was even more severe than that of 1905. Its summary description of the conditions of the fire-alarm system was adapted bodily from the report of 1905. It said, in part:

"It has been found that the fire-alarm telegraph system of the Borough of Manhattan is fundamentally wrong in design and is in bad physical condition. It is not constructed in accordance with any proper engineering plans, and its physical condition is so bad that it must be characterized as being in an advanced stage of decay. The only remedy for the present state of affairs is to establish in the Borough of Manhattan a new fire-alarm system separate and distinct from the present one."

The last paragraph in the report of 1908 says: "There is an imminent danger that, before a new system can be supplied, the present defective fire-alarm system may so delay the arrival of the department or throw it into such a state of confusion that a fire might gain such a headway as to get beyond control, and thus develop into a disastrous conflagration."

"The Most Dangerous Conditions in the World"

But the most important single statement made in this report was contained in the following commentary on the main fire-alarm cable upon Third Avenue:

"The region dependent upon this single cable contains the most dangerous conflagration hazards in the city of New York, and it is said by competent authorities that they are the most dangerous conditions to be found in any city in the world. The responsibility resting upon this one cable, therefore, it is impossible adequately to describe."

In the three years since the report of 1908, the fire-alarm system of New York has remained practically unaltered except for certain improvements in the receiving department at fire headquarters. The danger from this source is thoroughly recognized by both the fire-insurance and general commercial organizations of New York.

In February of the present year, in answer to a renewed complaint that the need for more fire insurance in New York was constantly growing, Cecil F. Shallcross, of the National Board of Fire Underwriters, Anton Raven, president of the Atlantic Mutual Insurance Company, and Darwin Kingsley, president of the New York Life Insurance Company, said, in a joint letter to the Chamber of Commerce, that other fire-insurance companies did not enter the New York field "because of the ever-present fear of losing their entire resources." New York still possessed "the most dangerous conditions to be found in any large city in the world." It still had "the worst fire-alarm system of any city in the United States." "The municipal authorities," the letter ended, "have just appropriated $200,000 for minor improvements in the fire-alarm system, whereas an entire new system is imperatively necessary." (The cost of a new system has been put at $5,000,000.) "High pressure and a good fire department are useless if there can not be transmitted prompt and accurate notice of the outbreak of a fire which a few minutes' delay may turn into a sweeping conflagration."

"The most dangerous conditions to be found in any city in the world" still maintain in New York. On pages 162 and 163 are two maps giving the fire geography of the city. The first was taken from the report of 1905. In this the unshaded areas are intended to represent districts where the danger of conflagration may be considered normal — normal for America, that is, not for any large city in Europe. The sections lightly shaded stand for "conflagration feeders" — buildings which may not start conflagrations, but which provide them with their chosen fuel, once they have started. The black patches, the majority of which represent many city blocks, stand for "conflagration breeders." A "conflagration breeder" is a type of building or business occupation in which fires may be expected to break out as a matter of course, and which in case of fire are almost certain to set fire to the buildings surrounding them.

New York's Conflagration Breeders

In the eight square miles between Forty-second Street and the Battery there are one hundred and thirty blocks of "conflagration breeders," and a glance will show that they are scattered throughout the city.

Follow the island northward from its point, beginning on the East Side. The first series of blots means that just beneath the thirty- and forty-story pinnacles of New York's financial section, where single buildings house hundreds of millions in money and securities, there stretches, for half a mile, its spirits, oils, and chemicals district. In the opinion of ex-Fire Chief Croker, the most dangerous quarter of New York begins at lower Wall Street. Sixty acres of it were burned in 1835, and twenty more in 1845. Almost all of its old joisted brick buildings go back to that date. Basements and sub-basements are filled with the kind of explosives which, as firemen express it, "explode wet," scattering fire, that is, as oil does. A little to the north the wholesale jewelry quarter starts at Broadway, with all the diamonds of Maiden Lane, and, within a few hundred feet, ends in rags and paper stock. It was a rag district that burned Chelsea.

"Owing to the utter absence of fire stops," says the report of 1905, "a general conflagration in this section might spread uninterruptedly through the territory south of the Brooklyn Bridge."

The blots that extend north to Brooklyn Bridge mean that here chemical and paper warehouses travel together. And they feed to the great leather houses and printing establishments that tower on both sides of the bridge. "Any fire once gaining general headway in a few risks would probably involve practically any block in this section," says the 1905 report, "and, indeed, the section as a whole." It was paper warehouses that, in 1904, burned out half of the wholesale district of Toronto.

At the head of the second bridge (the Manhattan) the blots begin to divide the city. The triangular blot stands for Chinatown. Its old wooden barracks, built like the housework in an ancient river steamer, offer fire as many runways as John himself uses after a tong war. Then, lying in the center of the island, are oil-soaked machine-shops, then furniture factories, upholstery and mattress factories, then paper boxes, chairs, and more rags. It was a mattress factory that burned Jacksonville, Florida.

The bars of black that follow the East River a few blocks inland mean more oils and grease, more great drug houses, and a mile-long jumble of old factories, tenements, and stables, lofts full of hay and straw, and car-barns. It was a car-barn that burned Paterson.

Here the conflagration breeders are almost continuous, even though the map does not indicate it. And the two great blotches to the north of the third bridge (the Williamsburg Bridge) mean New York's East Side woodworking district — acres of lumber-yards along the river-front; and, filling the blocks far inland from them, planing-mills, kindling-wood yards, sash and door factories, manufactures of furniture, veneering, and cigar boxes — everything that can be made of wood.

The West Side Conflagration Breeder

The West Side—as shown in the Underwriters' map — means, first of all, the windward side of New York. To add to that, it means the pier line, with the inherent fire hazard always incident to the moving and transhipping of goods. Even European cities like Liverpool and Antwerp and Hamburg have learned what that may be. But, to start again at the south end of the island, the West Side begins with cotton in storage. It then has its zone of oil, connected with the machinery district. "Of this machinery district as a whole," says the report, "out of a total of fifty-five blocks, thirty-three may be considered as bad, and of these many are very bad." Then for half a mile there are fruit warehouses — as flimsy as the crates and boxes they contain. Hay and straw, in the form of packing, appear in quantities in the china district. Hay burned Bangor and St. Johns (Newfoundland) and New Westminster (British Columbia).

We are now just west of the open area, which is City Hall Park. Nearer the Hudson River is whisky — warehouse after warehouse filled with it. The power of whisky as an inflammable was shown in the Baltimore conflagration. The explosion of the liquid was responsible for turning the fire for the first time out of the direction of the wind. And northeast of New York's whisky center is its famous dry-goods district.

The stranger coming up the Bay believes that he sees the wealth of Manhattan in its skyscrapers. What they contain is as nothing to what lies in the old four- to seven-story buildings that fill the central wedge on both sides of Broadway for a mile north of Chambers Street. Here is the *entrepôt* to which move the endless lines of trucks from the piers of West Street. The silks and carpets and fine linens of all Europe and Asia are gathered here for distribution throughout the continent. Fires that elsewhere would be of small account have here, in an hour, destroyed their million dollars' worth of laces or feathers. There are single blocks where the value is set at twenty-five millions, and ten blocks together that represent two hundred millions.* This is New York's "old conflagration area." In the words of the report of 1905, "the hazards of the district have concentrated the attention of underwriters for years." For the most part, it has attempted to protect itself as best it can. "Yet it continues," says the report, "to include the greatest conflagration breeders in the city, the highest values, the greatest congestion."

For some reason, few of the "conflagration breeders" in the dry-goods district have been indicated on the map of the 1905 investigation. But some of them are plain to the eye of any one who rides through the district on the elevated railroads — box factories and vacant lots piled high with the packing-boxes made in them. To the windward lie the hay and straw and stables of the West Side trucking quarter, and a second whisky and spirits section. Fifty buildings front on Lispenard Street, in the heart of the dry-goods district. In six months of 1910 there were nineteen fires in them. Some of their tenants can get no insurance of any sort.* It is not difficult to understand why the dry-goods district as a whole is "insurance starved."

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* See the *Insurance Press*, December 21, 1904.

Two years ago, when the Lipton tea warehouse at the corner of Franklin and Hudson streets was burned, it was estimated that there were values to the extent of a hundred millions within two thousand feet of it. This is New York's wholesale grocery district — west of the wholesale dry-goods section. Here, again, is a district in the lee of hay and straw and paper-box factories. And then, as on the East Side, for two miles or more, the riverside means lumber, and all that is made from it. Here is New York's piano district. In the typical piano factory, fire could sweep uninterruptedly through floor areas equal to whole city blocks. More chair and furniture factories mix with storehouses filled with wall-paper. From Thirtieth to Fortieth streets the map has been blackened only where the danger is, above all, acute.

According to New York's building code, no frame buildings may be erected except low sheds. But packing-boxes and lumber and kindling-wood, roofless to every flying spark, may be piled to any height. In the Michigan clearing, the sawmill covers itself with tanks and sprinklers for its own protection. In New York, the planing-mill, standing in the center of two billion dollars' worth of burnable property, leaves all that to the fire department. For a generation New York's slaughter-houses have been confined to certain outlying districts. Its powder and dynamite, except for immediate use, must, according to law, be kept in boats moored in the rivers. But, as every fireman in his first year learns, all through the city there are buildings more dangerous than dynamite which are apparently above any law. In many of those black blocks, since 1905, there have been the worst of fires. Firemen, sometimes two and three together, have been killed in them, and yet these places are even shielded, by the libel laws; they can not be named in print while they are still standing.

At the present moment, on lower West Street, within the few hundred feet that separate the pier line from the financial quarter, there is being demolished a great many-storied soap factory which, with all its oils and grease, and its vast tank of lye extending to the roof, was a perfect terror to the fire department. Of such buildings firemen say, "When *she* goes up — !" and they leave the sentence unfinished. At any time, that one building might have destroyed the most valuable part of New York. And, until two or three years ago, adjoining it stood a huge, rickety flour-mill; the explosive quality of flour dust gives a potential hazard hardly less than that of oil and grease. Chicago's worst conflagration breeders, its stock-yards, lie apart from the city proper, and they are further protected by their own fire companies. Boston's conflagration breeders are almost all together, near the water-front. New York's are everywhere, and unprotected.

The Two Chief "Conflagration Feeders"

New York's "conflagration feeders" fall into two widely differing general classes. But to be "feeders" they have this in common: both can readily be ignited from without, and both are filled with inflammables.

On the upper West and the lower East Side the first class is found in Manhattan's great coffin-shaped blocks of tenements. In these districts nine tenement-houses in ten are, at the best, brick shells; all the interior is wood. Many have only a brick veneer on the street side; others are old clapboard houses containing nothing unburnable save their nails. And all alike form the unbroken outer walls of blocks from six to eight hundred feet long, the hollow centers of which are wholly accessible to falling sparks and embers, and almost closed to the fire department. In the great inner court there may be old frame houses or factories; there are almost always wooden sheds and fences. And fires starting among them can not be seen from the street till they are in full course.

Of the East Side tenement section the 1905 report to the National Underwriters says: "More than half of the blocks below Fourteenth Street may be classified as bad. . . . Nearly all blocks have their entire interiors built solidly with cheap risks, frequently tenements with numerous unprotected openings, the effect being that practically any one block in the whole area is subject to one fire." In a square mile of this East Side tenement quarter there are now living nearly seven hundred thousand people. And this density of population, long unparalleled, is steadily growing. In the very center of it may be found clothing factories operated by gasolene power. The engine may be placed on any floor of a building that is a wooden shell. It is divided off from the workers by a little pine partition, and within that partition, not six feet from the engine, may be found a thirty-gallon can of gasolene. In the West Side tenement quarter conditions are not much better. This article was written in Greenwich Settlement House, which occupies part of a lower West Side block having a population of about two thousand people. Two large paper-box factories also find a place in it. While this article was in preparation, one of them burned, set fire to the tenement next door, and threatened the whole neighborhood. Nothing could be more typical. And in New York's fire map, on page 162, this block is depicted as normal.

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* Testimony of Willis O. Robb, president of the New York Fire Insurance Exchange, before the Legislative Investigating Committee, 1910.

New York has its second great conflagration feeder in its high steel-frame loft buildings. In 1905 there were so few of them that they need not be considered. That is not the case to-day. The ordinary office-building skyscraper is bad enough. In 1904 Rochester had a four-million-dollar conflagration which originated in one of its high buildings, and the Rochester Chamber of Commerce set to work to calculate just what amount of inflammables, measured in terms of thermic units, the modern skyscraper might contain. It was discovered that the average eighteen-story office building, standing on an area two hundred by a hundred and forty feet, contains almost exactly the equivalent of the coal which is used to keep the *Lusitania's* 68,000 horse-power under a full head of steam for twenty-four hours. Professor Charles L. Norton, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, made one of the official engineering and fire-prevention reports upon the Baltimore fire. "One thought," he wrote, "brought home by the towering remains of the tall steel-frame buildings is the failure of the word 'fire-proof' to give any proof of its right to exist as applied to such buildings." Their contents were entirely gone; and even of their structural value from sixty to eighty-five per cent had disappeared.

The Great New Danger Belt

New York has office buildings enough. But in her typical twelve-story "lofts" she has a kind of skyscraper containing a vastly greater quantity of combustibles than any office building. The "loft" is a factory and a warehouse. Floor upon floor, its heavy work-tables and endless tiers of shelving are piled high with everything that will burn, from celluloid to cotton. And there are hundreds of these buildings. They surround the old wholesale district, the retail shopping district, the great hotels and theaters. The whole central district of New York — two miles long and two thirds of a mile wide — is now known as the "loft zone." And it is rapidly penetrating the tenement districts.

It is the loft building that would have one of the largest parts in burning New York. A building is allowed to mount one hundred and fifty feet in the air on the supposition that it is "fire-proof" — that, in case of fire, it can take care of itself. Far from being able to take care of themselves in a conflagration, New York's "lofts" can not even take care of themselves in ordinary fires. According to the New York building laws, every loft window above the first floor, when it is within thirty feet of any other building, should be provided with fire-proof shutters. As was the case in San Francisco, even this measure of safety is in general disregarded; or common iron shutters are used, which are almost worthless. By law, the loft building must have a four-inch stand-pipe, an adequate roof tank to supply it, a cellar engine to keep the roof tank full, and hose on every floor for the use of the fire department. When the ten-story Asch Building loft burned in New York, and one hundred and forty-six factory girls lost their lives, the heat cracked the iron pipe from the roof tank and let all the water out. And, until the firemen learned what had taken place, it was of no avail for the high-pressure system to pump water into the stand-pipe from the street. Until the upper valves could be shut off, the water simply "geysered" out through the break at the top.

For the most part, the hose hung up in these buildings is of such a quality that no New York fireman will for a moment trust it. Every company takes two coiled lengths along with it and laboriously carries them up by hand to the seat of the fire. By law, there must be one elevator in service for the firemen, in case of fire by night; but this law is not enforced. And the fireman trusts the tank on the roof as little as the hose. He knows that to be sure of anything he must attach an engine or a high-pressure pipe to the connection that leads to the stand-pipe in the street, and from the beginning find the supply of water himself. And here, again, time after time he is baffled. The cap ends on these connections are supposed to be removed and tested at regular intervals by the engineer or superintendent of the building. As a matter of fact, so firmly are many of them rusted on that often, to use them at all, the fireman has to break them with the back of an ax.

This is equally true of most of New York's skyscraper apartment-houses. And even in the finest and highest office buildings of the financial district conditions are not much better. It is not so long since, in a fire in one of the most famous of them, the firemen could neither get water down from the roof tanks nor up from the street.

The Fire-proof Skyscraper

All those who have to do with the twelve-story loft know what it is. The insurance company that risks five thousand dollars on any floor below the sixth will, at most, risk only three thousand above the tenth; and, as was brought out in the testimony of George W. Hayes, in some cases they will risk nothing at all. The professional incendiary has learned what opportunities they offer. He is leaving his old warehouse rookeries; for his purposes the upper stories of the loft building are both surer and safer.

It is supposed by many that New York's steel-frame factories and warehouses would in some way constitute fire barriers for the city. No expert believes this. "Almost all of them are at least conflagration feeders," said Captain Sewell to the writer, "and many of them would be conflagration breeders." In October, 1910, at a meeting of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers, they were made a subject of discussion by Professor Ira H. Woolson, for twenty years head of the fire-testing laboratory of Columbia University, and at present chief engineering adviser of the National Board of Fire Underwriters. "This type of building," he said, "would offer very little resistance to a conflagration. Blasts of hot air from near-by burning buildings would ignite the window-frames and break the windows in a whole front at once. Under such conditions, complete destruction would be certain. Whether the occupancy was domestic or commercial in character, the buildings would burn with equal fierceness." "I conceive the possibility of a conflagration *roaring* through the upper stories of these buildings, all of them above the water-line," said Franklin Wentworth, secretary of the National Fire Protection Association.

As a matter of fact, we do not have to surmise: we know what happened in Baltimore. Theoretically these buildings do not need the protection of the fire-fighter,—it is certain that they are a hundred feet above it,—and in Baltimore they did not get it. The Baltimore firemen grouped all high buildings together, and water was not used in any of them. In both the Baltimore and San Francisco conflagrations several one- and two-story buildings survived the fire. Almost without exception, the skyscrapers burned themselves out, even to the wooden nailing-strips embedded in the concrete. In the draft of fire which on every floor swept through them from window to window, they earned their title of "horizontal volcanoes." They fairly poured their blazing contents upon all the low buildings around them. As for the neighboring high buildings in their lee, they gave them the conflagration broadside on and loaded with new combustibles.

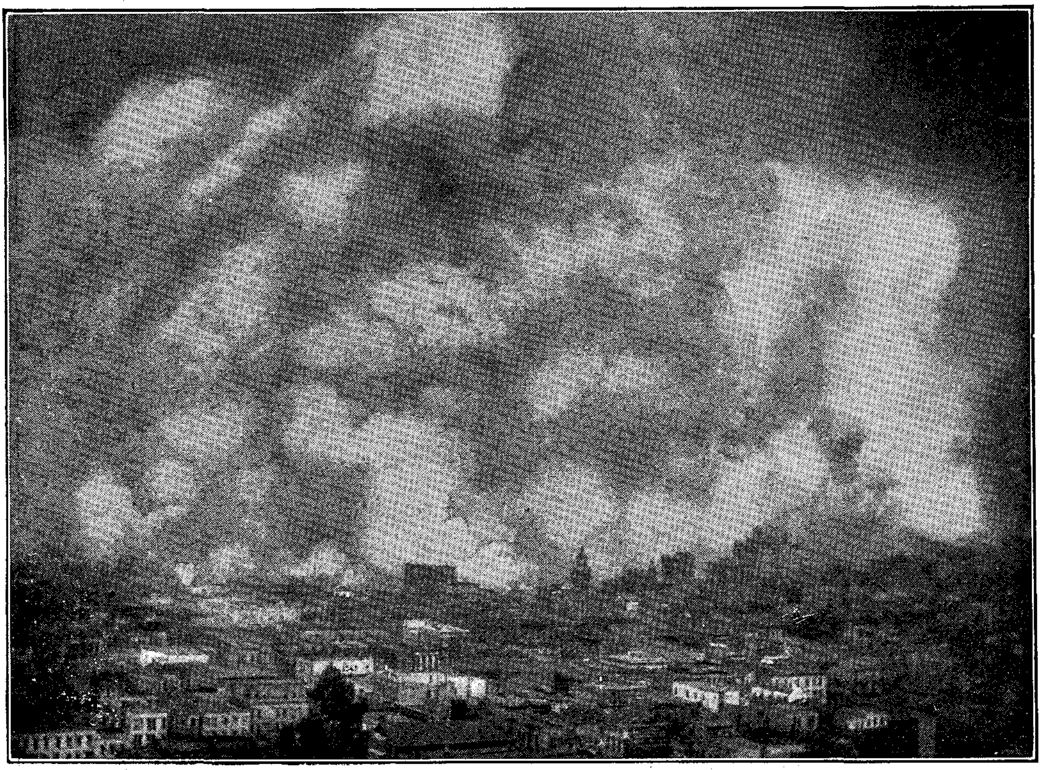
In all, the conflagration feeders in New York cover at least four square miles, or one half of the city in this great "congested area district" below Forty-second Street. And everywhere in the midst of them are the torches, the conflagration breeders.

Prophecies that Came True

A conflagration is a fire that "gets away" into a great area of inflammable buildings. The conflagration risk is a definite thing, quite clearly indicated by an examination of the fire geography of a city. In other cities the reports of the engineers of the National Board of Fire Underwriters have already had abundant confirmation. The report on Chelsea, Massachusetts, in 1906, pointed out that in its rag district lay Chelsea's danger. And in 1908 a fire, starting in that rag district, burned the city. The report on Bangor, Maine, in 1907, outlined a group of city lots and did almost everything but name the actual building in which four years later Bangor's conflagration was given its start. The report on San Francisco, written in October, 1905, closes with these words: "San Francisco has violated all underwriting traditions and precedents by not burning up. That it has not done so is largely due to the vigilance of the fire department." Six months later San Francisco did burn up.

The specialists representing the United States Geological Survey, in their study of that city after the fire, had an opportunity to compare prophecy with fulfilment. "The report on the fire-hazard conditions of San Francisco," they wrote, "shows clearly how a body of trained experts can accurately locate defects and predict the consequences likely to result from them." When the San Francisco report was published, some of the older fire-insurance companies began, the same day, to shorten risks on San Francisco. Henry Evans, the president of the Continental, testified before the Merritt Committee that, by acting quickly enough, his company had been able to save itself a million dollars. Fire-prevention engineers use no divination. If a city is built almost entirely of wood, as was San Francisco, or if it is sown with conflagration breeders, as is New York, the dice are loaded against it every minute.

"The magnificent personnel of the fire department has been the only thing that has prevented sweeping conflagrations in the past." So said the summary of the 1905 report upon New York. No parallel could be closer to the



THE SAN FRANCISCO CONFLAGRATION

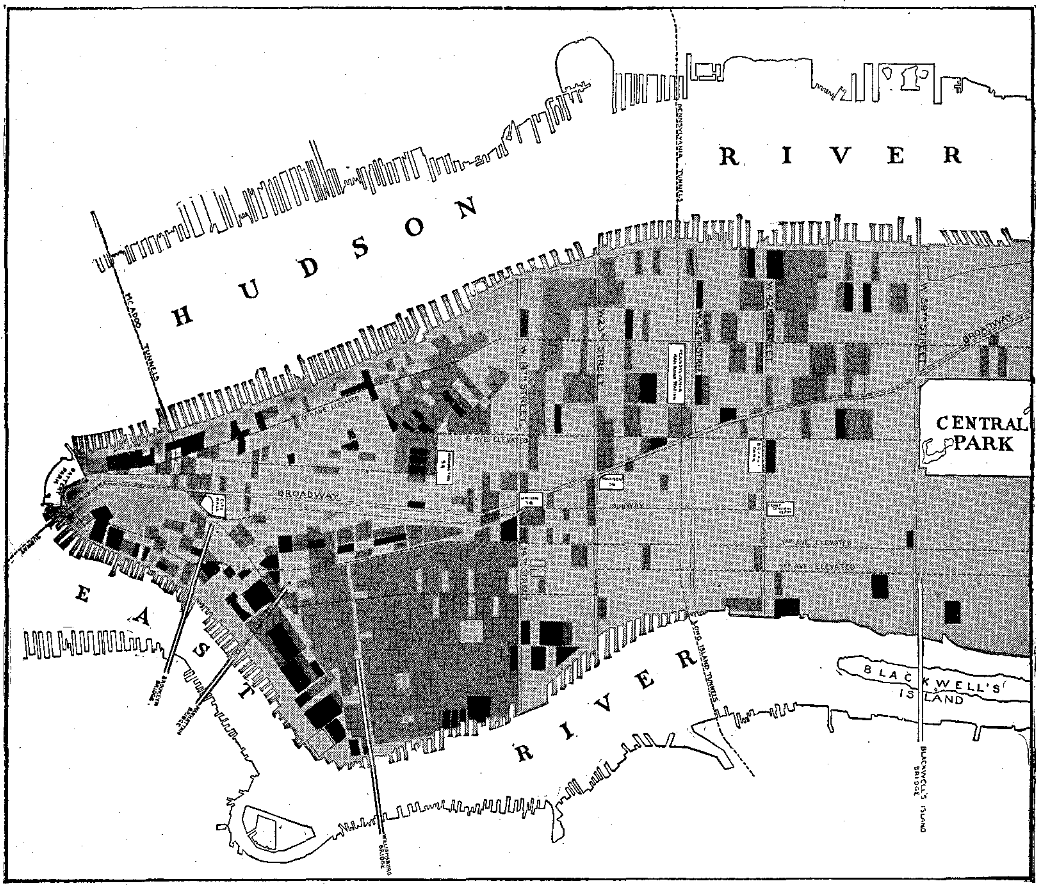
THE FIRE IS MORE THAN HALF A MILE HIGH. HIGH PRESSURE AT ITS BEST COULD NOT THROW WATER TO THE TOP OF THE TOWER BUILDING IN THE CENTER OF THE PHOTOGRAPH

lines quoted upon San Francisco. Edward F. Croker, then chief of the New York Fire Department, came before the Investigating Committee of 1910 in December. He outlined the city's most dangerous districts, but, when asked if New York could experience a general conflagration, he said he did not believe so, "because the efficiency of the fire department would prevent it." It was a brave answer; and, with the exception of Chief Sullivan of San Francisco, almost every fire chief has held or expressed the same belief before his city burned. Simon Brentano, the publisher, a lifelong student of fires and fire-fighting, and one of Chief Croker's best friends, appeared before the Committee the day following. "We have not had a large fire in the United States," he said, "that has ever broken out where any fire chief believed it would. Never. The Chicago fire, never, nor the Boston fire. And the Boston fire chief, the best they ever had, declared that Boston could never suffer from such a fire, with the character of buildings they had in Boston. But eight months after Chicago, Boston suffered such a fire."

No real conflagration has ever been stopped by water thrown from a hose. "When a fire attains this severity," wrote Edwin O. Sachs, the leading English authority, in his report upon the Baltimore fire, "fire-brigade efforts are of comparatively little use." "Once a conflagration is started, you can not stop it," writes the secretary of the Board of Fire Underwriters of the Pacific. "The record of all conflagrations will show that they have practically burned themselves out." And among New York's veteran firemen there are many who are not of Ex-Chief Croker's opinion. The night of January 7, 1909, is known in the Department as "the night of the three big fires." "When I looked out and saw them," said a grizzled deputy chief to the writer, "I said to myself, 'My Lord! it's come now, all right!'" By "it" he meant that general conflagration which almost every fireman fears in secret.

New York's High-Pressure System

But, it will be said, New York could not burn, because it is protected by a high-pressure water system. It is a good system. Below Twenty-third Street it extends entirely across the island, with a hydrant every two hundred and seventy feet. It is equal to sixty modern fire-



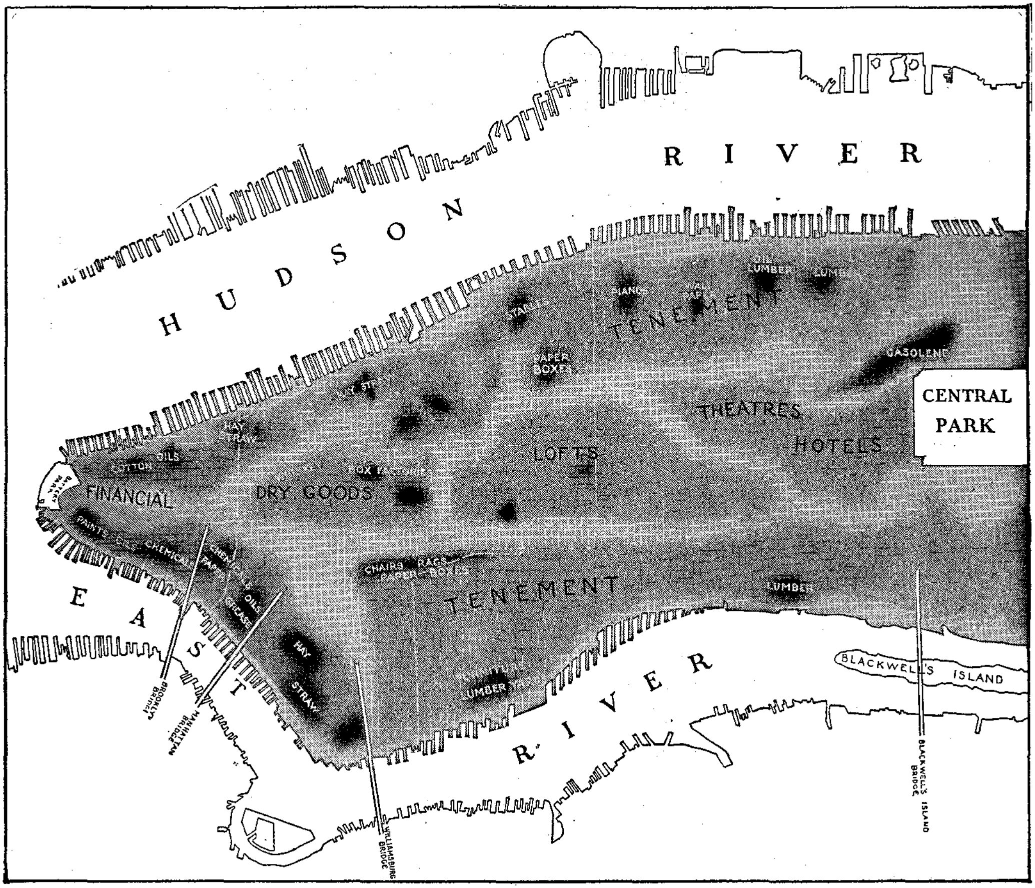
THE "FIRE GEOGRAPHY" OF LOWER NEW YORK IN 1905

AS SHOWN IN THE MAP OF THE FIRE EXPERTS. THE BLOCKS IN BLACK ARE "CONFLAGRATION BREEDERS"; THOSE IN THE DARK GRAY WERE THEN THE MOST PRONOUNCED AREAS OF "CONFLAGRATION FEEDERS"

engines. The driving force of its great pumping stations sends the water *warm* from the pipes, and with a pressure that has blown the nozzle from a water tower. Water can be thrown over a fourteen-story building. And yet, in the two years during which this high-pressure water system has been in operation, two fire-insurance companies alone, the Royal and the Queen, have withdrawn insurance to the value of seven million dollars from the very section covered by high pressure. Why? Mr. Edward F. Beddall, the president of the Queen Insurance Company, was asked this question by the State investigators in 1910.

"They had it in the city of St. Johns, Newfoundland," he said. "They had a splendid water supply; the pipe brought the water from a lake two or three hundred feet above the city. Well, it was a frame city, and we thought that the city could not burn, because experience showed that whenever a fire broke out and they turned on the water they would knock the building down with the force of the stream. But the pipe got out of order, and, while it was out of order and being repaired, a fire came and destroyed the city. That may happen here. Any appliances of that sort are liable at the same time to become defective. . . . All depends upon the use of the stream immediately. If a great big building got on fire in the heart of the city, and they could not turn on the stream in twenty minutes or half an hour, what might happen nobody can tell."

His testimony was followed by that of Moses Tanenbaum, a leading New York fire-insurance broker. "What caused the destruction of San Francisco," he said, "was the fact that the water mains were out of commission, and that might happen from other influences than earthquakes." He called attention to New York's special hazard, its practically ceaseless blasting operations. In a city built on rock, tunnels, subways, pipe galleries, foundation work, new water systems all call for it, and the dynamite is for the most part put into the hands of careless and ignorant foremen. In 1904, after a


HUDSON RIVER
TENEMENT
STABLE
PIANOS
WALL PAPER
LUMBER
LUMBER
PAPER BOXES
GASOLENE
CENTRAL PARK
THEATRES
HOTELS
LOFTS
HAY STRAW
COTTON
OILS
BATTERY PARK
FINANCIAL
DRY GOODS
BOX FACTORIES
PAINTS
OILS
CHEMICALS
CHEMICALS
PAPER
OILS
GREASE
HAY
STRAW
CHAIRS
RAGS
PAPER BOXES
TENEMENT
LUMBER
LUMBER
EAST RIVER
BLACKWELL'S ISLAND
BROOKLYN BRIDGE
MANHATTAN BRIDGE
WILLIAMSBURG BRIDGE
BLACKWELL'S ISLAND BRIDGE

A "CONFLAGRATION HAZARD" MAP OF LOWER NEW YORK TO-DAY

THE DIFFERENT DISTRICTS INTERMINGLE, HOWEVER, MUCH MORE THAN IS INDICATED. THE DANGEROUS LOFT ZONE HAS OUTLYING SECTIONS WHICH EXTEND INTO THE HOTEL, THEATER, AND TENEMENT DISTRICTS. THE DOTTED LINE INDICATES NEW YORK'S HIGH-PRESSURE WATER SYSTEM

very bad explosion, it was shown that dynamite was being stored within a few feet of the city's principal water main. Why should the mains of the high-pressure service be any safer? While Tanenbaum was giving his testimony, an explosion of Pintsch gas took place in the Grand Central tunnel, which wrecked everything in the vicinity. The day following, Tanenbaum submitted records of the ten most destructive New York fires in the last ten years. Not one of them, he testified, had occurred when a blizzard was blowing, or when the streets were blocked by snow, or, again, when there was any trouble with the water supply. New York had not been given its test.

The Testimony of the Experts

"What happened in Baltimore," says Professor Norton of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, in a report to the Mutual Fire Insurance Companies of New England, "is likely to happen in New York or Boston if once a fire gets under way." It came within an ace of happening in Boston in 1908.

Richard L. Humphrey, the engineering specialist of the National Advisory Board of the federal government, speaking at the International Congress for Fire Prevention in London in November, 1909, said: "Unless present conditions are changed, New York is doomed to a great conflagration, like those of San Francisco and Baltimore."

"I would say," said Frank Lock, of the Atlas Assurance Company, before the Merritt Committee, "that there exists an emergency here which is not only State — it is national and international. It is a situation that does not exist in any other spot in the world."

"The hazards are not only local in New York" (not merely in one section), says Franklin H. Wentworth, the secretary of the National Fire Protection Association; "they are everywhere. You have a situation here which, if San Francisco should be repeated, would give you the most frightful holocaust the world has ever seen."

Joseph P. Gray, the director of the Insurance Engineering Experiment Station of Boston, America's great school of fire protection, says: "All the elements of a conflagration are in evidence in New York. And all that is needed to complete them is for a fire to get under such a headway that it gets beyond the control of the fire department. Once beyond that control, nothing could stop it."

C. M. Goddard, from 1908 to 1910 president of the National Fire Protection Association (this association comprises practically all the great associations of public opinion which are to-day working for fire prevention in America), says: "A New York conflagration is more than possible, and will continue to be, so long as the areas on the East and West sides of lower New York are filled with combustible buildings. . . . Let a combination of circumstances occur such as have occurred in other places, let a fire get beyond control in these areas, and all the fire-fighting facilities in the world will not check it until it has burned itself out."

John R. Freeman, late president of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers, consulting engineer for the New York Board of Water Supply, and a first authority upon insurance engineering, says: "If you look northward from the Singer tower, you will see everywhere great areas through which the fire could sweep in a single swath. In the dry-goods district the conditions are practically the same, or worse, than they were in Baltimore. In fact, Baltimore is an extremely close prototype throughout."

Mr. William H. Hotchkiss, State Superintendent of Insurance for New York, says: "I do not believe that the financial district could burn. But a fire starting to the north of it" — in the wholesale grocery and dry-goods quarters — "could sweep entirely across the island. The chief danger seems to lie in the great East Side tenement quarter."

Professor Woolson, in the *Journal of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers* for May, 1911, writes of New York: "If the two or three conditions which are necessary to start a conflagration ever occur simultaneously, we will have a fire horror in this city which would discount the records of Boston, Chicago, Baltimore, and San Francisco.

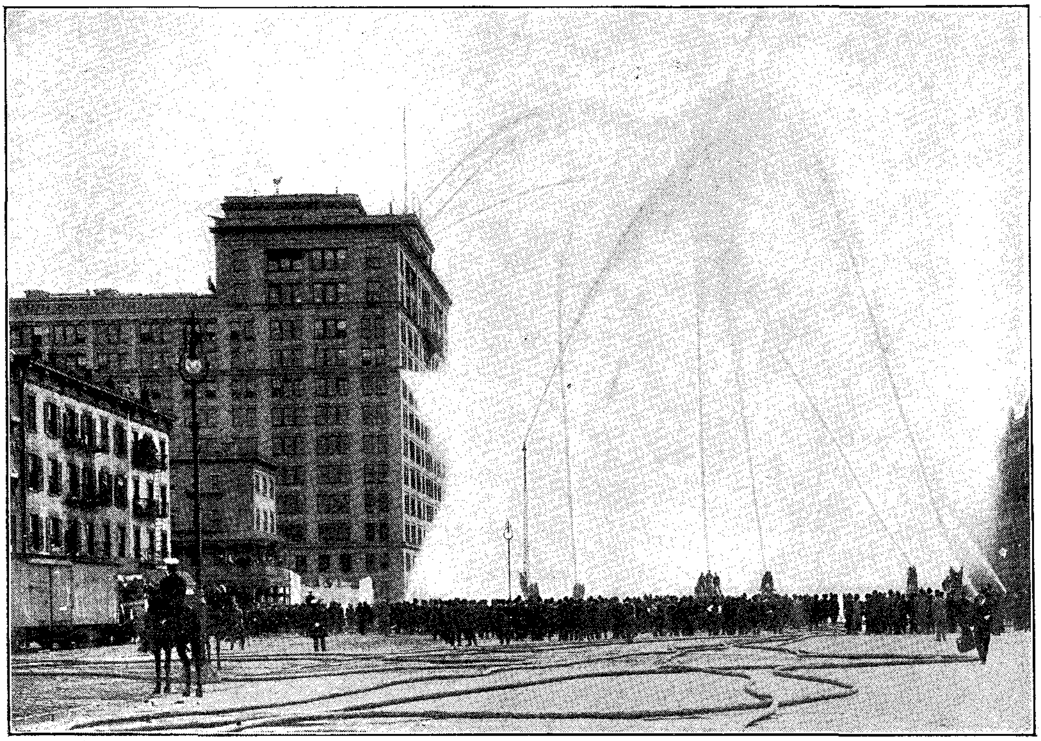
"Take a fire like that which recently occurred in a lumber-yard on West Twenty-fourth Street and ruined half a block before it was checked. It needs a very slight tension on one's imagination to picture what would have happened had that fire occurred during a high western wind. Under such conditions it might very easily have escaped from the control of the fire department and plowed its way across the city, a roaring mass of devastating horror."

The thing was summed up before the Merritt Committee by Harold Herrick, the president of the Niagara Fire Insurance Company. "We have a splendid fire department," he says, "and a fine chief, and a good high-pressure water supply; and the fire department has been able to jump to every fire, up to the present time, and put it out. God help us if it ever gets away from them. Nothing ever stops a fire when it once gets away. It burns until it strikes some natural obstruction, as it did at Boston Bay in Chelsea, as it did in Baltimore when it reached Little River, as it did in San Francisco when it reached Vanness Avenue, a hundred and fifty feet wide; and it stopped when it reached that avenue, one hundred and fifty feet wide, only because the wind changed and blew the fire back on itself. That is all that saved San Francisco, that wind. No fire department ever stopped a conflagration.

"And there is no reason on this earth why, under unfavorable conditions, New York should not have a conflagration. Every conflagration occurs under unfavorable conditions. When Boston burned, all the horses were sick of epizoötic, and they couldn't pull the engines; when Chelsea burned, there was a sixty- or seventy-mile gale blowing that carried the flames like a forest fire. When San Francisco burned, the earthquake had broken the water-pipes. There is always something of that kind. If such a thing happens in New York, God help us. Take the area that was burned in San Francisco; to equal it here it would have to burn from Central Park to the Battery, and no one could estimate the billions of dollars of loss there would be. There would not be an insurance company left in the world."

The Ember Bombardment

It is the combination of a high wind and an explosive beginning that oftenest allows a fire to get away. When Baltimore's celluloid shirt-fronts blew up, the wind was blowing at twenty miles an hour; Jacksonville's fire was caused by the scattering of Florida moss used as mattress filling; Chelsea's — during a gale of wind — by flying rags that had caught fire. In New York, according to the United States Weather Bureau, "the number of gales exceeding forty miles an hour during each year average about forty-six." In New York's East Side there are kindling-wood factories surrounded by acres upon acres of lumber-yards. In May, 1911, to fight a lumber-yard fire on the upper West Side, some of the firemen had to take their stand on



AN EXHIBITION OF NEW YORK'S HIGH-PRESSURE WATER SYSTEM

a ten-thousand-gallon gasolene tank situated in the same block. Between Thirtieth and Fortieth streets, on the West Side, surrounded by hay and excelsior, furniture and wall-paper storehouses, there is a kindling-wood factory with its steam engine and boilers in a cellar underneath. With a New York blizzard blowing, let one of those boilers blow up, or even alarm trouble give a fire fifteen minutes' start in such a "breeder" as that, and what will be the next stage? We know what the next stage has been in other cities. With almost incredible swiftness, the burning materials have been showered over all the blocks to leeward. This shower, which transforms the ordinary fire into the conflagration, has been called the "ember bombardment."

In the case of a lumber fire, or even of a building the roof of which has fallen in, a fierce "indraft" is set up, as through a chimney, and the big embers are swirled up with it. The reports of the insurance inspectors on many American fires show this ember bombardment in action. In Baltimore, in the early stages of the fire, "eight-foot boards were carried up like paper kites." In San Francisco, even with a moderate wind, "burning brands were soon falling half a mile away." In Chelsea, "showers of sparks, pieces of wood," were thrown over the city. "They settled down on the manufacturing plants, oil plants, and East Boston buildings, setting fire wherever they struck." In a big fire in Oskhosh, Wisconsin, a burning board set fire to a barn four miles away.

The well drilled fireman at once goes to work to surround his fire and overwhelm it. But it is useless to surround an ember bombardment. No fireman can reach this long-range artillery of conflagration. Its "throwing point" is far above the range of hose streams. A high wind, too, will simply blow the water back into the fireman's face. The embers pass over his head. The conflagration breeder fastens triumphantly upon the conflagration feeder, and the fate of the city is settled before its inhabitants know that the battle has begun. Within thirty-five minutes after Baltimore's first explosion, Chief Horne was calling for help from Philadelphia and Washington. New York's firemen may stop such a fire. But would any one knowingly wager his fortune upon it? Yet precisely that is what hundreds of thousands of New Yorkers are doing every day.

If the New York firemen do not stop it, this New York conflagration breeder will in a few moments be pouring its embers into the first great mass of "feeders," the long, hollow West Side blocks, tenement-surrounded, with their rickety wooden courts. New fire volcanoes, big and little, will soon be in eruption. Firemen

THE CONFLAGRATION HAZARD
IN THE FOREGROUND ARE THE OLD BUILDINGS OF NEW YORK'S PAINTS AND SKYSCRAPER OFFICE BUILDINGS

and engines and hose-tenders must constantly shift their position, as in Baltimore or in Chelsea, or be caught in a circle. High pressure could make no difference. When the circle is vacated, the ring of volcanoes soon becomes a solid crater, the heat trebles and quadruples, and, if the wind holds, we begin to get what is known as the "conflagration blast."

The "Conflagration Blast"

If you light a match the flame will mount so high. Light a second and a third, hold them beside the first, and the flame will mount successively higher. Blow gently upon the flame, and it will have a steady striking range of an inch or more. Now, if you have a quarter mile of buildings all afire at once, the uniting flame from them will reach to a height corresponding to the area of the fire; and correspondingly great must be its striking range. In San Francisco, in the language of one of the official reports, "until the wind arose, the heated column" — a column almost half a mile in height —"was not sufficiently deflected from the vertical to produce long-range effects." But, a few hours later, the wind had "leveled the sweep of flame, and leeward positions had become untenable." The "conflagration blast" had begun to form.

Once formed, it acts like a gigantic blow-pipe. To quote from Baltimore's experience, "buildings seemed to melt or crumble when it struck them." The correspondent of the New York *Sun* had to leave his telegraph desk when it was still eight blocks, or two thirds of a mile, away. In San Francisco one reads that "high buildings like the Crocker received the blast in their upper stories and caught fire at once." "As a rule," says a Baltimore report dealing with its "fire-proof" buildings, "every floor above the sixth was ignited simultaneously. The fire swept across and out at the opposite side." In Baltimore there were only seventeen high buildings; in San Francisco, twenty-seven. New York has its hundreds.

And New York's "conflagration blast," if coming on a northwest wind from around West Fortieth Street, would soon have reached the first of them. In this, the northerly end of the

AROUND WALL STREET
OILS, CHEMICALS, AND PAPER DISTRICT. IN THE BACKGROUND ARE THE GREAT
OF THE FINANCIAL DISTRICT

loft zone, some big lofts are given up to furniture storage. But, for the most part, they are occupied by the printing and publishing trades, as was the Parker Building, which burned in 1908. After the roof of that twelve-story loft fell in, it threw fire three quarters of a mile. To speak of such buildings as feeders is too easy; they are breeders of the most dangerous description.

In Baltimore, while the "blast" was blowing, "the firemen had to be content with flooding buildings on the outskirts." In little Chelsea, which had only low buildings, "the engines no sooner got in front of it than their position became untenable." The great blast may swing slowly and terribly with the wind. One notes that its path is generally fanlike. But it holds its course. And the conflagration itself takes its march in the wake of the conflagration blast.

The Baltimore fire traveled at the rate of a square — about five hundred feet — every half hour. A New York fire, moving from west to east at the same speed, would within ten hours put a bar across Manhattan. But New York's prevailing wind would more probably carry it through the lower part of the theater district, through the great hotel and shopping district, and straight down the island.

A Cyclone of Fire

High winds rarely blow for long. In time these giant fires are left to make their way alone. And, for the most part, they have been very capable of doing it. When the wind goes down they create their own. The vast consumption of oxygen sets up drafts, inward and upward, which have lifted roofs and drawn the skylights out of buildings. The contending of these tremendous drafts in time brings about what is known as the "cyclonic effect." Even the course of a conflagration as small as that of Toronto — it covered only twenty acres — is marked in the fire geographies by arrows in circles. In San Francisco, the California Electric Company Building was smitten first from the northeast, then from the southwest. In Baltimore the fire described almost a complete circle within the first ten hours.

Meanwhile huge bodies of combustible gases, heated far above the kindling-point of wood, are no longer able to find oxygen near the heart of the fire, and they hurl themselves forth in every direction in search of it. They seek it even in the interiors of buildings; and, wherever they find it, they explode and set fire to all about them. In Chelsea, as in the great fire of London, steeples burst into flame when the conflagration itself was still far away from them. They were consumed by "balls of fire." The Londoners believed that malignant demons had come down to work against them. In Baltimore, the tenth floor of the Continental Trust Building was ignited by these "balls of fire." The "heat explosions" could not be told from the falling of roofs and walls and the blowing up of buildings by dynamite in the hope of confining and directing the course of the fire.

For acres, in the Baltimore fire, absolutely nothing combustible was left unconsumed. In both Baltimore and San Francisco "radiant heat," the white-hot reflection of the fire, working to windward and leeward both, set in flame curtains and woodwork even through wired glass. In the center of a conflagration the heat approximates to that of a blast-furnace. When the Parker loft building in New York burned,— — and it stood alone,— there was evidence within it that the temperature had risen to 1,800°. At the center of the Baltimore fire, a copying-press in an inner office of the International Trust Company Building became a lump of cast iron, which three days later was still red hot. And 3,300° is the melting-point of cast iron. In Toronto, "hardened steel tools, gun- and rifle-barrels, and heavy shelf hardware were found in solid masses, sometimes of several tons weight. . . . It was impossible for the firemen to approach."

Here, then, we have a conflagration, a cyclone of fire half a mile in height and a mile in area, terrifically working its way in heat of an intensity and by methods unknown to ordinary human experience. To meet it, New York has its high-pressure system. It could be little more effective than the "three-man squirts" with which the terrified Cockneys attempted to put out their great fire in 1666. The question is, how far would a New York conflagration go?

A Million Lives in Danger

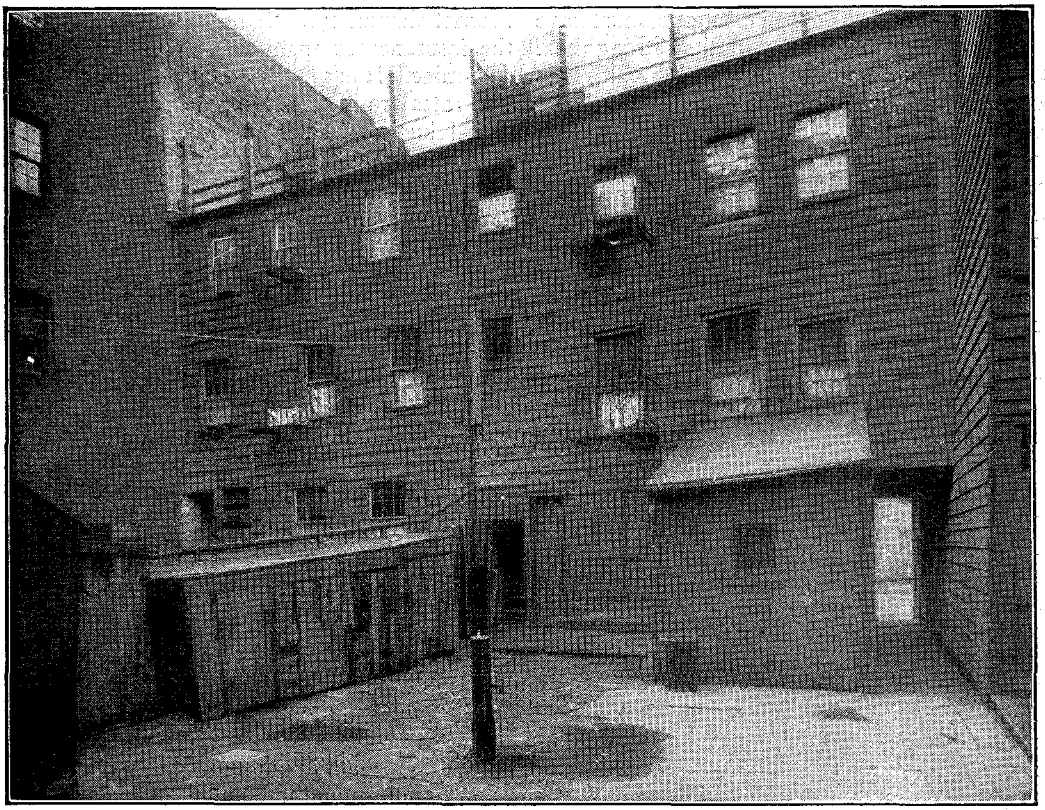
If all of the fifteen hundred high buildings in lower Manhattan represent a day's coal supply in the bunkers of a *Lusitania*, or one half or one quarter of that, the island of Manhattan is one great coal-dock. And all of its old frame-joisted warehouses and factories and tenements are so much wood thrust among the coal to make certain that the fire will spread to every part. Coal-docks do not go out of themselves. The San Francisco and Baltimore fires burned till rain came or the wind changed, or till they came to water. Compared with the piled-up fuel offered by New York, Baltimore and San Francisco were mere chip-yards. And a New York conflagration would come to water only when it reached the two rivers and the harbor which surround the island.

The spectacle is not imaginable: hundreds of companies of firemen attempting to make stand after stand; the failing pumps and engines; the dynamiting, always resorted to, but never of any avail; every tug- and fire-boat fighting from the waterside; great liners running for the outer bay; a thousand lighters and ten thousand trucks trying desperately to save some portion of New York's millions of merchandise; new buildings constantly taking fire before their time and blocking new ways of escape; subways filled with exploding gases; fires coming from basement and sub-basement three stories underground, and fires in the very sky; a terror and confusion as of the Last Day — and, more than all, a million people who in some way must be taken from the island.

It has often enough been said that the most terrible of human spectacles is that of a great army in rout. What of this universal, indescribable save-who-can of a helpless general population? And this is a question that many New Yorkers have asked themselves who have reason to know of what stuff the city is built. "The heat and smoke," said Allan Robinson, the president of the Allied Real Estate Interests of New York, "would drive the people from the East Side to the river by tens and probably hundreds of thousands; no escape would be open to them as was open to the inhabitants of San Francisco and Baltimore." "It would pile them four deep in the cañon-like streets," wrote the secretary of the National Fire Protection Association. New York has its ferries, its three bridges, and its subways, and it has its million of people who all at once would have to use them. At present they barely suffice for the hundreds of thousands who daily enter lower New York to work in its offices and factories. Under such circumstances any one can calculate the chances of escape for himself.

The Bill of Costs

But say that no lives are lost; there is enough beside. The assessed value of the *buildings* below Fortieth Street was, in December, 1910, $702,618,162 — and in New York the assessed



TENEMENT "CONFLAGRATION FEEDERS"
VIEW FROM THE COURTYARD OF AN OLD-FASHIONED TENEMENT BLOCK

value represents about ninety per cent of the real value. Insurance records show that in all central districts the *contents* represent almost twice the value of the containing structures. For great areas in lower New York the contents outvalue the building many times over.*

If all buildings and their contents below Forty-second Street were destroyed, the loss would be about $2,400,000,000. But put the loss at only two thirds of this. The "loss-paying ability" of all fire-insurance companies involved is about $250,000,000. In the case of a loss not exceeding that, many of the strong companies could pay in full; beyond that point they would begin to pass into bankruptcy. A loss of $1,800,000,000 would mean that, upon an average, the insured would receive about fourteen cents on the dollar.

To pay $250,000,000, every fire-insurance company would have to throw all its securities upon the market. After San Francisco's fire, when the insurance loss, as finally paid, amounted to about $134,000,000, the bankers of Wall Street, realizing that the sudden selling of securities to that amount meant certain panic, preferred to keep the securities in their vaults and find the money as best they could. In the event of a New York conflagration, it is practically certain that they could not find this money. They would very largely be bankrupt themselves.

Those Who Will Pay

The main assets of mercantile banks are merely the shadows of mercantile stocks — the contents of warehouses. The great mercantile loans of these banks are based ultimately upon the security of merchandise in progress of manufacture or sale; and this merchandise is insured. New York fire-insurance policies after a conflagration would now pay only fourteen cents on the dollar. When nearly a thousand millions in warehouse stocks have been destroyed, great rows of banks would inevitably be destroyed also. What would involve the mercantile banks of New York would, of course, involve the mercantile banks throughout the country.

But there are also the savings banks. The fire-insurance policy stands for secure value. The savings bank, which lends on an average over a third of its assets on mortgage, must have the fire-insurance policy in its strong box. If this policy became virtually of no value, the savings bank would have to protect itself by recalling the money. If the owner of the burned property could not repay the loan, the loss would fall directly on the savings bank. But it is not only the savings banks of New York that would suffer. The New York mortgage is held everywhere throughout America. And everywhere the poor man's savings would be lost with the rich man's securities.

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* In the greatest of all loft buildings, soon to be erected on the site of Madison Square Garden, the underwriters who are to place insurance upon it estimate the structure value at $6,000,000, and the contents value, which will consist largely of silks, at $25,000,000.

The life-insurance companies also make a great portion of their loans — often over a third — upon mortgages, and a considerable part of the hundreds of millions they have in these investments are placed on New York property, in general upon loft and office buildings. In addition to this are the millions which are invested by the great New York insurance concerns in their home buildings. After the Baltimore and San Francisco fires, office buildings represented, on an average, about thirty-seven per cent of their original structure value. The position of the life-insurance company could be little better than that of the mercantile and savings banks. The thing that must be said, and said again, is that fire destroys actual value. And in New York within a few hours such actual value could be destroyed as would shake the entire country.

Agencies that Could Stop the Danger

What can be done? And, first of all, what can be done immediately? Obviously, the most urgent step must be either the making safe or the elimination of all conflagration breeders.

"There isn't a thing we can do as the laws are now," said Ex-Chief Croker, in 1910. "I can take you to buildings which are absolutely a menace to the surrounding neighborhood. We serve over one hundred notices, and not one of them is complied with. Each is referred to the corporation counsel's office for prosecution.... We have not a bit of power and not a bit of authority."

The great insurance companies themselves, with the understanding there is among them, could almost wholly end or mend the conflagration breeders, and by a single movement. It is simply a matter of agreeing to refuse them all insurance. But they are too profitable. There is, for a time at least, more money to be made from the unsafe building or business which must pay one thousand dollars a year than from the safe one which pays only one hundred.

"You take Atlantic City," said Frank Lock, of the Atlas Assurance Company, before the Merritt Committee. "Now, Atlantic City, for the insurance companies, has been a perfect gold-mine. It has been there for all these years. The rates are higher there than anywhere else that I know of, and the companies have just simply raked off a heavy profit from Atlantic City. Why? Because Atlantic City is exposed to a sweeping conflagration from end to end every minute.

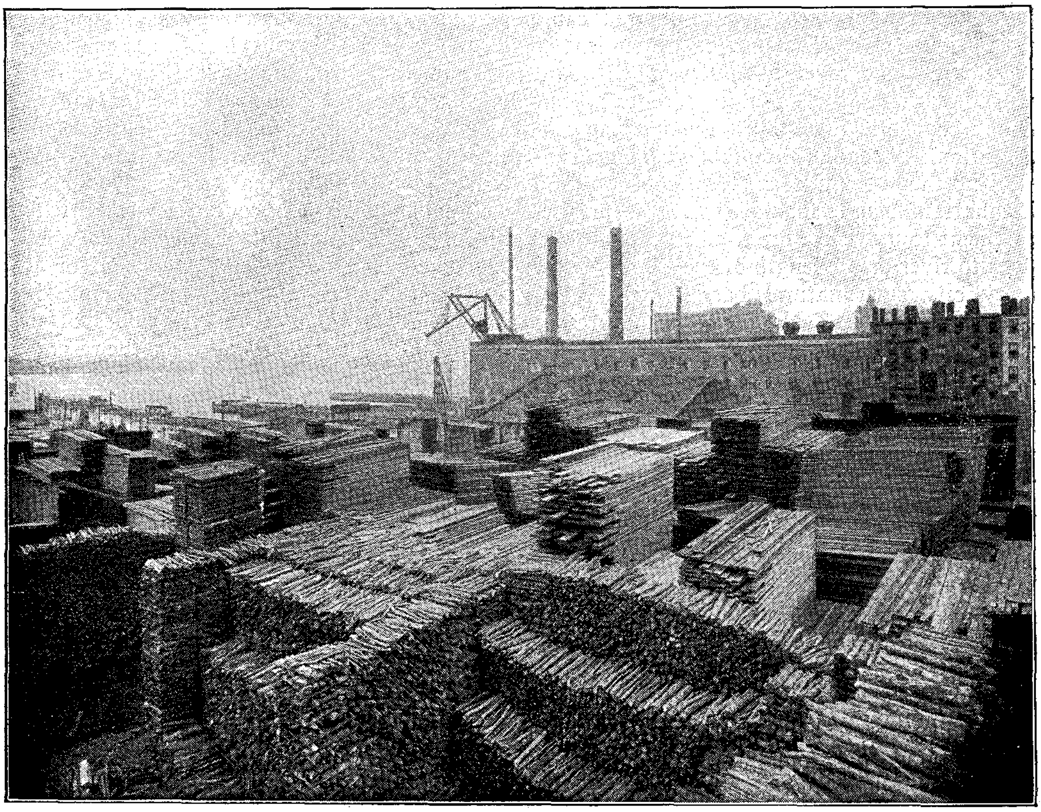
"For thirty-five years," he continued, "San Francisco was without exception the most profitable large city in the United States. Wherever any company went, whatever they kept out of, they all went to San Francisco." The danger is known, but the profits are large. And what is true of cities as a whole is equally true of conflagration breeders as individual buildings.

America's Great Object Lesson

Now, the great majority of conflagration breeders are factories. No person of common sense will suggest that a city start to pull down factories. But there is no need to pull them down. There are, of course, certain "breeders" which of their nature can not make themselves safe. It is plain that such have no place in the center of a great city. For these every city has vacant land in the suburbs. But the great point is that three in every four conflagration breeders can make themselves perfectly safe, and at comparatively small expense.

One of the strangest of all facts in connection with America's fire problem is America's ignorance of the fact that for a generation she has had in Boston a school of fire prevention which is teaching the world. One finds its representatives, or its appliances, in the sugar refineries of Russia, in the warehouses of Rangoon and Durban. And our great cities seem least of all to learn from it. Many years ago a little group of New England cotton-mill owners set themselves to discover how their mills — every one of them a "conflagration breeder"— could best be protected and protect one another. In 1878 they found a teacher in Edward Atkinson of Boston. The initial movement for fire prevention and mutual insurance grew into the great association now known as the "New England Factory Mutuals." The science it has brought to bear now protects in America alone mills and factories, machine shops and warehouses, to a value of more than $2,000,000,000.

Many of them stand in villages virtually without fire departments; yet during the years 1909 and 1910 their average losses by fire for every hundred dollars insured amounted to only one and three quarter cents. The corresponding



IN THE EAST SIDE LUMBER-YARD DISTRICT

HUNDREDS OF CORDS OF KINDLING-WOOD ARE SURROUNDED BY MANY ACRES OF LUMBER-YARDS. IN THE SAME BLOCKS ARE PLANING-MILLS, STABLES, AND TENEMENT-HOUSES. SEVERAL LARGE LOFT BUILDINGS OCCUPIED BY THE PRINTING AND PUBLISHING TRADE ADJOIN THEM

losses in the country at large amounted approximately to thirty times as much. For their insurance they paid in 1910 less than four and one third cents per hundred dollars, though there still remain buildings which, from the nature of their contents, offer the greatest of fire hazards. In New York the minimum insurance rate of four and a half cents can be commanded by certain fire-proof warehouses containing neither lights nor fires nor any contents, virtually speaking, that will burn. Many of New York's unprotected conflagration breeders pay from five to eight *dollars;* and that is the truest measure of the danger they represent to themselves, and to the city at large.

What American Cities Could Do

The fire-prevention institute of the New England Factory Mutuals insurance companies is now connected with the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Its knowledge is public property. Any man or city may learn from it who will. In the Underwriters' Laboratories of Chicago we have a similar fire college. And the sum of their experience is this: Take almost any brick, stone, or steel-frame building whatever, give it an incombustible roof, protect its skylights, windows, and other wall openings by wired glass and fire-proof shutters, provide it with some adequate sprinkler system to quench any fire that starts within it or to wet down its interior during the test by heat from without, and you have, first of all, made it safe from itself, with a proportionate lowering of the cost of insurance. You have, in the second place, made it a protection for its neighbors. You have, finally, turned a fire-trap into a veritable redoubt against conflagration.

The low buildings so protected will delay the fire; the high ones will block it. Equip the buildings most subject to exposure with roof hydrants, with a water curtain,— that is, a line of powerful sprinklers running from end to end of the outside cornice,— and you have quenched the "conflagration blast" itself. In Toronto, Baltimore, and Paterson there were buildings which so protected themselves and the buildings behind them. A barrier of them would have saved the city.

"A fire-proof city is, of course, impracticable now," said F. J. T. Stewart, superintendent of the Board of Surveys of the New York Board of Underwriters, when speaking recently; "but something can be done to limit a sweeping conflagration. A zone of fire-proof buildings, running north and south and east and west on Manhattan Island, should enable the fire department to prevent a fire from spreading from river to river or the length of the island." For every city such natural barriers will easily suggest themselves. New York is at present readjusting its sidewalks and "stoop line" on certain parts of its important streets. The cost, borne in part by the municipality and in part by the individual, has been estimated at $10,000,000. This amount would give New York at least one splendid fire barrier from river to river.

The Losing Fight for Better Laws

Other high authorities believe that the whole central section of New York should be rendered fire-proof. Many attempts to obtain such laws have already been made.

On page 174 will be found a diagram in which the central areas of New York are shaded. For two years, from 1908 to 1910, ex-Chief Croker, leading representatives of the National Board of Fire Underwriters and of New York's great real-estate interests, and other men and associations of equal weight, sought to give New York a new building code which should say in substance that within the areas so shaded no building should in future be erected which was not fire-proof.

The attempt was defeated. The speculative builder was in part responsible. "It is no use appealing to him," says Professor Woolson. "He is building to sell, and the cheapest, flimsiest construction that the law will allow is the one he will adopt." We do not even get that standard of construction which is called for by the present laws. In April, 1911, the report of an investigation by Commissioner of Accounts Fosdick showed that the exchange of money between one type of builder and the building inspector had become almost a matter of custom. And this money is not paid for nothing.

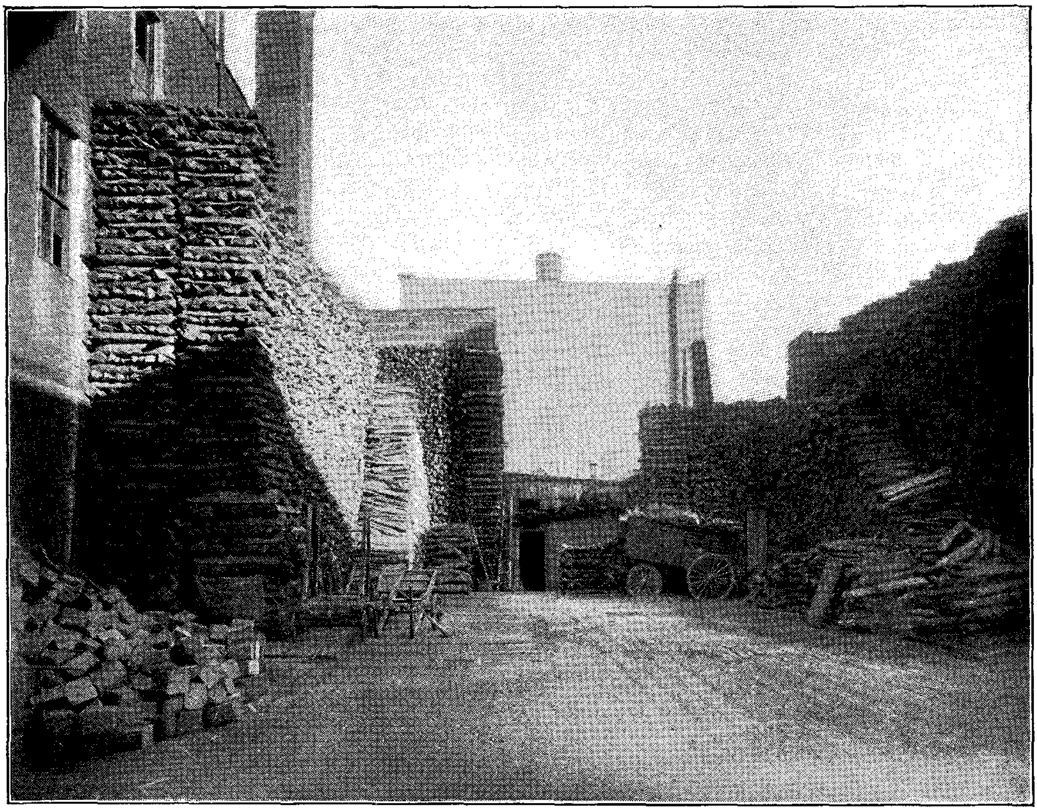
And there is another and a very definite business interest working with the speculative builder to say what manner of building construction the endangered areas of New York shall have. "The extraordinary power of certain sections of the so-called 'fire-proofing' trade of America," says Edwin O. Sachs, of the British Fire Prevention Committee, "is a factor that has to be considered when dealing with the Baltimore fire." It must likewise be considered when dealing with New York. For years it has been a matter of common belief that in New York one great fire-proofing company has been able to prevent the use of all fire-proofing materials save its own; that, by blocking all revisions of the building code which admitted of the use of all other materials, it has wholly blocked code revision or improvement of any sort; and that leading men of Tammany Hall have been, and are, the active allies of this corporation. If New York burns, the responsibility can in large part be laid very definitely upon certain interests and certain individuals.

The Barbaric Era of the Fire Chariot

That is the local situation; and in this New York may stand alone. But, on broader lines, the situation is universal with us. Our cities burn because they are built of combustibles and then left open to fire. "The only way we can avoid paying for this frightful waste," says the secretary of the National Fire Protection Association, speaking from the standpoint of insurance, "is to get better building construction."

This does not mean better construction merely for "barriers" and congested areas. It means better building construction throughout. When the federal government, in 1909, sent to all our European consuls the general question: "Why do our cities burn up, while European cities remain standing?" the answer was almost universal: "Because the European building is constructed to resist fire and defeat it."

As it is, we are still living in the era of the volunteer fire department. We conceive that we are being given fire protection by certain daily and highly spectacular chariot races which sweep clanging through our streets — engines and tenders and high-pressure trucks, gongs and sirens and whistling steamers. If the chariots are able to bring off the race in record time,— and every second is counted,— the fire will be a small one; if not, the fire will be large. A high-pressure water system means that water, and more of it, can be thrown higher than it can be thrown by the engines. At the fall fair and Volunteer Firemen's Tournament, the Milltown boys, making great play on the brakes of their hand-machine, squirt a stream fifteen or twenty feet higher than it can be squirted by the boys from Four Corners. But does any intelligent villager in Milltown really believe that, when the test of conflagration comes, Four Corners will be taken and Milltown left? And for Milltown and Four Corners,



A KINDLING-WOOD YARD ON THE WEST SIDE

IN THE SAME BLOCK IS A THIRTEEN-STORY LOFT BUILDING ENTIRELY FILLED WITH FURNITURE. ACROSS THE STREET THERE IS HAY, EXCELSIOR, AND WALL-PAPER

changing the style of apparatus somewhat, one could fairly substitute New York and Chicago.

A State of Continuous Conflagration

Just as the underwriter, using his "experience tables," can calculate that every so many hundred thousands of burning cigarette butts mean a fire and a loss of ten thousand dollars, he can now calculate that so many thousands of ordinary fires in America mean the burning of one of our cities and the loss of ten or fifty or three hundred millions. That is what we have been brought to. Every type of American city has had its conflagration; New York alone has, so far, escaped. It was made the subject of this article, if for no other reason, because all that is lacking is this final and overwhelming lesson.

In 1904, the little town of Aalesund, Norway, was burned, with a loss of eight hundred houses, worth about $4,000,000. In western Europe such town burnings occur only once in a generation. We have had six in less than three years. To find anything to correspond to one of our great city burnings, we must go back to 1842, when, in old Hamburg, property was destroyed valued at $35,000,000, not one half the loss in our almost forgotten Boston fire alone.

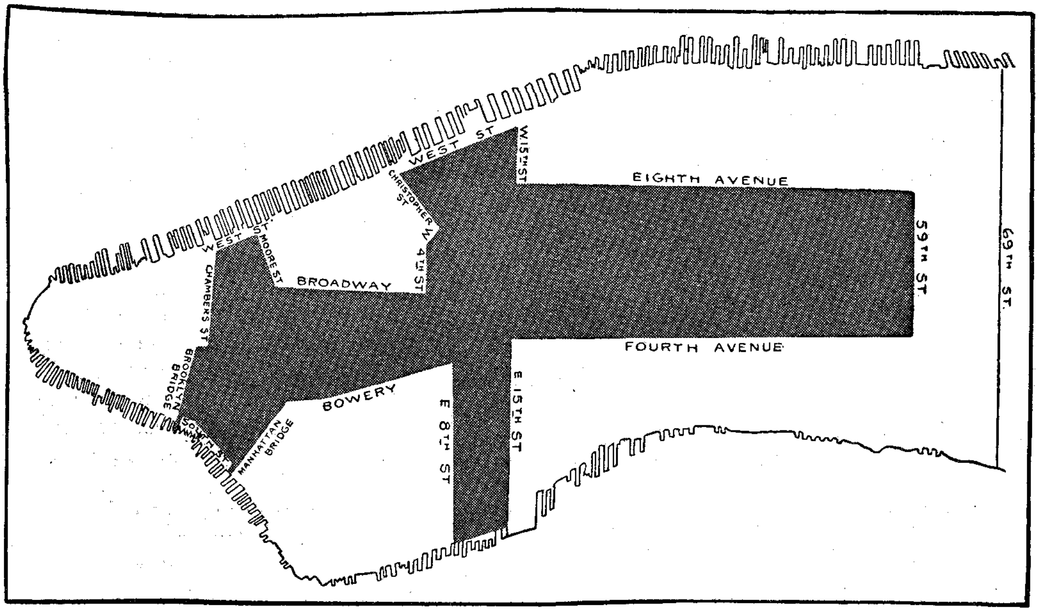
The Safety of European Cities

In one sense, we have now arrived at a state of conflagration which may be called continuous. By "conflagrations," in the underwriting acceptance of the term,—fires which cause a loss of $500,000 or more,—we have, since 1866, lost $1,005,816,138. Our fire loss for 1911 will amount to about $250,000,000. That is the equivalent of three underwriters' conflagrations every two days and one genuine $5,000,000 conflagration every week. We are now burning about 520 buildings a day.

In 1910 seven of our leading seaports, with a combined population of 3,193,450, gave a fire loss of $6,265,862. The seven seaports most closely corresponding to them in Europe, with a population of 2,597,283, gave a loss of $1,671,770.

Seven of our leading manufacturing cities, having a population of 2,083,159, had a fire loss of $6,704,033. The loss for seven manufacturing cities in Europe, with a greater population, was $1,008,251. Seven representative residential cities in the United States gave a loss of $8,679,343. Seven cities in Europe, markedly resembling them in character and population, lost $517,149.

And, despite all our tremendous losses, our cities are becoming every day more dangerous, more vulnerable to fire. There are a few exceptions. In 1908 Atlanta lost $1,300,000 by conflagration. Almost at once she adopted a building code which is a practical guaranty that in a few years we shall have at least one safe city in America. She is paying less for her insurance, and her citizens are learning the meaning of genuine fire protection. On the other hand, after San Francisco lost $350,000,000 in 1906, her citizens retained their "liberty." As free-born Americans, they are again building themselves wooden houses, they are paying just one third more for their insurance, and there is no good reason why San Francisco should not burn a second time. And it is San Francisco that is typical.



A PLAN TO GIVE NEW YORK FIRE-PROOF BULKHEADS

THIS PROPOSAL, WHICH WAS DEFEATED, WOULD HAVE ALLOWED ONLY FIRE-PROOF BUILDINGS TO BE ERECTED IN THE SHADED AREAS

In May, 1871, the Communists, in full possession of Paris, made attempt after attempt to burn the city. They used coal oil and gunpowder, and cut the hose of the firemen when they attempted to use their apparatus. Many buildings burned; but in almost no instance did fire spread from one to another. Paris itself did not burn; nor would it burn now. Neither would Berlin. We have had no Commune in America, but at some time many of our cities have been in the grasp of great riots. What position would New York be in if her rioters decided to use the torch?

$500,000,000 the Next Ten Years' Fire Bill

If New York, the second city in the world, continues for another ten years to find its present attitude businesslike and its present situation tolerable, it may, of course, escape a general conflagration. But it is possible to cast up what the expense account for fire will be by 1920 without one. During the year 1910 New York paid $8,156,459 for the maintenance of its fire department, and $25,022,551 to its insurance companies. Its fire losses amounted to $8,591,831. It received $8,145,951 of insurance. Fire losses, the cost of the fire department, and the amount paid in fire-insurance premiums, all practically doubled in the ten years between 1900 and 1910.

At the same rate of increase, by 1920 it will have expended an additional $120,000,000 upon its fire department. Additional property to a value of $130,000,000 will have burned up. And it will have paid an additional $375,000,000 for fire insurance, a total of $625,000,000. That is what it will have paid out.* It will have received — on the basis of last year's figures — a total of about $120,000,000 in indemnities from the fire-insurance companies for its fire losses — that is, a little less than one third of the money paid in premiums. For the remaining $505,000,000 expended — a sum practically equal to the combined losses in the Chicago and San Francisco conflagrations — it will have nothing whatever to show, save an excellent fire department, a city of criminally dangerous construction, and an opportunity to go on paying always more. Nor can anything be gained here by inveighing against the insurance companies. They charge no more than the hazard warrants. And they have still to recoup themselves for Baltimore and San Francisco.

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*The figures for 1911 indicate that the above forecast is very conservative.

$8,000,000,000 Thrown Away

Though the totals will be smaller, almost every city in America can make up a similar table of folly. Chicago and Berlin may have almost the same population. But at the end of twenty years Chicago's fire bill will have exceeded Berlin's by enough to give her a deep-sea canal from Lake Michigan to the St. Lawrence. Taking the year 1907 as a basis, it was recently calculated, by experts in the employ of the federal government, that when to the actual fire loss of that year there was added the cost of fire departments, of water service for fire departments, of private protection, and of the excess paid to insurance companies over the amount returned as indemnity for losses, the total amounted to $456,486,151. The corresponding fire tax for the same population in Europe was estimated at $90,000,000. And this means that $366,000,000 of our loss, the excess over that of the European, was preventable. Since 1875, upon the same basis of calculation, we have thrown away about $8,750,000,000. At the present moment we are shamefully and childishly wasting by fire not less than $1,250,000 a day, more by one third than was spent by Japan in her war of 1904 and 1905, when, after years of preparation, she was making her supreme struggle for national greatness. And yet, when we are told that we must adopt better methods of building construction, we answer that we can not afford to.

Whether or not we wait for New York to burn, we must come to better fire and better building laws in the end. In Europe a fire is a legal offense, for which some one must pay. In France, if your house burns you are responsible for every sou of loss you inflict upon your neighbors; and you are responsible, to fifteen times the amount of your yearly rental, for whatever loss is suffered by your landlord. And that is one reason why losses by fire in France are about one seventh what they are with us. In Prussia the fire department and the building department, acting as coördinate branches of the Prussian imperial police, stand over the builder and compel him to build fireproof from the foundation up. Berlin's fire losses average less than one seventeenth of those in New York, and the individual citizen profits accordingly in the final accounting. As long as we in America still continue to leave to the individual a liberty absolutely incompatible with the safety of the city and the state, we must keep on paying for it.

"The danger of conflagration," says Bulletin 418 of the United States Geological Survey, published in 1910, "is present in every city and village of the United States, and with it the possibility of large loss of life. . . . An increase in the number and severity of conflagrations may be expected until there is a decided improvement in methods of construction."

In the preparation of this article, among other sources of information the following have been used:

Report of the Department of the Interior, United States Geological Survey (Bulletin No. 324), upon the San Francisco earthquake and fire.

Report upon the Baltimore fire made to the United States Government by Captain John S. Sewell.

Reports by the engineers of the National Board of Fire Underwriters upon New York, Baltimore, San Francisco (before and after the fire), Chelsea, Bangor, Boston, Chicago, etc.

Journal of the British Fire Prevention Committee, containing the report upon the Baltimore fire, by Edwin O. Sachs, F. R. S., chairman of the British Fire Prevention Committee.

Report upon the Baltimore fire by Professor Charles L. Norton, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and the Insurance Engineering Experiment Station of Boston.

Reports upon the Chelsea and Bangor conflagrations by the Underwriters' Bureau of New England.

"The Baltimore Conflagration." Report of the Committee on Fire Resistive Construction of the National Fire Protection Association.

Proceedings and *Quarterly* of the National Fire Protection Association.

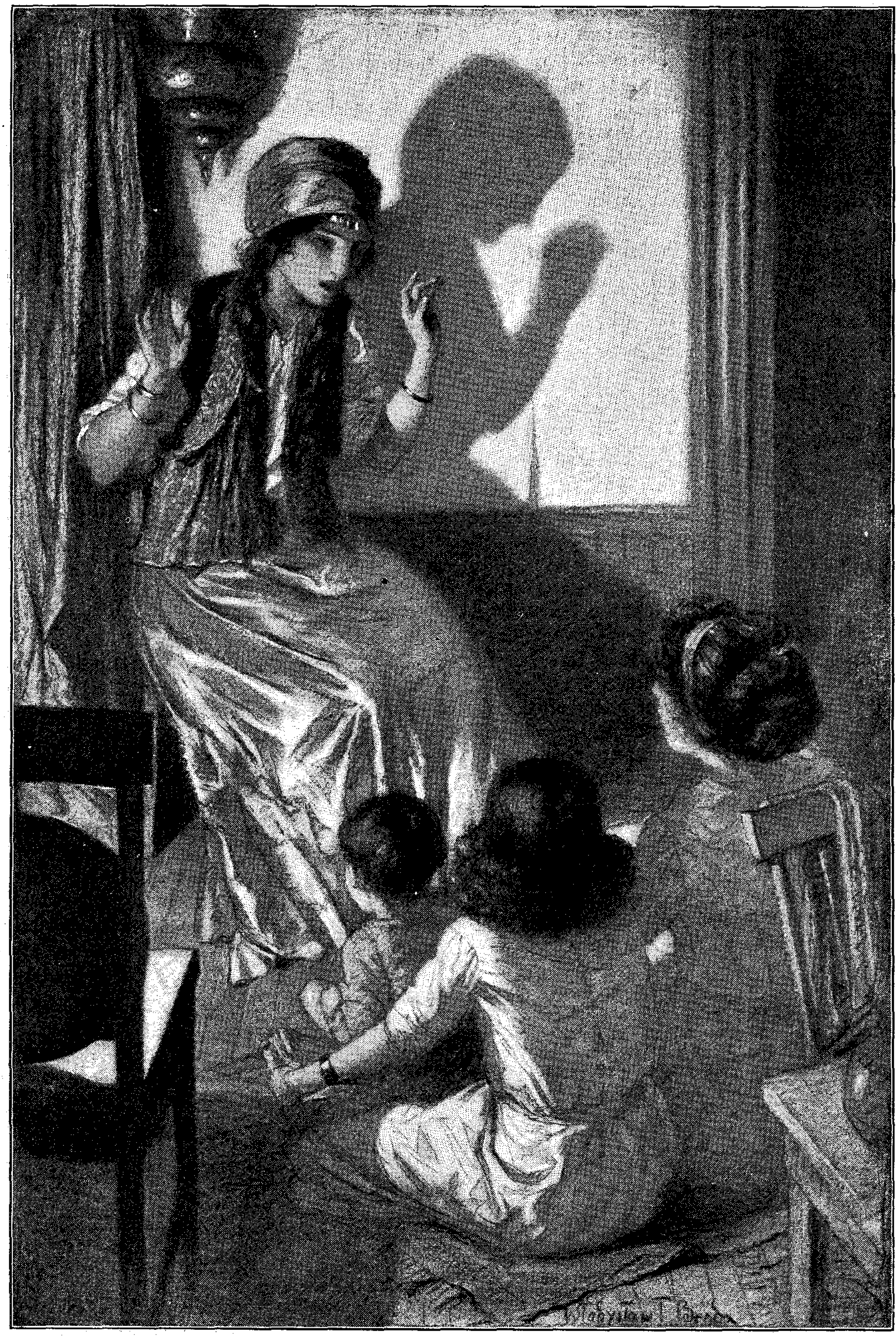
Proceedings and Annual Reports of the National Board of Fire Underwriters.

"Conflagrations during the Last Ten Years," by Charles E. Goad, of the American Society of Civil Engineers.

Articles on the conflagration hazard by C. G. Lockett, C. E., and John B. Laidlaw, manager for Canada of the Norwich Union Fire Insurance Society.

Yale readings in insurance, by Lester W. Zartman and others.

Minutes of the New York State Legislative Investigating Committee (the Merritt Committee) for 1910, etc.



"AND SO LEILA SEWAYA, AN EXILE FROM SYRIA, MOTHER OF ANTAR AND NAZILEH, BEGAN THE TALE"

The Camel of Bethlehem

by Lucille Baldwin Van Slyke

Author of "Ten Pieces of Silver," etc.

Illustrations by Wladyslaw T. Benda

THE brief while the glamour of Christmas brightened the habitual dreariness of Dix Street, a wistful-eyed little Syrian girl watched her alien playmates wonderingly. "For why, Cheraldeen," she asked, "ees eet thad your mothaire makes so beeg cakes weeth pink writing?"

The questions Nazileh Sewaya asked always seemed very stupid to the Teutonic Geraldine.

"Bei Christmas," she said scornfully; "haind't your mama got *lebkuchen* bei Christmas?"

Nazileh sighed.

"Een Beirut my mothaire deed make Chrees'mas," she answered thoughtfully, "but not las' year — ah, no, she ees ver' sad las' year for thad Asaad, my fathaire, ees dead. But ver' long ago, when thad I ees leetle leeke Antar, then eet ees Chrees'mas." Her dark eyes shone joyously at the remembrance. "Ees eet Chrees'mas for you thees year, Cheraldeen?" she asked politely.

"Aw — it's Chris'mus every year!" remarked Tommy O'Brien loftily. "Don't youse always see all the Santa Clauses 'nd their red shirts 'nd whiskers begging up to Fulton Street?"

Nazileh was genuinely puzzled.

"Whad ees Sandee Kerlauses?" she entreated.

"Santy Clauses!" ejaculated Tommy, literally appalled at her ignorance. "Why, he is th' guy what they tells you comes down chimneys — with reindeer with presunts — in your stockings — aw, you tell her, Geraldine," he ended desperately.

Geraldine pointed dramatically to the little plaster figure of the Christmas saint that surmounted a heap of cookies in her mother's bake-shop window.

"Santa Claus is yust the same like Saint Nicholas," she explained, "a big mans like that — und he brings things to go on my Christmas tree — mein mama says it; only" — she nodded her head wisely — "it's lies, Nazli. Mein mama buys it those things herself, und hides under the bed — ach, yess — und buys the tree by Tommy's papa's grocery."

"Und trees cost a bunch this year," volunteered Tommy. "I bets you get a small one all right, Dutchy."

Yet, in spite of their unbelief, a few days after this bewildering conversation, Geraldine and Tommy and most of the others flaunted various childish treasures before the little Syrian.

To be sure, there was no ice for Tommy's skates, nor was there snow for Geraldine's sled; but they dragged them about on the muddy pavement, and muttered thickly as they munched their Christmas sweets.

"Didn't Santa bring you nothin', Nuzli?" asked Tommy.

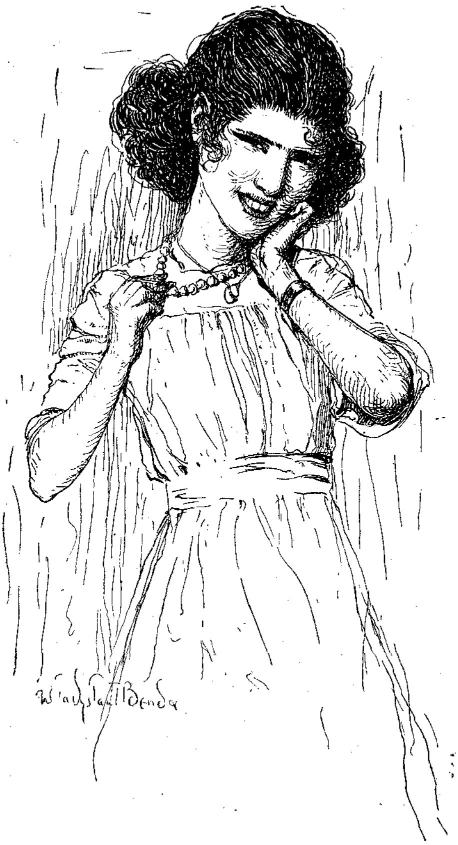
"But you say there ees no Sandee Kerlaus, Tommee-oó-Breen."

"Sure there hain't, but he brung me somethin'," retorted Tommy.

Nazileh went home so puzzled and so unhappy that Miladeh Khouri, her mother's boarder, stopped teasing the baby, who was snuggled cozily in his rug, and began making mouths at his doleful little sister.

"Tommee-oó-Breen — he haf theengs thad

NOTE. In the Egyptian and Syrian colonies of New York the gift camel is a welcome visitor at holiday times. Camel masques and hoofs are purchased at a Damascus bazaar; with the aid of them and an animal skin, these child-adoring people are able to appear before their wee folk as the fanciful beast. These "camels" rarely bring toys — playthings are considered inappropriate to a religious festival; but they usually bear not only the delicious confections peculiar to the quarter, but little chains of shells and beads that serve as ornaments or lucky charms, and exquisitely embroidered children's garments that have been procured from the Orient.



“‘HE HAF GIVE ME NEW MASHALLAH BEADS!’”

Meester Sandee Kerlaus, whad he says ees nod anybody, deed geeve heem,” murmured Nazileh sadly, “and Cheraldeen she also haf presunts off San Neekola thad her mama geets from stores; an’ they say eet ees Chrees’mas jus’ leeke eet used to be een Beirut, when thad I was leetle ge-url! They ees all haf many theengs of Meester Sandee Kerlaus; but me, I haf not anytheeng.” She threw herself despondently beside her dusky little brother. “The brothaire of Tommee-oó-Breen, he haf a beeg lollee-pob!” she pouted, for she had once tasted Tommy’s favorite confection. “I leeke thad thees babee haf a lollee-pob!”

Miladeh’s dark eyes twinkled. “La, la!” she laughed. “Eet ees nod yet Chrees’mas een Beirut. Thees Ameercan Chrees’mas, eet hustles eetself, an’ thees Meester Sandee Kerlaus”—she paused contemplatively while she rolled herself a cigarette. “Me, I nevaire hear such a fooleeshness—an’ I know all about Chrees’mas, don’ I? Was I nod born een a Chrees’mas day an’ named therefrom Miladeh? ’Oo would know more about Chrees’mas than me? I nevaire see any Meester Sandee Kerlaus comin’ aroun’ Beirut, deed you?”

Nazileh settled herself in a little cross-legged heap of recollection.

“No,” she replied thoughtfully, “he deed nod come there. But eet was Chrees’mas one time, Miladeh, an’ we deed haf fun. We deed sit on the housetop, an’ my mothaire she deed tell me of the camel of Bethle’em, an’ my fathaire he deed tell my mothaire to put her hands on my eyes when we deed hear the camel coming, an’ he left me sweets. Why does nod the camel come een the land of Brooklyn? Can nod camels come on ships, Miladeh?”

Miladeh stared at the questioning child for a long time before she replied. But presently she jumped up, laughing.

“Eet ees the sures’ theeng you know,” she cried cheerfully, “when thad eet ees time thad camel weel come. He ees nod a fake, leeke thees Meester Sandee Kerlaus an’ thees Meester San Neekola.” She paused to count laboriously on her dirty fingers. “Thad camel,” she announced positively, “he ees coming around next week Thursday.”

Nazileh caught up Antar and embraced him ecstatically.

“Antar Sewaya!” she shrieked joyously, “th’ mos’ bes’ nice camel ees coming! Oh, Antar Sewaya!” The “Ameercan En’leesch” words were too wooden for this moment of rapture; her lips puckered themselves in a little Oriental squeal of delight. “A feast-day! A feast-day!” she ended in Arabic, and dropped the baby on his rug, so that she could dance about him, while he gurgled and crowed.

“Comes to thee a feast-day! To Antar! To Antar! Allah will send a feast-day! An’”—she broke off impishly and pranced toward the door—“thad Tommee-oó-Breen ees nod haf anytheeng on me!” And a moment later she burst upon the holiday group, her dark eyes shining with pleasure and her olive-tinted cheeks ruddy with unaccustomed color.

“My Chrees’mas!” she gasped breathlessly, “eet does nod hustl’ leeke yours, Tommee-oó-Breen! Miladeh Khouri, she ees jus’ laugh ad your ol’ Meester Sandee Kerlaus. You jus’ wait; to me an’ to Antar weel come the camel of Bethle’em!”

She could scarcely wait until Leila, her mother, should return from her journey to the lace merchant’s. She pouted crossly when Miladeh forbade her mentioning the camel to her mother.

“Eef you do,” the brusque little boarder effectually silenced the child’s protests, “I bet you thad camel ees nod coming. He only comes to good sheeldren; for bad sheeldren he just sends a black spot on the wreest. Umn Antar, thy mothaire, she ees nod to be teased, you leetle *bûmeh* [gray owl]!”

Silence was hard for the excitable Nazileh. The tardy Greek calendar, dragging thirteen days behind its Roman counterpart, gave the little girl just so many days of joyous anticipation. Evenings she snuggled in the rug beside Antar and whispered wonderful tales of the things that should be his; she was so entranced that she did not heed the insistent undertone of argument that her mother and Miladeh waged beside her.

"Alas, I can not!" protested Leila, lifting tragic eyes to Miladeh's. "Dost thou think the heart of woman can endure so much?" Her voice trembled over the vibrant Arabic syllables. "Last year I could not even speak of it — I sat all day weeping; and now you ask me to be merry!"

Miladeh put a comforting hand on her friend's shoulder.

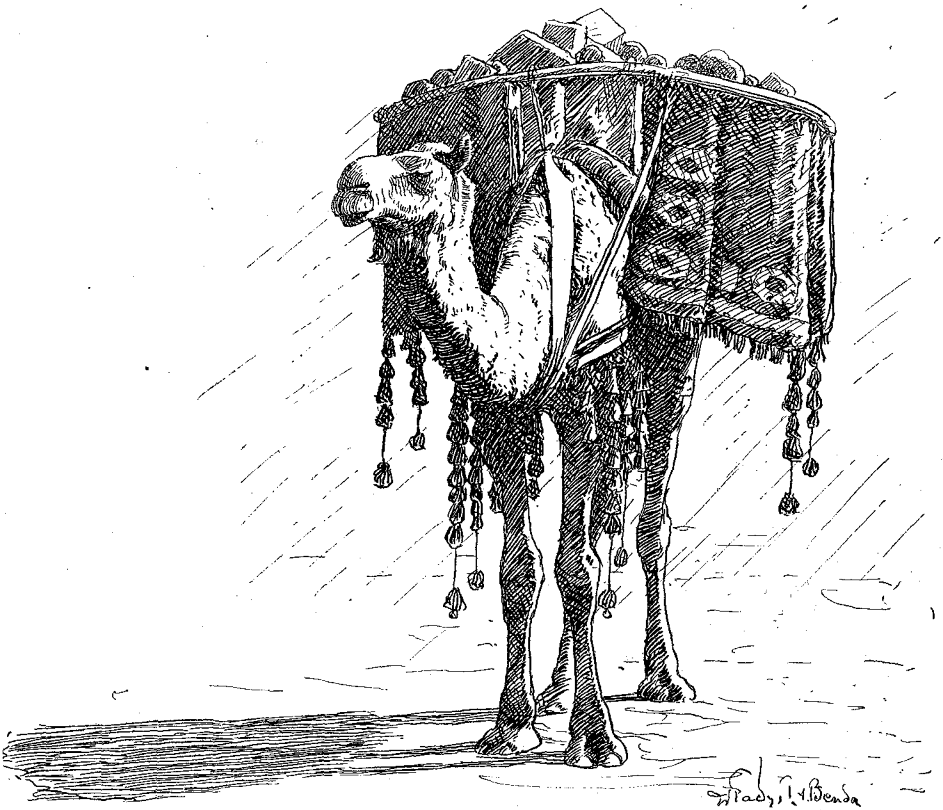
"Be a good sport, my Leila," she coaxed, with rough tenderness. "Last year ees gone — thees year I ees here to let thad camel een." She laughed softly. "Thad camel going to show Meester Sandee Kerlaus 'how.'"

And, though Leila protested until the very day, there came a night when the little room was gay with candles and tinsel and flowers, a night when Nazileh wore a bow even bigger than the coveted ones that had shone in Geraldine's hair, and when the little girl sat cross-legged at her mother's feet, with the baby propped up on the rug beside her, both of them looking up expectantly to the wonderful mother who reclined royally on the couch above them.

For Miladeh had had her way, and they were awaiting the coming of the camel of Bethlehem.

"Ah," sighed Nazileh, "thees ees the mos' bes' nice night!" She leaned forward to embrace her mother's knees. "An' the mos' bes' lofely Chrees'mas mother!"

Antar stared round-eyed and quivering-mouthed at the splendid woman, and would have cried out at her had not the familiar sad eyes smiled down upon him. For this was not the mother to whom either of the children was accustomed. She was radiant with adornments which Miladeh, the daring, had forced upon her. Her dusky hair was parted low and braided in two curling strands that rested on either shoulder, and on her forehead she wore her shining band of marriage coins. From the treasure-chest Miladeh had taken a lovely *rafieh* of rose and tarnished gold, which she



"'THE MOS' LEETLE CAMEL — THAD ONE WITH THE AMBER EYES AN' THE GENTLE HEART'" had twisted turban-wise above the coins. Moreover, Leila's sweet eyes shone brilliantly, because her friend had darkened the corners, after the manner of their people, with kohl, and her usually pale lips were gay with rouge. Over the shabby blackness of her every-day attire hung a gay silk coat that glittered with spangles and sequins, and she seemed to her wide-eyed children like some strange fairy princess instead of their workaday mother.

"Hurry to tell us, my mother!" entreated Nazileh in eager Arabic, "my pretty Christmas mother!"

But Miladeh, who had been kneeling like a slave girl to put henna on the fingers of Leila's toil-worn hands, let her own bracelets slide jinglingly over her friend's slender wrists and laughed.

"Thad camel, he haf a very long ways to come," she teased; "you better wait an' geeve heem enough time!"

The gaily decked Leila hid her face in her hands and shivered. "Miladeh, I do not think I can do it!" she murmured faintly.

Miladeh patted her shoulders smartly. "You ees goin' to righd now," she said. "Tell her, Nazli, tell her to begin thees minute!"

"Jus' the same as you deed before, leetle mother of my heart," begged Nazileh—"een Beirut. Onlee hurry; thees Antar he jus' can't wait! You haf to tell heem een Ameercan En'leesch!" She giggled slyly. "Antar, he ees Ameercan babee! Don' you squeal any, you bad babee; jus' leesten, leesten about the camel of Bethle'em!"

And so Leila Sewaya, an exile from Syria, mother of Antar and Nazileh, who were "Ameercan," began the tale. At first the words came falteringly, but presently she seemed to let her toil-weary self slip away into the fantastic dreams of her childhood; her eyes lost their brooding sadness, and her voice grew melodiously serene.

"A ver' long time ago, when thad I, too, ees small leeke thee, I ees go on a journey een the desert weeth my mothaire an' weeth my fathaire, an' we lived een a tent. Me, I deed ride on a leetle white donkey, an' my mothaire she rode on a more beeg donkey; but my fathaire he rode on a black, black horse. An' we ride all day on the sand. But one night, when eet ees quite cold an' the stars ees ver' bright, we made a fire een the sand, an' sat down before eet, an' my mothaire deed tell me of the camel of Bethle'em even as I ees now telling you of the camel who came to Bethle'em to see the leetle babee Jesus.

"For Jesus, as you know, was once ver' small, even more small than Antar; an' he was weeth hees mothaire, Marie, when there came to him three ver' wise men bringing geefts, much gold an' much sweet-smelling perfume. Now, these wise men were very old, an' they wore beeg coats, an' they traveled on three beeg camels. They came a ver' long journey, an' the camels ees ver' tired when thad they geet to the *khan* where ees Marie. When the wise men geet down on their knees by thad leetle babee Jesus to geeve heem those nice presents, those camels they were left outside the *khan;* an' they ees lie by the gate, ver' thirsty, ver' hungry. An' the mos' leetle camel—he ees thad one weeth the amber eyes an' the gentle heart—he ees so tired, he groan ver' loud, so—" Leila gave a gruff little growl that made Antar pat his chubby fingers joyously. Nazileh, too, tried to make noises like the weary camel, until Miladeh, who was sitting beside the little girl, laughed for sheer delight.

"La, la!" she cried out, "I guess thad Meester Sandee Kerlaus' reindeer ees nod so mooch fun leeke thad!"

Leila smiled tenderly at the happy trio before her.

"Me, I guess you don't want to hear any more," she teased; "eet ees onlee about a tired ol' camel!"

"But I must!" cried Nazileh, "I must! For thad I can nod remember whad ees going to happen! Eet ees so long ago thad you tol' me on thad housetop!"

Leila shivered.

"Ver' long ago," she sighed.

"Then hurry!" urged the little girl. "Please hurry, Chrees'mas mothaire!"

Her mother's voice was trembling again, but she went on bravely:

"Thad camel he groaned ver' loud, an' the leetle babee Jesus he hears heem, an' he ees ver' sorry thad the camel thad breeng heem all those geefts ees so tired. An' he lift up hees leetle hands so"— Leila held two slender fingers high like a priest's, and Nazileh lifted her little hand also, and the cooing baby waved both fat hands until Miladeh kissed them and tucked them under the rug. "An' when the leetle Jesus had made the sign of blessing, thus, thad tired camel—whad you s'pose?" She paused, her deep voice thrilling with the wonder of the miracle. "The tiredness ees all gone from hees ver' tired feet, an' thad thirstiness ees all gone from hees ver' dry throat, an' he lift up hees head, an' he feel ver' good, thad camel—for he know thad he never ees going to be leeke othaire camels; he know thad he ees going to live for evermore, an' never be tired, an' never be hungry, an' never be thirsty.

"An' every year, when eet ees thad leetle babee Jesus' birthday, thad camel he journey all over the desert, an' everywhere he go he ees always breeng ver' lofely geefts for good leetle boys an' good leetle ge-urls who hold up their hands for a blessing, leeke thad leetle baby Jesus."

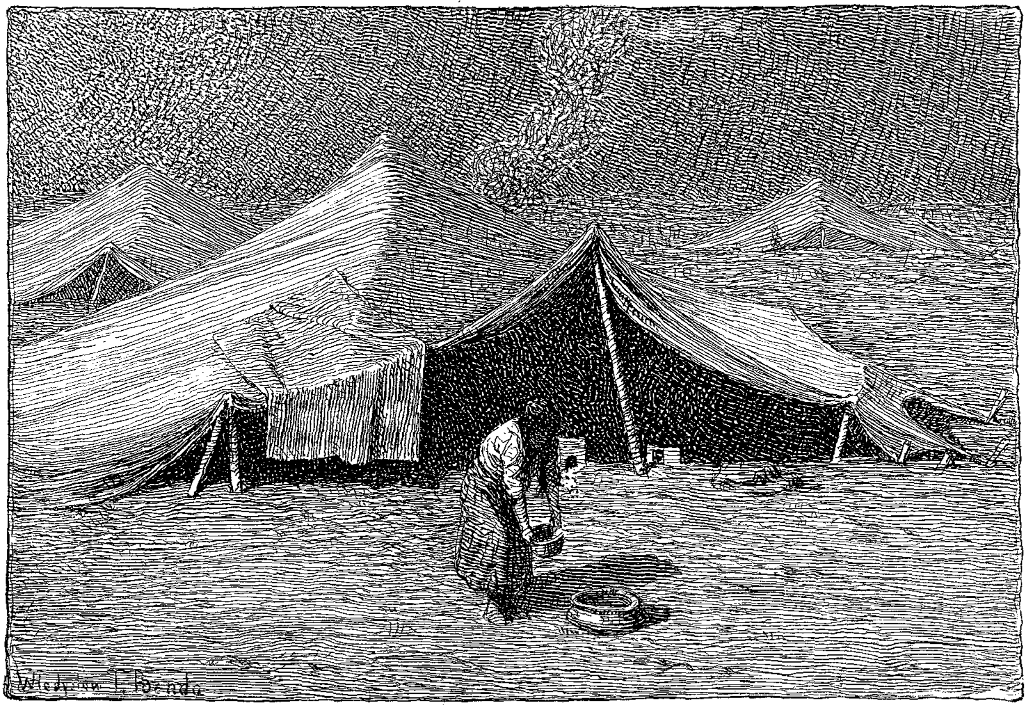
Umn Antar leaned her chin on her hand, and her dark eyes glistened in the candlelight.

"An' so that night, out een the desert where the wind ees blow the sand an' make the fire shine ver' bright, my mothaire, while she tol' me about thad camel, ees geeve me a leetle far weeth water, an' a leetle wheat; an' me, I bent low, the little woman chanted the camel prayer softly:

"Little camel! Pretty camel!
Will you bring us gifts to-day,
As you did the baby Jesus
On the first dear Christmas day?
Food and water,
Shelter, raiment,
For these gifts we humbly pray,
Little camel! Pretty camel!"

"An' then?" whispered Nazileh.

"An' then," ended Leila, "I ees laugh an' dance an' seeng een thad sand, for thad camel of Bethle'em deed come to me een the desert!'



"'A VER' LONG TIME AGO WE LIVED EEN A TENT'"

Miladeh sprang up quickly and clapped her hands. She ran to the door and listened at the stairway; they could hear her whispering in the darkness. Her swarthy face was glowing with happiness when she came back to them.

"Oh, ho!" she whispered. "Me, I hear thad camel!" And she blew out the candles, all save one, that should be a little star to show the camel the way. "Now," she breathed, "now let us cover our eyes."

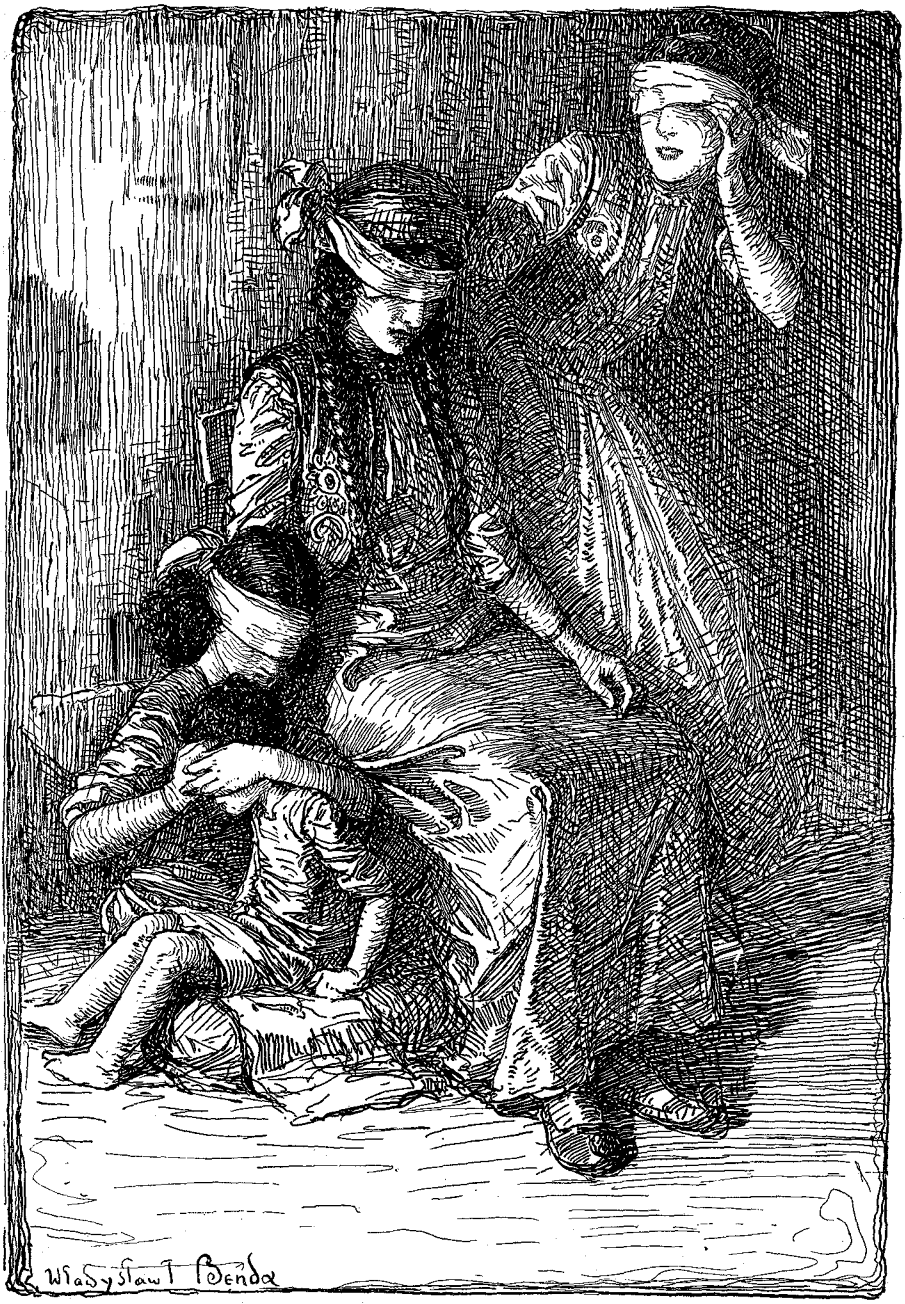
She took the pretty *rafieh* from Leila's hair and tied it over the kohl-darkened eyes. She fastened her gay necktie loosely over her own eyes; and then she thrust the little bowl of water and packet of wheat into Nazileh's ees go ver' still an' put them behin' the tent for the camel of Bethle'em."

"An' deed the camel come, leetle mothaire of my heart?" cried Nazileh. "Deed the camel come?"

"Camel come?" echoed Antar, chuckling happily as he clung to his little sister.

Leila sat upright and lifted her arms until all the pretty ornaments jingled softly. Her shining eyes were almost hidden by her curling lashes, and she swayed gently, her contralto slipping lovingly into the speech of her people.

"I heard his feet in the sand," she answered; "I felt his breath on my cheek; and I fell upon my knees and said a prayer unto him, as my mothaire had taught me." And, with her head



"PRESENTLY, WHILE THEY WAITED, NAZILEH COULD HEAR THE CAMEL COMING UP THE STAIRWAY"

eager fingers. "Hurry—over by the door!" she commanded; and Nazileh ran to the door-sill and deposited the food for the camel, and raced back, shining-eyed, to sit at her mother's feet. She held her slender hands so tight over Antar's round eyes that he struggled and whimpered to free himself.

"Be ver' still, you bad leetle pigeon!" she coaxed. "Be ver' still while the Chrees'mas mothaire hides my eyes also!"

They said the camel prayer softly, swaying to its rhythm, while Antar made funny little crowing noises:

"Food and water,
Shelter, raiment,
For these gifts we humbly pray,
Little camel! Pretty camel!"

And presently, while they waited, all of them breathing very hard, Nazileh could hear the camel coming up the stairway. And then, just as her mother had felt it so long ago in the desert, she felt his breath on her cheek, and his soft fur touched her hands; and, though she struggled to loose herself from her mother's restraining fingers that she might see the wonder beast, she could not move.

"Ah, ho!" laughed Leila in joyous Arabic, "whoso tries to cheat the camel is not a good child and will have no sweets."

So Nazileh sat quite still until she could hear the camel going down the stairs. And, when her mother's hands were lifted from her eyes, she sprang up, blinking and laughing.

"*Aie! Aie!*" she cried, and pranced about the room like one mad with joy. On her dusky hair the camel had left a long-coveted "Ameercan" hat with red bows, and on her slender wrist jingled a shining bracelet. She scattered sweets wherever she danced, for the camel had showered her with goodies.

As she flung her arms happily in the dance, the little girl's fingers touched something that dangled loosely about her neck, and she stopped, almost awe-stricken. Her dusky lashes swept her glowing cheeks as she stared downward, and she drew her breath in a long-drawn sob of happiness.

"Mothaire of my heart!" she cried, "see whad thad camel haf do! He haf hear thad I haf sell my *mashallah* beads! He haf geeve me new *mashallah* beads!" And she fell upon her knees before her mother, to hold out the pretty blue strand for her admiring eyes.

"Thees ees more beeg than those I sell for Antar!" she cried. "Thees ees the mos' bes' *mashallah* beads thad evaire scare off thad evil eye!"

Antar rolled about, happily swinging a chain of shells; his puckered lips were sucking a lollypop so big that his murmurs of joy were simply funny little blubs. And Umn Antar was staring at many gay trifles the heavenly camel had dropped in her lap. Miladeh alone had not profited from the wonder beast's visit. But she rolled her inevitable cigarette and filched a pine-seed candy from Nazileh's generous store. For a golden hour she sat beside Leila in the candlelight, watching the happy children.

The candle sputtered low. Antar fell asleep, still sucking his delectable Christmas goodies. Nazileh struggled in vain with the arch-enemy sleep, but at length she relinquished the Christmas hat and cuddled in her sleeping-rug. Through her drowsy eyelids she smiled across the room at her lovely mother.

"Leetle Chrees'mas mothaire!" she sighed, "I lofe you so — an' I lofe thad camel of Bethle'em — an' thad leetle babee Jesus thad bless heem! Ah," — her slender hands groped for her little brother's,— "Antar, do you nod lofe thad camel?"

Leila lifted her dark eyes, luminous and sweet, upon Miladeh, who was yawning mightily.

"Miladeh!" she whispered, "thou art indeed the child of Christmas! Thou hast the Christmas heart!"

But Miladeh only shrugged her shoulders brusquely.

"Poof!" she answered, her dark eyes gleaming with achievement. "I nod do anytheeng! Me, I onlee open the door — the door you deed shut on the camel!" She fingered a bracelet on the older woman's wrist, twisting it awkwardly, and bent her cheek over the slender hand in shy caress. "An' he ees come so far from the desert," she murmured thoughtfully, "an' journey so many years. Ah, Leila! We who come from Syria mus' nod lose thad leetle camel of Bethle'em!"

APOLOGIA

BY ANITA FITCH

I AM too little for the cares of men.
It was ordained that I should tend the Spring —
Blow with child-pouting lips upon her fires,
And nurse each lovely thing!
I have no mettle for the deeds of men.
It was ordained that I should tend the Spring.

I am too foolish for the storms of men.
It was ordained that I should dance and laugh;
With faerie ladies eat my honey-crusts,
With tipsy goblins quaff!
I have no greatness for the griefs of men.
It was ordained that I should dance and laugh.

The Case of Oscar Brodski

by Austin Freeman

Author of "The Aluminum Dagger," "The Blue Sequin," etc.

Illustrations by Henry Raleigh

PART I

NO one, looking into Silas Hickler's cheerful round face, beaming with benevolence and wreathed in perpetual smiles, would have imagined him to be a criminal. Yet it is a fact that Silas earned his modest though comfortable income by the gentle art of burglary. A precarious trade, and risky withal, yet not so very hazardous if pursued with judgment and moderation. And Silas was eminently a man of judgment. He invariably worked alone. He kept his own counsel. Nor was he greedy and thriftless, as most criminals are. His "scoops" were few and far between, carefully planned, secretly executed, and the proceeds judiciously invested in "weekly property."

Such was Silas Hickler. As he strolled round his garden in the dusk of an October evening, he seemed the very type of modest middle-class prosperity. He was dressed in the traveling suit that he wore on his little Continental trips; his bag was packed and stood in readiness on the sitting-room sofa. A parcel of diamonds (purchased honestly, though without impertinent questions, at Southampton) was in the inside pocket of his waistcoat, and another more valuable parcel was stowed in a cavity in the heel of his right boot. In early life Silas had been connected with the diamond industry, and he still did a little rather irregular dealing. In an hour and a half it would be time for him to set out to catch the boat train at the Junction; meanwhile there was nothing to do but stroll round the fading garden and consider how he should invest the proceeds of the impending deal. His housekeeper had gone over to Welham for the week's shopping, and would probably not be back until eleven o'clock. He was alone on the premises, and just a trifle dull.

He was about to turn into the house, when his ear caught the sound of footsteps on the unmade road that passed the end of the garden. He paused and listened. There was no other dwelling near, and the road led nowhere, fading away into the waste land beyond the house. Could this be a visitor? It seemed unlikely, for visitors were few at Silas Hickler's house. Meanwhile the footsteps continued to approach, ringing out with increasing loudness on the hard, stony path.

Silas strolled down to the gate, and, leaning on it, looked out with some curiosity. Presently a glow of light showed him the face of a man, apparently lighting his pipe; then a dim figure detached itself from the enveloping gloom, advanced toward him, and halted opposite the garden. The stranger removed a cigarette from his mouth, and asked:

"Can you tell me if this road will take me to Badsham Junction?"

"No," replied Hickler; "but there is a footpath farther on that leads to the station."

"Footpath!" growled the stranger. "I've had enough of footpaths. I came down from town to Catley, intending to walk across to the Junction. I started along the road, and then some fool directed me to a short cut, with the result that I have been blundering about in the dark for the last half hour. My sight isn't very good, you know," he added.

"What train do you want to catch?" asked Hickler.

"Seven fifty-eight," was the reply.

"I am going to catch that train myself," said Silas, "but I sha'n't be starting for another hour. The station is only three quarters of a mile from here. If you would like to come in and take a rest, we can walk down together, and then you'll be sure of not missing your way."

"It's very good of you," said the stranger, peering with spectacled eyes at the dark house, "but — I think ——"

"Might as well wait here as at the station," said Silas in his genial way, holding the gate open; and the stranger, after a momentary hesitation, entered, and, flinging away his cigarette, followed Silas to the door of the cottage.

The sitting-room was in darkness, but, entering before his guest, Silas applied a match to the lamp that hung from the ceiling. As the flame leaped up, flooding the little interior with light, the two men regarded each other with mutual curiosity.

"Brodski, by Jingo!" was Hickler's silent commentary as he looked at his guest. "Doesn't know me, evidently — wouldn't, of course, after all these years and with his bad eyesight. Take a seat, sir," he added aloud. "Will you join me in a little refreshment to while away the time?"

Brodski murmured an indistinct acceptance, and, as his host turned to open a cupboard, he deposited his hat (a hard gray felt) on a chair in a corner, placed his bag on the edge of the table, resting his umbrella against it, and sat down in a small arm-chair.

"Have a biscuit," said Hickler, as he placed a whisky bottle on the table, together with a couple of his best star-pattern tumblers and a siphon.

"Thanks, I think I will," said Brodski. "The railway journey and all this confounded tramping about, you know ——"

"Yes," agreed Silas. "Doesn't do to start with an empty stomach. Hope you don't mind oat-cakes; I see they're the only biscuits I have."

Brodski hastened to assure him that oat-cakes were his special and peculiar fancy; and, in confirmation, having mixed himself a stiff jorum, he fell to upon the biscuits with evident gusto.

Brodski was a diamond merchant of considerable reputation and in a large way of business. He bought stones principally in the rough, and of these he was a most excellent judge. His fancy was for stones of somewhat unusual size and value, and it was well known to be his custom, when he had accumulated a sufficient stock, to carry them himself to Amsterdam and supervise the cutting of the rough stones. Of this Hickler was aware, and he had no doubt that Brodski was now starting on one of his periodical excursions, and that somewhere in the recesses of his rather shabby clothing was concealed a paper packet worth possibly several thousand pounds.

Brodski sat by the table, munching monotonously and talking little. Hickler sat opposite to him, talking nervously and watching his guest with a growing fascination. Precious stones, and especially diamonds, were Hickler's specialty; and here was a man sitting opposite him with a parcel in his pocket containing stones worth perhaps — Here he pulled himself up short and began to talk rapidly, though without much coherence. For, even as he talked, other words, formed subconsciously, seemed to insinuate themselves into the interstices of the sentences and to carry on a parallel train of thought.

"Gets chilly in the evenings now, doesn't it?" said Hickler.

"It does indeed," Brodski agreed, and then resumed his slow munching, breathing audibly through his nose.

"Five thousand at least," the subconscious train of thought resumed, "probably six or seven, perhaps ten." Silas fidgeted in his chair and endeavored to concentrate his ideas on some topic of interest. He was growing disagreeably conscious of a new and unfamiliar state of mind.

"Do you take any interest in gardening?" he asked. Next to diamonds and "weekly property," his besetting weakness was fuchsias.

Brodski chuckled sourly. "Hatton Garden is the nearest approach —" He broke off suddenly, and then added: "I am a Londoner, you know."

The abrupt break in the sentence was not unnoticed by Silas, nor had he any diffiiculty in interpreting it. A man who carries untold wealth upon his person must needs be wary in his speech.

"Yes," he answered absently; "it's hardly a Londoner's hobby."

He glanced furtively at his guest across the table, and then looked away quickly, as he felt stirring within him an impulse the nature of which he could not mistake. This must be put an end to.

He had always looked upon crimes against the person as sheer insanity.

Of course, if he had happened to be that sort of person, here was the opportunity of a lifetime. The immense booty, the empty house, the solitary neighborhood, away from the main road and other habitations, the time, the darkness — but, of course, there was the body to be thought of; that was always the difficulty. What to do with the body — here he caught the shriek of the up express rounding the curve in the line that ran past the waste land at the back of the house. The sound started a new train of thought, and, as he followed it out, his eyes fixed themselves on the unconscious and taciturn Brodski. And ever through his mind walked, like a dreadful procession, the thoughts of what another man — a man of blood and violence — would do in these circumstances. Detail by detail, the hideous synthesis fitted together the parts of the imagined crime, and arranged them in due sequence until they formed a succession of events, rational, connected, and coherent.

He rose uneasily from his chair, with his eyes still riveted upon his guest. He could not sit any longer opposite that man with his hidden store of precious gems. The impulse that he recognized with fear and wonder was growing more ungovernable from moment to moment. If he stayed it would presently overpower him, and then— He shrank with horror from the dreadful thought, but his fingers itched to handle the diamonds.

But he would make one more effort to escape. He would keep out of Brodski's actual presence until the moment for starting came.

"If you'll excuse me," he said, "I will go and put on a thicker pair of boots. After all this dry weather we may get a change, and damp feet are very uncomfortable when you are traveling."

"Yes; dangerous, too," agreed Brodski.

Silas walked into the adjoining kitchen, where, by the light of the little lamp that was burning there, he had seen his stout country boots placed, cleaned and in readiness, and sat down upon a chair to make the change. He did not, of course, intend to wear the country boots, for the diamonds were concealed in those he had on. But he would make the change and then alter his mind; it would all help to pass the time.

He looked up as he slowly unlaced his boot. From where he sat he could see Brodski sitting by the table with his back toward the kitchen door. Suddenly, yielding to an uncontrollable impulse, Silas stood up and began stealthily to creep along the passage to the sitting-room. Not a sound came from his stockinged feet as they trod the stone floor of the passage. Silently as a cat he stole forward, breathing softly with parted lips, until he stood at the threshold of the room. His face flushed duskily, his eyes, wide and staring, glittered in the lamplight, and the racing blood hummed in his ears.

Brodski struck a match,— Silas noted that it was a wooden vesta,— lighted his cigarette, blew out the match, and flung it into the fender. Then he replaced the box in his pocket and began to smoke.

Slowly and without a sound, Silas crept forward into the room, step by step, with cat-light stealthiness, until he stood close behind Brodski's chair — so close that he had to turn his head that his breath might not stir the hair upon the other man's head. So for half a minute he stood motionless, like a symbolical statue of Murder, glaring down with horrible, glittering eyes upon the unconscious diamond merchant. And then, as noiselessly as before, he backed away to the door, turned quickly, and walked back into the kitchen.

He drew a deep breath. It had been a near thing. Brodski's life had hung upon a thread. For it had been so easy —! Indeed, if he had happened, as he stood behind the man's chair, to have a weapon — a hammer, for instance, or even a stone ——

He glanced around the kitchen, and his eye lighted on a bar that had been left by workmen who had put up a new greenhouse. It was an odd piece cut off from a square wrought-iron stanchion, and was about a foot long and perhaps three quarters of an inch thick. If he had had that in his hand a minute ago!

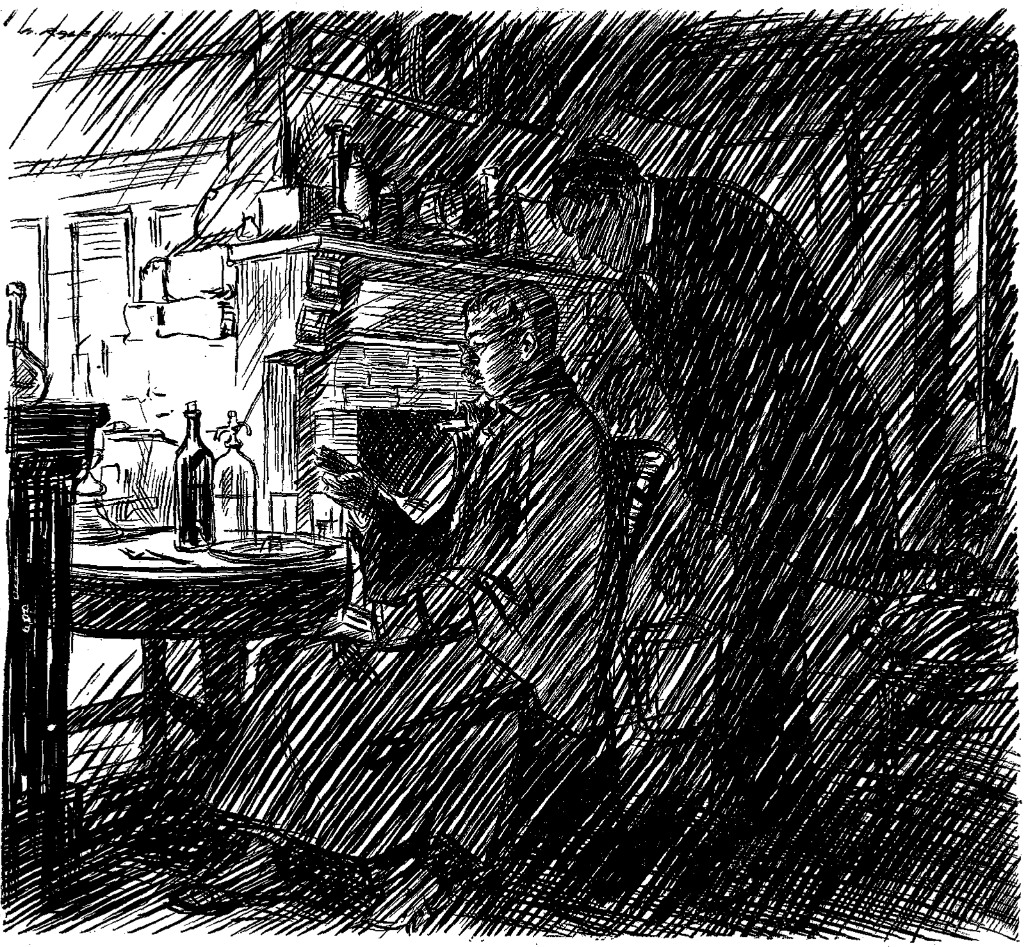
He picked the bar up, balanced it in his hand, swung it round his head. A formidable weapon, this — silent, too. Bah! He had better put the thing down.

But he did not. He stepped over to the door and looked again at Brodski, sitting as before, meditatively smoking, with his back toward the kitchen.

Suddenly a change came over Silas. His face flushed, the veins of his neck stood out, and a sullen scowl settled on his face. He drew out his watch, glanced at it earnestly, and replaced it. Then he strode swiftly but silently along the passage into the sitting-room.

A pace away from his victim's chair, he halted and took deliberate aim. The bar swung aloft, but not without some faint rustle of movement, for Brodski looked round quickly even as the iron whistled through the air. The movement disturbed the murderer's aim, and the bar glanced off his victim's head, making only a trifling wound. Brodski sprang up with a tremulous, bleating cry, and clutched his assailant's arms with the tenacity of mortal terror.

Then began a terrible struggle as the two men, locked in a deadly embrace, swayed to and fro and trampled backwards and forwards. The chair was overturned, an empty glass swept from the table, and, with Brodski's spectacles, crushed beneath stamping feet. And thrice that dreadful, pitiful, bleating cry rang out into the night, filling Silas, despite his murderous frenzy, with terror lest some chance wayfarer should hear it. Gathering his great strength for a final effort, he forced his victim backwards on to the table, and, snatching up a corner of the table-cloth, thrust it into his face and crammed it into his mouth as it opened to utter another shriek. And thus they remained for a full two minutes, almost motionless, like some dreadful



"FOR HALF A MINUTE HE STOOD MOTIONLESS, GLARING DOWN WITH HORRIBLE EYES UPON THE UNCONSCIOUS DIAMOND MERCHANT"

group of tragic allegory. Then, when the last faint twitchings had died away, Silas relaxed his grasp and let the limp body slip softly to the floor.

It was over. For good or for evil, the thing was done. Silas stood up, breathing heavily, and, as he wiped the sweat from his face, he looked at the clock. The hands stood at one minute to seven. The whole thing had taken a little over three minutes. He had nearly an hour in which to finish his task. The goods train that entered into his scheme came by at twenty minutes past, and it was only three hundred yards to the line. Still, he must not waste time. He was now quite composed, and disturbed only by the thought that Brodski's cries might have been heard. If no one had heard them, then it was all plain sailing.

He stooped, and, gently disengaging the table-cloth from the dead man's teeth, began a careful search of his pockets. He was not long in finding what he sought, and, as he pinched the paper packet and felt the little hard bodies grating on one another inside, his faint regrets for what had happened were swallowed up in self-congratulations.

He now set about his task with businesslike briskness and an attentive eye on the clock. A few large drops of blood had fallen on the table-cloth, and there was a small bloody smear on the carpet by the dead man's head. Silas fetched from the kitchen some water, a nail-brush, and a dry cloth, and, having washed out the stain from the table-cover,— not forgetting the deal table-top underneath,— cleaned away the smear from the carpet, and rubbed the damp places dry, he slipped a sheet of paper under the head of the corpse to prevent further contamination. Then he set the table-cloth straight, stood the chair upright, laid the broken spectacles on the table, and picked up the cigarette, which had been trodden flat in the struggle, and flung it under the grate. Then there was the broken glass, which he swept up into a dust-pan. Part of it was the remains of the shattered tumbler, and the rest the fragments of the broken spectacles. He turned it out on a sheet of paper and looked it over carefully, picking out the larger recognizable pieces of the spectacle glasses and putting them aside on a separate slip of paper, together with a sprinkling of the minute fragments. The remainder he shot back into the dust-pan, and, having hurriedly put on his boots, carried it out to the rubbish-heap at the back of the house.

It was now time to start. Hastily cutting off a length of string from his string-box, he tied it to the dead man's bag and umbrella, and slung them from his shoulder. Then he folded the paper of broken glass, and, slipping it and the spectacles into his pocket, picked up the body and threw it over his shoulder. Brodski was a small, spare man, weighing not more than nine stone; not a very formidable burden for a big, athletic man like Silas.

The distance to the line was about three hundred yards. It took him just six minutes to reach the three-bar fence that separated the waste land from the railway. Arrived here, he halted for a moment and once more listened attentively, peering into the darkness on all sides. Not a living creature was to be seen or heard in this desolate spot.

Lifting the corpse over the fence, he stepped down on the loose, chalky soil that bordered the permanent way, and carried it a few yards farther, to a point where the line curved sharply. Here he laid it down, face downwards, with the neck over the near rail. Drawing out his pocket-knife, he cut through the knot that fastened the umbrella to the string and also secured the bag; and, when he had flung the bag and umbrella on the track beside the body, he carefully pocketed the string, excepting the little loop that had fallen to the ground when the knot was cut.

The quick snort and clanking rumble of the approaching goods train was now clearly audible. Silas quickly drew from his pocket the battered spectacles and the packet of broken glass. The former he threw down by the dead man's head, and then, emptying the packet into his hand, sprinkled the fragments of glass around the spectacles.

He was none too soon. Already the quick, labored puffing of the engine sounded close at hand. Hastily he climbed back over the fence, and strode away across the rough fields, while the train came snorting and clattering toward the curve.

He had nearly reached his back gate when a sound from the line brought him to a sudden halt. It was a prolonged whistle, accompanied by the groan of brakes and the loud clank of colliding trucks. The train had stopped!

For one brief moment Silas stood with bated breath and mouth agape; then he strode forward quickly to the gate, and, letting himself in, silently slid the bolt. He was undeniably alarmed. What could have happened on the line? It was practically certain that the body had been seen, but what was happening now? And would they come to the house? He entered the kitchen, and, walking through to the sitting-room, looked round. Everything seemed in order there. There was the bar, though, lying where he had dropped it in the scuffle. He picked it up and held it under the lamp. There was no blood on it, only one or two hairs. Somewhat absently, he wiped it with the table-cover, and then, running out through the kitchen into the back garden, dropped it over the wall into a bed of nettles. He now felt that it would be well to start for the station. It was not time yet, for it was barely twenty-five minutes past seven; but he did not wish to be found in the house if anybody should come. His soft hat was on the sofa, with his bag, to which his umbrella was strapped. He put on the hat, caught up the bag, and stepped over to the door; then he came back to turn down the lamp. And it was at this moment, when he stood with his hand raised to the burner, that his eye, traveling by chance into the dim corner of the room, lighted on Brodski's gray felt hat, reposing on the chair where the dead man had placed it when he entered the house.

Silas stood for a few moments as if petrified, with the chilly sweat of mortal fear standing in beads upon his forehead. Another instant and he would have turned the lamp down and gone on his way, and then — He strode over to the chair, snatched up the hat, and looked inside it. Yes, there was the name, "Oscar Brodski," written plainly on the lining. If he had gone away, leaving it to be discovered, he would have been lost; indeed, even now, if a search-party should come to the house, it was enough to send him to the gallows.

His limbs shook with horror at the thought, but, in spite of his panic, he did not lose his self-possession.

For a few brief moments he stood considering the circumstances with intense concentration. Obviously, the proper thing to do was to burn it. But the fire was out, and there was hardly time to rekindle it. Besides, a hat was not a very inflammable object and might take a long time to burn; and it would never do to leave it imperfectly consumed and perhaps recognizable. No; he would take it with him.

Having arrived at this conclusion, he placed the hat on the floor, and deliberately trod on it again and again until it was as flat as a closed opera-hat. Then he unbuttoned his waistcoat, and, having bestowed the flattened hat inside, rebuttoned his waistcoat and coat.

Then he went out, locked the door, pocketed the key (of which his housekeeper had a duplicate), and set off at a brisk pace for the station.

He arrived in good time, and, having taken his ticket, strolled through on to the platform. The train was not yet signaled, but there seemed to be an unusual stir in the place. The passengers were collected in a group at one end of the platform, and were all looking in one direction down the line; and, even as he walked toward them with a certain tremulous, nauseating curiosity, two men emerged from the darkness, carrying a stretcher covered with a tarpaulin. The passengers parted to let the bearers pass, turning fascinated eyes upon the shape that showed faintly through the rough pall.

PART II

The dusk of an October evening was closing in as Thorndyke and I, the sole occupants of a smoking compartment, found ourselves approaching the little station of Ludham; and as the train slowed down we peered out at the knot of country people who were waiting on the platform. Suddenly Thorndyke exclaimed in a tone of surprise: "Why, that is surely Boscovitch!" And almost at the same moment a brisk, excitable little man darted at the door of our compartment and literally tumbled in.

"I hope I don't intrude on this learned conclave," he said, shaking hands genially, and banging his Gladstone with impulsive violence into the rack; "but I saw your faces at the window, and naturally jumped at the chance of such pleasant companionship."

"You are very flattering," said Thorndyke — "so flattering that you leave us nothing to say. But what, in the name of fortune, are you doing at — what's the name of the place? Ludham?"

"My brother has a little place a mile or so from here, and I have been spending a couple of days with him," Mr. Boscovitch explained. "I shall change at Badsham Junction and catch the boat train for Amsterdam. But whither are you two bound? I see you have your mysterious little green box up on the hat-rack. Going to unravel some dark and intricate crime?"

"No," replied Thorndyke. "We are bound for Warmington on a quite prosaic errand."

"But why the box of magic?" asked Boscovitch, glancing up at the hat-rack.

"I never go away from home without it," answered Thorndyke. "One never knows what may turn up."

As Boscovitch still looked up wistfully at the case, Thorndyke good-naturedly lifted it down and unlocked it. As a matter of fact, he was rather proud of his "portable laboratory."

Boscovitch pored over the case and its contents, fingering the instruments delicately and asking innumerable questions about their uses; indeed, his curiosity was but half appeased when, half an hour later, the train began to slow down.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed, starting up and seizing his bag, "here we are at the Junction already. You change here, too, don't you?"

"Yes," replied Thorndyke. "We take the branch train on to Warmington."

As we stepped out on the platform, we became aware that something unusual was happening or had happened. All the passengers and most of the porters and supernumeraries were gathered at one end of the station, and all were looking intently into the darkness down the line.

"Anything wrong?" asked Mr. Boscovitch, addressing the station inspector.

"Yes, sir," the official replied. "A man has been run over by the goods train about a mile down the line. The station-master has gone down with a stretcher to bring him in, and I expect that is his lantern that you see coming this way."

As we stood watching the dancing light grow momentarily brighter, a man came out of the booking-office and joined the group of onlookers. He attracted my attention, as I afterward remembered, for two reasons: in the first place, his round, jolly face was excessively pale and bore a strained and wild expression; and, in the second, though he stared into the darkness with eager curiosity, he asked no questions.

Suddenly two men came into sight, bearing a stretcher covered with a tarpaulin, through which the shape of a human figure was dimly discernible. A porter followed, carrying a hand-bag and umbrella, and the station-master brought up the rear with his lantern.

As the porter passed, Mr. Boscovitch started forward with sudden excitement.

"Is that his umbrella?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," answered the porter, stopping and holding it out for the speaker's inspection.

"My God!" ejaculated Boscovitch. Then, turning sharply to Thorndyke, he exclaimed: "That's Brodski's umbrella. I could swear to it. You remember Brodski, Dr. Thorndyke?"

Thorndyke nodded, and Boscovitch, turning once more to the porter, said: "I identify that umbrella. It belongs to a gentleman named Brodski. If you look in his hat, you will see his name written in it. He always writes his name in his hat."

"We haven't found his hat yet," said the porter; "but here is the station-master." He turned to his superior and announced: "This gentleman, sir, has identified the umbrella."

"Oh," said the station-master, "you recognize the umbrella, sir, do you? Then perhaps you would step into the lamp-room and see if you can identify the body."

Mr. Boscovitch recoiled with a look of alarm. "Is it — is he — very much injured?" he asked nervously.

"Well, yes," was the reply. "You see, the engine and six of the trucks went over him before they could stop the train. Took his head clean off, in fact."

"Shocking! Shocking!" gasped Boscovitch. "I think — if you don't mind — I'd — I'd rather not. You don't think it necessary, Doctor, do you?"

"Yes, I do," replied Thorndyke. "Early identification may be of the first importance."

"Then I suppose I must," said Boscovitch; and, with extreme reluctance, he followed the station-master to the lamp-room. In a few minutes he burst out, pale and awe-stricken, and rushed up to Thorndyke.

"It is!" he exclaimed breathlessly. "It's Brodski. Poor old Brodski! Horrible! Horrible! He was to have met me here and gone on with me to Amsterdam."

"Had he any — merchandise about him?" Thorndyke asked; and, as he spoke, the stranger whom I had previously noticed edged up closer, as if to catch the reply.

"He had some stones, no doubt," answered Boscovitch. "His clerk will know, of course. By the way, Doctor, could you watch the case for me? Just to be sure it was really an accident or — you know what."

"Very well," said Thorndyke. "I will satisfy myself that there is nothing more than appears, and let you have a report. Will that do?"

"Thank you," said Boscovitch. "It's excessively good of you, Doctor. Ah, there comes the train. I hope it won't inconvenience you to stay and see to this matter."

"Not in the least," replied Thorndyke.

As Thorndyke spoke, the stranger, who had kept close to us with the evident purpose of hearing what was said, bestowed on him a very curious and attentive look.

No sooner had the train left the station than Thorndyke sought out the station-master and informed him of the instructions that he had received from Boscovitch.

"Of course," he added, in conclusion, "we must not move in the matter until the police arrive. I suppose they have been informed."

"Yes," replied the station-master; "I sent a message at once to the chief constable. I think I will slip out and see if he is coming."

He evidently wished to have a word in private with the police officer before committing himself to any statement.

As the official retreated, Thorndyke and I began to pace the now empty platform.

"Why not put a few discreet questions to the porter who brought in the bag and umbrella?" I suggested.

"An excellent suggestion, Jervis," answered Thorndyke. "Let us see what he has to tell us."

We approached the porter, and found him bursting to unburden himself of the tragic story.

"The way the thing happened, sir, was this," he said, in answer to Thorndyke's question. "There's a sharpish bend in the road just at that place, and the train was just rounding the curve when the driver suddenly caught sight of something lying across the rails. As the engine turned, the head-lights shone on it, and then he saw it was a man. He shut off steam at once, blew his whistle, and put the brakes down hard; but, as you know, sir, a goods train takes some stopping; before they could bring her up, the engine and half a dozen trucks had gone over the poor beggar."

"Could the driver see how the man was lying?" Thorndyke asked.

"Yes, he could see him quite plain, because the head-lights were full on him. He was lying on his face, with his neck over the near rail on the down side. His head was in the four-foot way, and his body by the side of the track. It looked as if he had laid himself out a-purpose."

"Is there a level crossing thereabouts?" asked Thorndyke.

"No, sir; no crossing, no road, no path, no nothing," said the porter, ruthlessly sacrificing grammar to emphasis. "He must have come across the fields and climbed over the fence to get on to the permanent way. Deliberate suicide is what it looks like."

Thorndyke thanked the man for his information, and, as we strolled back toward the lamp-room, discussed the bearing of these new facts.

"Our friend is unquestionably right in one respect," he said. "This was not an accident. The man might, if he were near-sighted, deaf, or stupid, have climbed over the fence and got knocked down by the train. But his position, lying across the rails, can be explained only by one of two hypotheses: either it was, as the porter says, deliberate suicide, or else the man was already dead or insensible. But here comes the station-master, and an officer with him. Let us hear what they have to say."

The police inspector agreed to allow us to view the body, and we entered the lamp-room together, the station-master leading the way to turn up the gas.

The stretcher stood on the floor by one wall, its grim burden still hidden by the tarpaulin, and the hand-bag and umbrella lay on a large box, together with the battered frame of a pair of spectacles from which the glasses had fallen out.

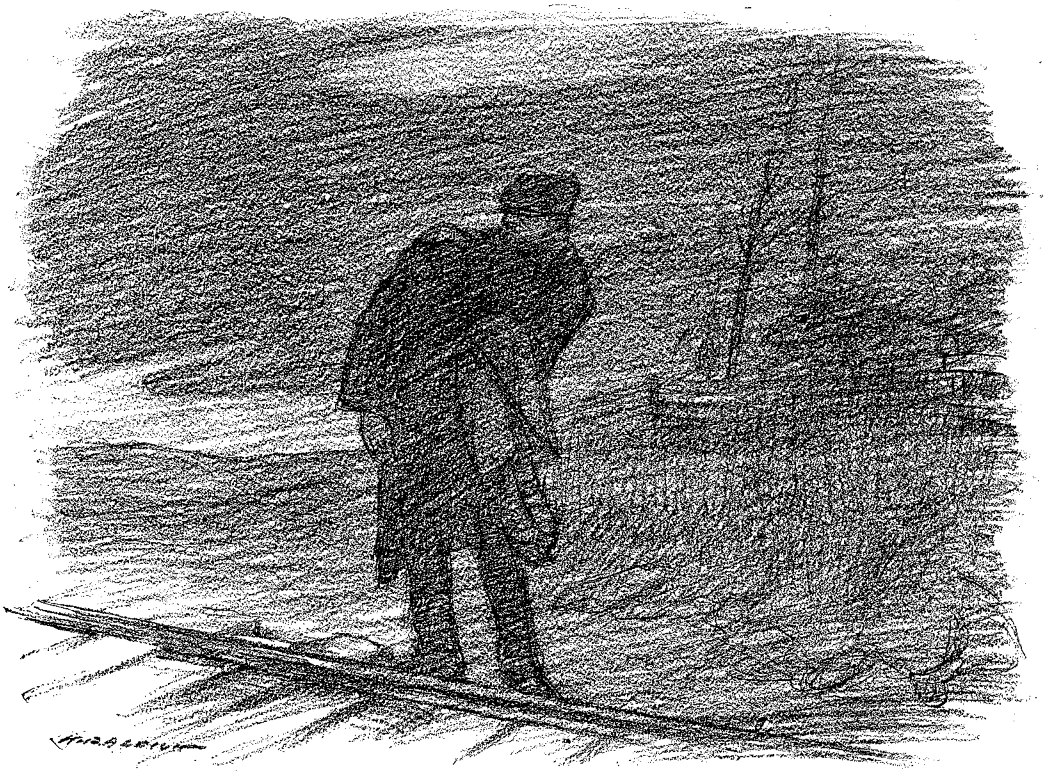
"Were these spectacles found by the body?" Thorndyke inquired.

"Yes," replied the station-master. "They were close to the head, and the glass was scattered about on the ballast."

Thorndyke made a note in his pocket-book, and then, as the inspector moved the tarpaulin, he glanced down on the corpse. For fully a minute he remained silently stooping over the uncanny object; then he stood up and said quietly to me: "I think we can eliminate two out of the three hypotheses."

The inspector looked at him quickly, and was about to ask a question, when his attention was diverted by the traveling-case which Thorndyke had laid on a shelf and now opened to abstract a couple of pairs of dissecting-forceps. With one pair of forceps he turned back the lip, and, having scrutinized its inner surface, closely examined the teeth.

"May I trouble you for your lens, Jervis?" he said; and, as I handed him my doublet ready opened, the inspector brought the lantern close to the dead face and leaned forward eagerly. In his usual systematic fashion, Thorndyke slowly passed the lens along the whole range of sharp, uneven teeth, and then, bringing it back to the center, examined with more minuteness the upper incisors. At length, very delicately, he picked out with his forceps some minute object from between two of the upper front teeth and held it in the focus of the lens. Anticipating his next move, I took a labeled miscroscope-slide from the case and handed it to him, together with a dissecting-needle, and, as he transferred the object to the slide and spead it out with the needle, I set up the little microscope on the shelf.


"HE CARRIED THE CORPSE A FEW YARDS FARTHER, TO A POINT WHERE THE LINE CURVED SHARPLY

"A drop of Farrant and a cover-glass, please, Jervis," said Thorndyke.

I handed him the bottle, and, when he had let a drop of the mounting-fluid fall gently on the object and put on the cover-slip, he placed the slide on the stage of the microscope and examined it attentively.

Happening to glance at the inspector, I observed on his countenance a faint grin, which he politely strove to suppress when he caught my eye.

"I was thinking, sir," he said apologetically, "that it's a bit off the track to be finding out what he had for dinner. He didn't die of unwholesome feeding."

Thorndyke looked up with a smile. "It doesn't do, inspector, to assume that anything is off the track in an inquiry of this kind. These crumbs, for instance, that are scattered over the dead man's waistcoat. Can we learn nothing from them?"

"I don't see what you can learn," was the dogged rejoinder.

Thorndyke picked off the crumbs, one by one, with his forceps, and, having deposited them on a slide, inspected them, first with the lens and then through the microscope.

"I learn," said he, "that shortly before his death the deceased partook of some kind of whole-meal biscuits, apparently composed of oatmeal."

"I call that nothing," said the inspector. "The question that we have got to settle is, not what refreshment had the deceased been taking, but what was the cause of his death. Did he commit suicide? Was he killed by accident? Or was there any foul play?"

"I beg your pardon," said Thorndyke. "The questions that remain to be settled are, who killed the deceased, and with what motive. The others are already answered, as far as I am concerned."

The inspector stared in sheer amazement, not unmixed with incredulity.

"You haven't been long coming to a conclusion, sir," he said.

"No; it was a pretty obvious case of murder," said Thorndyke. "As to the motive, the deceased was a diamond merchant, and is believed to have had a quantity of stones about his person. I should suggest that you search his body."

The inspector gave vent to an exclamation of disgust. "I see," he said. "It was a guess on your part. As to searching the body, why, that is what I principally came for."

He ostentatiously turned his back on us and proceeded systematically to turn out the dead man's pockets, laying the articles, as he removed them, on the box, by the side of the hand-bag and umbrella.

Thorndyke looked over the body generally, paying special attention to the soles of the boots; and then, while the officer continued his search, he looked over the articles that had already been laid on the box. The purse and pocket-book he, of course, left for the inspector to open; but the reading-glasses, pocket-knife, card-case, and other small pocket articles were subjected to a searching scrutiny.

"What might you have expected to find in his tobacco-pouch?" the officer asked, laying down a bunch of keys from the dead man's pocket.

"Tobacco," Thorndyke replied; "but I did not expect to find fine-cut Latakia. I don't remember ever having seen pure Latakia smoked in cigarettes."

"You do take an interest in things, sir," said the inspector, with a side glance at the stolid station-master.

"I do," Thorndyke agreed; "and I note that there are no diamonds among this collection."

"No; and we don't know that he had any about him. But there's a gold watch and chain, a diamond scarf-pin, and a purse containing" (he opened it and tipped out its contents into his hand) "twelve pounds in gold. That doesn't look much like robbery, does it? What do you say to the murder theory now?"

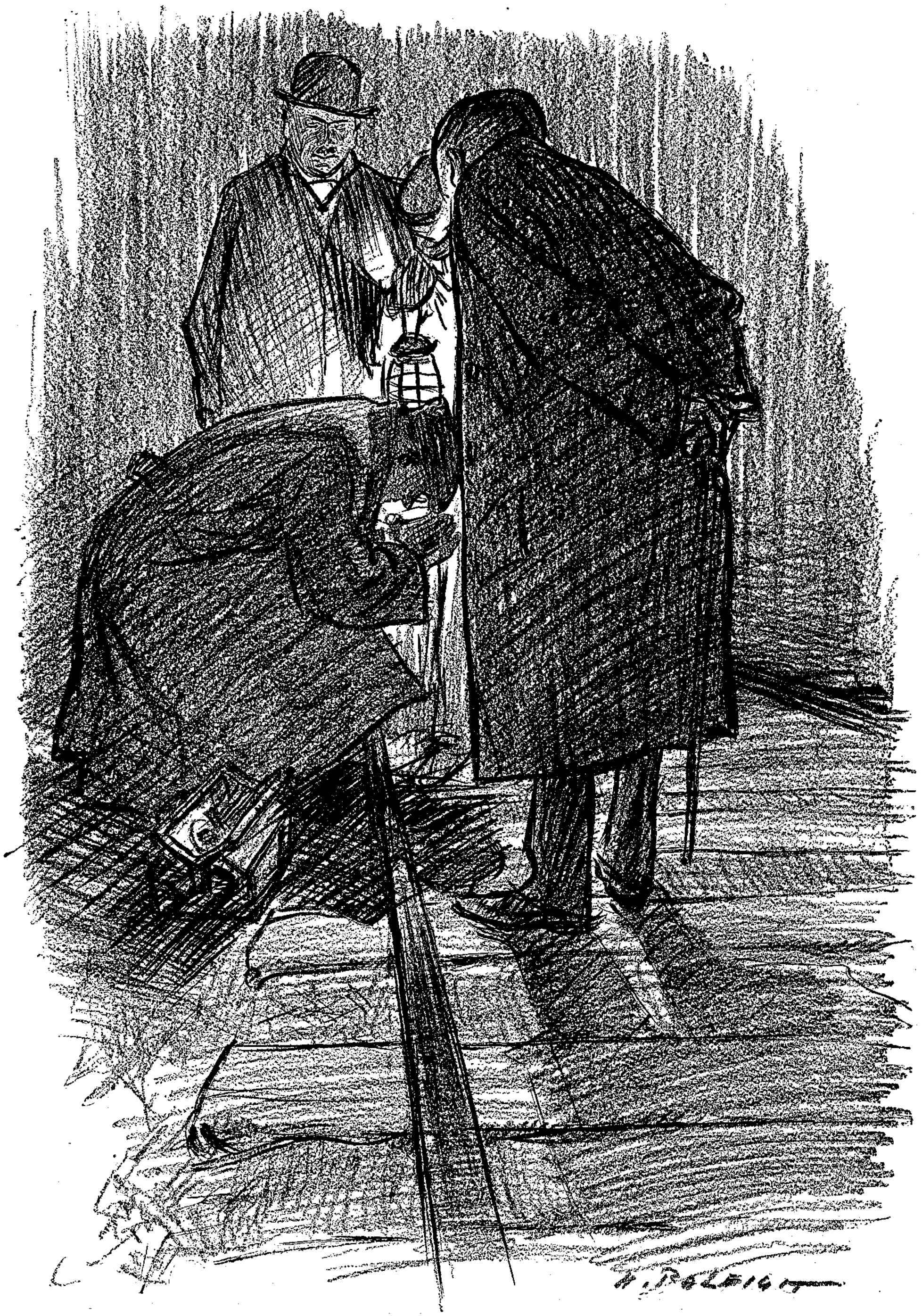
"My opinion is unchanged," said Thorndyke, "and I should like to examine the spot where the body was found."

When Thorndyke had repacked his case, and had, at his own request, been furnished with a lantern, we set off down the permanent way, Thorndyke carrying the light and I the indispensable green case.

"I am a little in the dark about this affair," I said, when we had allowed the two officials to draw ahead out of ear-shot; "you came to a conclusion remarkably quickly. What was it that so immediately determined the opinion of murder as against suicide?"

"It was a small matter, but very conclusive," replied Thorndyke. "You noticed a small scalp wound above the left temple? It was a glancing wound, and might easily have been made by the engine. But — the wound had bled, and it had bled for an appreciable time. There were two streams of blood from it, and in both the blood was firmly clotted and partially dried. But the man had been decapitated, and this wound, if inflicted by the engine, must have been made after the decapitation, since it was on the side most distant from the engine as it approached. Now, a decapitated head does not bleed. Therefore, this wound was inflicted before the decapitation.

"But not only had the wound bled — the blood had trickled down in two streams at right angles to each other. First, in the order of time as shown by the appearance of the stream, it had trickled down the side of the face and



"THE INSPECTOR RETURNED TO HIS EXAMINATION OF THE TRACK, IN WHICH THORNDYKE JOINED".

dropped on the collar. The second stream ran from the wound to the back of the head. Now, you know, Jervis, there are no exceptions to the law of gravity. If the blood ran down the face toward the chin, the face must have been upright at the time; and if the blood trickled from the front to the back of the head, the head must have been horizontal and face upwards. But the man, when he was seen by the engine-driver, was lying *face downwards*. The only possible inference is that when the wound was inflicted the man was in the upright position,—standing or sitting,—and that subsequently, and while he was still alive, he lay on his back for a sufficiently long time for the blood to have trickled to the back of his head. But, tell me, what did you notice about the face?"

"I thought there was a strong suggestion of asphyxia."

"Undoubtedly," said Thorndyke. "It was the face of a suffocated man. You must have noticed, too, that the tongue was very distinctly swollen, and that on the inside of the upper lip were deep indentations made by the teeth, as well as one or two slight wounds obviously caused by heavy pressure on the mouth. And now, observe how completely these facts and inferences agree with those from the scalp wound. If we knew that the deceased had received a blow on the head, had struggled with his assailant, and been finally borne down and suffocated, we should look for precisely those signs which we have found."

"By the way, what was it that you found wedged between the teeth? I did not get a chance to look through the microscope."

"Ah!" said Thorndyke. "There we not only get confirmation, but we carry our inferences a stage further. The object was a little tuft of some textile fabric. The bulk of it consisted of wool fibers dyed crimson, but there were also cotton fibers dyed blue, and a few that looked like jute dyed yellow. It might have been part of a woman's dress, though the presence of the jute is much more suggestive of a curtain or rug of inferior quality."

"And its importance ——?"

"Is that, if it is not part of an article of clothing, then it must have come from an article of furniture; and furniture suggests a habitation."

"That doesn't seem very conclusive," I objected.

"It is not; but it is a valuable corroboration."

"Of what?"

"Of the suggestion offered by the soles of the dead man's boots. I examined them most minutely, and could find no trace of sand, gravel, or earth, in spite of the fact that he must have crossed fields and rough land to reach the place where he was found. What I did find was fine tobacco ash, a charred mark as if a cigar or cigarette had been trodden on, several crumbs of biscuit, and, on a projecting brad, some colored fibers, apparently from a carpet. The manifest suggestion is that the man was killed in a house with a carpeted floor and carried thence to the railway."

"If your inferences are correct," I said, "the problem is practically solved. There must be abundant traces inside the house. The only question is, which house is it?"

"Quite so," replied Thorndyke. "That is the question, and a very difficult question it is."

Here our conversation was interrupted by our arrival at the spot where the body had been found. The station-master had halted, and he and the inspector were now examining the near rail by the light of their lanterns.

"There's remarkably little blood about," said the former. "I've seen a good many accidents of this kind, and there has always been a lot of blood, both on the engine and on the road. It's very curious."

Thorndyke glanced at the rail with but slight attention; that question had ceased to interest him. But the light of his lantern flashed on the ground at the side of the track—a loose, gravelly soil, mixed with fragments of chalk—and thence to the soles of the inspector's boots, which were displayed as he knelt by the rail.

"You observe, Jervis?" he said in a low voice, and I nodded.

The inspector's boot-soles were covered with adherent particles of gravel, and conspicuously marked by the chalk on which he had trodden.

"You haven't found the hat, I suppose?" Thorndyke asked, stooping to pick up a short piece of string that lay on the ground at the side of the track.

"No," replied the inspector; "but it can't be far off. You seem to have found another clue, sir," he added, with a grin, glancing at the piece of string.

"Who knows?" said Thorndyke. "A short end of hempen twine with a green strand in it. It may tell us something later." And, taking from his pocket a small tin box containing, among other things, a number of seed-envelops, he slipped the string into one of the latter, and scribbled a note in pencil on the outside. The inspector watched his proceedings with an indulgent smile, and then returned to his examination of the track, in which Thorndyke now joined.

"I suppose the poor chap was near-sighted," the officer remarked, indicating the remains of the shattered spectacles; "that might account for his having strayed on to the line."

"Possibly," said Thorndyke. He had already noticed the fragments scattered over a sleeper and the adjacent ballast, and now once more produced his collecting-box.

"Will you hand me a pair of forceps, Jervis?" he said; "and perhaps you wouldn't mind taking a pair yourself and helping me to gather up these fragments. Pick up every particle you can find, Jervis. It may be most important."

"I don't quite see how," I said, groping in search of the tiny splinters of glass.

"Don't you?" returned Thorndyke. "Well, look at these fragments. Some of them are a fair size, but many of these on the sleeper are mere grains. And consider their number. Obviously, the condition of the glass does not agree with the circumstances in which we find it. These are thick, concave spectacle lenses, broken into a great number of minute fragments. Now, how were they broken? Not merely by falling, evidently. Such a lens, when it is dropped, breaks into a small number of large pieces. Nor were they broken by the wheel passing over them, for they would then have been reduced to fine powder, and that powder would have been visible on the rail, which it is not. The spectacle-frames, you may remember, presented the same incongruity: they were battered and damaged more than they would have been by falling, but not nearly so much as they would have been if the wheel had passed over them."

"What do you suggest, then?" I asked.

"The appearances suggest that the spectacles had been trodden on. But, if the body was carried here, the probability is that the spectacles were carried here too, and that they were then already broken; for it is more likely that they were trodden on during the struggle than that the murderer trod on them after bringing them here. Hence the importance of picking up every fragment."

"But why?" I inquired — rather foolishly, I must admit.

"Because if, when we have picked up every fragment that we can find, there still remains missing a larger portion of the lenses than we could reasonably expect, that would tend to support our hypothesis, and we might find the missing remainder elsewhere."

While we were conducting our search, the two officials were circling around with their lanterns in quest of the missing hat; and, when we had at length picked up the last fragment, we could see their lanterns moving, like will-o'-the-wisps, some distance down the line.

"We may as well see what we have got before our friends come back," said Thorndyke, glancing at the twinkling lights. "Lay the case down on the grass by the fence; it will serve for a table."

I did so, and Thorndyke, taking a letter from his pocket, opened it and spread it out flat on the case. Then he tipped the contents of the seed-envelop out on the paper, and, carefully spreading out the pieces of glass, looked at them for some moments in silence. And, as he looked, there stole over his face a very curious expression. With sudden eagerness he began picking out the larger fragments and laying them on two visiting-cards which he had taken from his card-case. Rapidly and with wonderful deftness he fitted the pieces together, and, as the reconstituted lenses began gradually to take shape on the cards, I looked on with growing excitement, for something in my colleague's manner told me that we were on the verge of a discovery.

At length the two ovals of glass lay on their respective cards, complete save for one or two small gaps; and the little heap that remained consisted of fragments so minute as to render further reconstruction impossible. Then Thorndyke leaned back and laughed softly.

"This is certainly an unlooked-for result," said he.

"What is?" I asked.

"Don't you see, my dear fellow? *There's too much glass.* We have almost completely built up the broken lenses, and the fragments that are left over are considerably more than are required to fill up the gaps."

He lifted the paper and the two cards carefully on to the ground, and, opening the case, took out the little microscope.

"Ha!" he exclaimed presently. "The plot thickens. There is too much glass, and yet too little; that is to say, there are only one or two fragments here that belong to the spectacles. The remainder consists of a soft, uneven molded glass, easily distinguished from the clear, hard optical glass. These foreign fragments are all curved, as if they had formed part of a cylinder, and are, I should say, portions of a wine-glass or tumbler."

He moved the slide once or twice, and then continued:

"We are in luck, Jervis. Here is a fragment with two little diverging lines etched on it, evidently the points of an eight-rayed star; and here is another with three points — the ends of three rays. This enables us to reconstruct the vessel perfectly. It was a clear, thin glass, probably a tumbler, decorated with scattered stars. Have a look at the specimen."

I had just applied my eye to the microscope when the station-master and the inspector came up. Our appearance, seated on the ground with the microscope between us, was too much for the police officer's gravity, and he laughed long and joyously.

"You must excuse me, gentlemen," he said apologetically, "but really, you know, to an old hand like myself it does look a little — well, you understand. I dare say a microscope is a very interesting and amusing thing, but it doesn't get us much forrader in a case like this, does it?"

"Perhaps not," replied Thorndyke. "By the way, where did you find the hat, after all?"

"We haven't found it," the inspector replied a little sheepishly.

"Then we must help you to continue the search," said Thorndyke. "If you will wait a few moments we will come with you."

He poured a few drops of xylol balsam on the cards to fix the reconstituted lenses to their supports, and then, packing them and the microscope in the case, announced that he was ready to start.

"Is there any village or hamlet near?" he asked the station-master.

"None nearer than Corfield. That is about half a mile from here."

"And where is the nearest road?"

"There is a half-made road that runs past a house about three hundred yards from here. It belonged to a building estate that was never built. There is a footpath from it to the station."

"Are there any other houses near?"

"No; that is the only house for half a mile round, and there is no other road near here."

"Then the probability is that Brodski approached the railway from that direction, since he was found on that side of the permanent way."

The inspector agreeing with this view, we all set off slowly toward the house, piloted by the station-master, and searching the ground as we went.

Slackening his pace somewhat, Thorndyke allowed the two officials to draw ahead, and, when they were out of ear-shot, he remarked in a low tone:

"This house which we are approaching appears to be the only habitation within half a mile. If that is so, the probability is overwhelming that it is the house in which the murder was committed. But that probability will not entitle us to enter and search unless we can find some evidence connecting it with the crime, or, at any rate, with the dead man."

He halted to glance at the house over the low garden wall, and, when he had softly tried the gate and found it bolted, we passed round to the front of the house, where we found our two acquaintances looking rather vaguely up the unmade road.

"There's a light in the house," said the inspector, "but there's no one at home. I have knocked a dozen times and got no answer."

Thorndyke made no reply, but, entering the garden, walked up the path, and, having knocked gently at the door, stooped and listened attentively at the key-hole.

"I tell you, there's no one in the house," said the inspector irritably; and, as Thorndyke continued to listen, he walked away muttering angrily. As soon as he was gone, Thorndyke flashed his lantern over the door, the threshold, the path, and the small flower-beds; and, from one of the latter, I presently saw him stoop and pick something up.

"Here is a highly instructive object, Jervis," he said, coming to the gate and displaying a cigarette, of which only half an inch had been smoked.

"How instructive?" I asked. "What do you learn from it?"

"Many things," he replied. "It has been lit and thrown away unsmoked; that indicates a sudden change of purpose. It was thrown away at the entrance to the house, almost certainly by some one entering it. That person was probably a stranger, or he would have taken it in with him. But he had not expected to enter the house, or he would not have lit it. These are the general suggestions; now as to the particular ones. The paper of the cigarette is of the kind known as the 'Zigzag' brand; the very conspicuous water-mark is quite easy to see. Now, Brodski's cigarette-book was a 'Zigzag' book — so called from the way in which the papers pull out. But let us see what the tobacco is like."

With a pin from his coat he hooked out from the unburned end a wisp of dark, dirty-brown tobacco, which he held out for my inspection.

"Fine-cut Latakia," I pronounced without hesitation.

"Very well," said Thorndyke. "Here is a cigarette made of an unusual tobacco, similar to that in Brodski's pouch, and wrapped in an unusual paper similar to those in Brodski's cigarette-book. With due regard to the fourth rule of the syllogism, I suggest that this cigarette was made by Oscar Brodski. But, nevertheless, we will look for a corroborative detail."

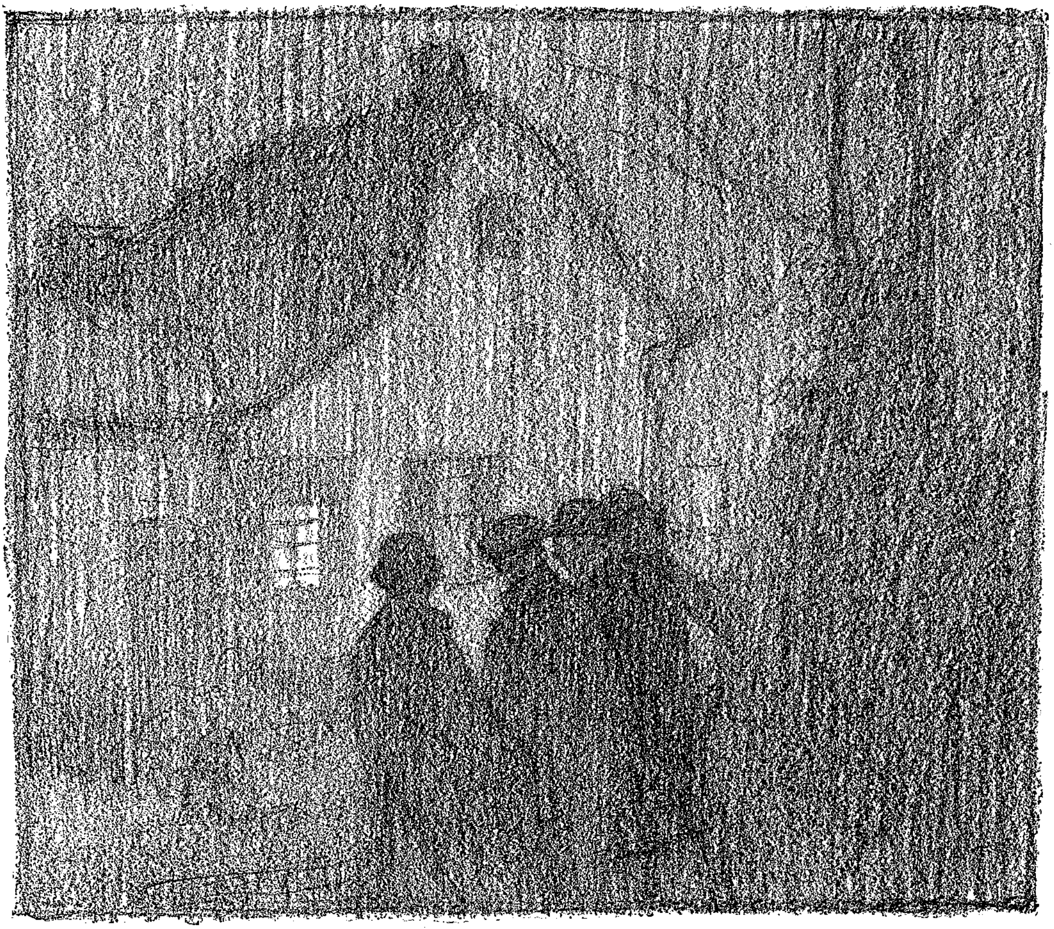
"What is that?" I asked.

"You may have noticed that Brodski's match-box contained round wooden vestas — which are also rather unusual. As he must have lighted the cigarette within a few steps of the gate, we ought to be able to find the match with which he lighted it."

We walked very slowly up the road, searching the ground with the lantern, and we had hardly gone a dozen paces when I espied a match lying on the rough path. It was a round wooden vesta.

Thorndyke examined it with interest, and having deposited it, with the cigarette, in his collecting-box, turned to retrace his steps.

"There is now, Jervis," said he, "no reasonable doubt that Brodski was murdered in that



"'THERE'S A LIGHT IN THE HOUSE,' SAID THE INSPECTOR, 'BUT THERE'S NO ONE AT HOME'"

house. We have succeeded in connecting that house with the crime, and now we have got to force an entrance and join up the other clues."

We walked quickly back to the rear of the premises, where we found the inspector conversing disconsolately with the station-master.

"I think, sir," said the former, "we had better go back; in fact, I don't see what we came here for, but— Here! I say, sir, you mustn't do that!" For Thorndyke, without a word of warning, had sprung up lightly and thrown one of his long legs over the wall.

"I can't allow you to enter private premises, sir," continued the inspector. But Thorndyke quietly dropped down on the inside, and turned to face the officer over the wall.

"Now, listen to me, Inspector," said he. "I have good reasons for believing that the dead man, Brodski, has been in this house; in fact, I am prepared to swear an information to that effect. But time is precious; we must follow the scent while it is hot. And I am not proposing to break into the house offhand. I merely wish to examine the dust-bin."

"The dust-bin!" gasped the inspector. "Well, you really are a most extraordinary gentleman! What do you expect to find in the dust-bin?"

"I am looking for a broken tumbler or a wine-glass. It is a thin glass vessel decorated with a pattern of small eight-pointed stars. It may be inside the house, or it may be outside. If it is outside it is probably in the dust-bin."

"We can soon see what is in the dust-bin," said the inspector, "though what in creation a broken tumbler has to do with the case is more than I can understand. However, here goes."

He sprang upon the wall, and, as he dropped down into the garden, the station-master and I followed. But we were hardly half way up the path when we heard the voice of the inspector calling excitedly.

"Here you are, sir, this way," he sang out; and, as we hurried forward, we suddenly came on him standing over a small rubbish-heap and looking the picture of astonishment. The glare of the lanterns showed us the scattered fragments of a thin glass star-pattern tumbler.

"I can't imagine how you guessed it was here, sir," said the inspector, with a new-born respect in his tone, "nor what you're going to do with it, now you have found it."

"It is merely another link in the chain of evidence," said Thorndyke. "I must explain the connection later. Meanwhile we had better have a look inside the house. I expect to find there a cigarette which has been trodden on, some whole-meal biscuits, possibly a wooden vesta, and perhaps even the missing hat."

At the mention of the hat the inspector stepped eagerly to the back door, but, finding it bolted, he tried the window. This also was securely fastened, and, on Thorndyke's advice, we went round to the front door.

"This door is locked too," said the inspector. "I'm afraid we shall have to break in. It's a nuisance, though."

"Have a look at the window," suggested Thorndyke.

The officer did so, struggling vainly to undo the patent catch with his pocket-knife.

"It's no go," he said, coming back to the door. "We shall have to—" He broke off with an astonished stare, for the door stood open, and Thorndyke was putting something in his pocket.

"Your friend doesn't waste much time—even in picking a lock," he remarked to me, as we followed Thorndyke into the house; but his reflections were soon merged in a new surprise. Thorndyke had preceded us into a small sitting-room dimly lighted by a hanging lamp turned down low. As we entered he turned up the light and glanced about the room. A whisky bottle was on the table, with a siphon, a tumbler, and a biscuit-box. Pointing to the latter, Thorndyke said to the inspector: "See what is in that box."

The inspector raised the lid and peeped in, the station-master peered over his shoulder, and then both stared at Thorndyke.

"How in the name of goodness did you know that there were whole-meal biscuits in the house, sir?" exclaimed the station-master.

"You'd be disappointed if I told you," replied Thorndyke. "But look at this." He pointed to the hearth, where lay a flattened, half-smoked cigarette and a round wooden vesta. The inspector and the station-master gazed at these objects in silent wonder.

"You have the dead man's property with you, I believe?" said Thorndyke. "Let us have a look at his tobacco-pouch."

As the officer produced and opened the pouch, Thorndyke picked up the flattened cigarette and neatly cut it open with his sharp pocket-knife. "Now," said he, "what kind of tobacco is in the pouch?"

The inspector took out a pinch, looked at it, and smelt it distastefully. "It's one of those stinking tobaccos," he said, "that they put in mixtures—Latakia, I think."

"And what is this?" asked Thorndyke, pointing to the open cigarette.

"Same stuff, undoubtedly," replied the inspector.

"And now let us see his cigarette-papers," said Thorndyke.

The little book was produced from the officer's pocket, and a sample paper abstracted. Thorndyke laid the half-burnt paper beside it, and the inspector, having examined the two, held them up to the light. "There isn't much chance of mistaking that 'Zigzag' water-mark," he said. "This cigarette was made by the deceased; there can't be the shadow of a doubt."

"One more point," said Thorndyke, laying the burnt wooden vesta on the table. "You have his match-box?"

The inspector brought forth the little silver casket, opened it, and compared the wooden

"SHE STOOD FOR A MOMENT IN MUTE ASTONISHMENT" vestas that it contained with the burnt end. Then he shut the door with a snap.

"You've proved it up to the hilt," said he. "If we could only find the hat we should have a complete case."

"As to the hat," said Thorndyke, "although its discovery in this room would add a certain ornamental finish to the investigation, it would hardly help us. There is no doubt that Brodski was murdered, and that he was murdered in this room. Then, the state of the body and the circumstances in which it was found enable us to fix the time of the murder within narrow limits — limits that a few inquiries will further narrow. You have only to find out who was in this house at that time in order to give the murderer a name; and, remember, it is in the highest degree probable that he will either have stolen diamonds about his person or have recently disposed of them.

"There is one little point that we may as well settle," he added. "Give me a slide with a drop of Farrant on it, Jervis."

I prepared the slide, while Thorndyke, with a pair of forceps, picked out a tiny wisp from the table-cloth.

"I fancy we have seen this fabric before," he remarked, as he laid the little pinch of fluff in the mounting-fluid and slipped the slide on to the stage of the microscope.

"Yes," he continued, looking into the eyepiece; "here are our old acquaintances, the red wool fibers, the blue cotton, and the yellow jute."

"Have you any idea how the deceased met his death?" the inspector asked.

"Yes," replied Thorndyke. "I take it that the murderer enticed him into this room and gave him some refreshment. The murderer sat in the chair in which you are sitting; Brodski sat in that small arm-chair. Then I imagine the murderer attacked him with some blunt and heavy weapon, which you will probably find later, failed to kill him at the first stroke, struggled with him, and finally suffocated him with this table-cloth. By the way, there is just one more point. You recognize this piece of string?" He took from his collecting-box the little end of twine that had been picked up by the line. The inspector nodded. "If you look behind you, you will see where it came from."

The officer turned sharply, and his eye lighted on a string-box on the mantelpiece. He lifted it down, and Thorndyke drew out from it a length of white twine with one green strand, which he compared with the piece in his hand. "The green strand in it makes the identification fairly certain," he said. "Of course, the string was used to secure the umbrella and hand-bag. He could not have carried them in his hand, encumbered as he was with the corpse."

At this moment our conclave was interrupted by hurried footsteps on the garden path, and, as we turned with one accord, an elderly woman burst into the room.

She stood for a moment in mute astonishment, and then, looking from one to another, demanded: "Who are you? and what are you doing here?"

The inspector rose. "I am a police officer, madam," said he. "If you will excuse me asking, who are you?"

"I am Mr. Hickler's housekeeper," she replied.

"And Mr. Hickler — are you expecting him home shortly?"

"No, I am not," was the curt reply. "Mr. Hickler is away from home just now. He left this evening by the boat train."

"For Amsterdam?" asked Thorndyke.

"I believe so," the housekeeper answered.

"I thought he might, perhaps, be a diamond broker or merchant," said Thorndyke. "A good many of them travel by that train."

"So he is," said the woman; "at least, he has something to do with diamonds."

"Ah! Well, we must be going, Jervis," said Thorndyke; "we have finished here, and we have to find a hotel or inn. Can I have a word with you, Inspector?"

The officer, now entirely humble and reverent, followed us out into the garden to receive Thorndyke's parting advice.

"You had better take possession of the house at once and get rid of the housekeeper. Nothing must be removed. The station-master or I will let them know at the police-station, so that they can send an officer to relieve you."

With a friendly "good night," we went on our way; and here our connection with the case came to an end.

Hickler was, it is true, arrested as he stepped ashore from the steamer, and a packet of diamonds, subsequently identified as the property of Oscar Brodski, was found upon his person. But he was never brought to trial; for, on the return voyage, he contrived to elude his guards for an instant as the ship was approaching the English coast, and it was not until three days later, when a handcuffed body was cast up on the lonely shore at Orford Ness, that the authorities knew the fate of Silas Hickler.

As to the mysterious hat, it was picked up at daybreak in an astonishingly battered state on the permanent way, within a hundred yards of the spot on which the body was found.

Stover at Yale

by Owen Johnson

Author of "The Varmint," "The Tennessee Shad," etc.

Illustrations by Frederic R. Gruger

CHAPTER VII

AFTER a week of grueling practice, the first game of the season came like a holiday. Stover was called out after the first few minutes, replacing Bangs, and remained until the close. He played well, aided by several fortunate opportunities, earning at the last a pat on the back from Dana, which sent him home rejoicing. The showing of the team was disappointing even for that early period. The material was plainly lacking in the line, and at fullback the kicking was lamentably weak. The coaches went off with serious faces; throughout the college assembled on the stands was a spreading premonition of disaster.

Saturday night was privileged, with the long, grateful Sunday morning sleep ahead.

"Dink ahoy!" shouted McNab's cheerful voice over the banister, as he entered the house.

"Hello, there!"

"How's the boy wonder, the only man-eating Dink in captivity?"

"Tired as the deuce."

"Fine. First rate," said McNab, skipping down. "Forget the past, think only of the bright furniture. We've got a block of tickets for Poli's Daring-Dazzling-Delightful Vaudeville to-night. You're elected. We'll end up with a game at Reynolds'. Seen the *Evening Register?*"

"No."

"My boy, you are famous," said McNab, brandishing a paper. "I'm lovelier, but you get the space. Never mind, I'll be arrested soon — anything to get in the papers!"

While McNab's busy tongue ran on, Stover was gazing at the account of the game, where, among the secondary headlines, there stared out at him the caption:

STOVER, A FRESHMAN, PLAYS SENSATIONAL GAME

The thing was incredible. He stood stupidly.

"How do you feel?" said McNab, taking his pulse professionally.

There was no answer Stover could give to that first throbbing sensation at seeing his name — his own name — in print. It left him confused, almost a little frightened.

"Why, Dink, you're modest," said the irrepressible McNab; and, throwing open the door, he shouted at the top of his voice: "I say, fellows, come down and see Dink blush."

A magnificent scrimmage, popularly known as a "rough house," ensued, in which McNab was properly chastised, though not a whit subdued.

McCarthy arrived late, with the freshman eleven back from a close contest with a school team. They took a hurried supper, and went down a dozen strong in jovial marching order.

The sensations of the theater were still new to Stover, nor had his fortunate eye seen under the make-up or his imagination gone below the laughter. To parade down the aisle, straight as a barber's pole, chin carefully balanced on the sharp edge of his collar, on the night of his first day as end on the Yale varsity, delightfully conscious of his own startling importance, feeling as if he overtopped every one in the most public fashion, to be absolutely blushingly conscious that every one in the theater must, too, be grasping a copy of that night's *Evening Register*, that every glance had started at his arrival and was following in set admiration, was a memory he was never to forget. His shoulders thrown up a little, just a little in accentuation, as behooved an end with a reputation for tackling, he found his seat and, dropping down quickly to escape observation, buried himself in his program to appear modestly before the burning concentration of attention which he was quite sure must now be focussed on him.

"Dobbs and Benzigger, the fellows who smash the dishes — by George, that's great!"

cried McNab, joyfully running over the program. "They're wonders — a perfect scream!"

"Any good dancing?" said Hungerford, and a dozen answers came:

"You bet there is."

"Fanny Lamonte — a dream, Jo!"

"Daintiest thing you ever saw."

"Sweetest little ankles!"

"Who's this coming — the Six Templeton Sisters?"

"Don't know."

"Well, here they come."

"They've got to be pretty fine for me!"

Enthroned as lords of the drama, they pronounced their infallible judgments. Every joke was new, every vaudeville turn an occasion for a gale of applause. The appearance of the "Six Templetons" was the occasion of a violent discussion between the adherents of the blondes and the admirers of the brunettes, led by the impressionable McNab.

"I'm all for the peach in the middle!"

"Ah, rats! She's got piano legs. Look at the fighting brunette at this end."

"Why, she's got a squint."

"Squint nothing; she's winking at me."

"Yes, she is."

"Watch me get her eye!"

Stover, of course, preserved an attitude of necessary dignity, gently tolerant of the inexperienced sentimentalities of the younger members of the flock. Moreover, he was supremely aware that the sparkling eyes under the black curls (were they real?) were not looking at McNab, but intensely directed at his own person — all of which, as she could not have read the *Register*, was a tribute to his own personal and not public charms.

The lights, the stir of the audience, the boxes filled with the upper classmen, the gorgeous costumes, the sleepy pianist pounding out the accompaniments while accomplishing the marvelous feat of reading a newspaper, were all things to him of fascination. But his eye went not to the roguish professional glances, but lost itself somewhere above amid the ragged drops and borders. He was transported into the wonders of Dink-land, where one figure ran a hundred adventures, where a hundred cheers rose to volley forth one name, where a dozen games were passed in a second, triumphant, dazzling, filled with spectacular conflicts, blurred with frantic crowds of blue, ending always in surging black-hatted rushes that tossed him victoriously toward the stars!

"Let's cut out," said McNab's distinct voice. "There's nothing but xylophones and coons left."

"Come on over to Reynolds'."

"Start up the game."

Reluctantly, fallen to earth again, Stover rose and followed them out. In a moment they had passed through the fragrant casks and bottles that thronged the passage, saluting the statesmanly bulk of Hugh Reynolds, and found themselves in a back room, already floating in smoke, through which the white, accusing lights of bracketed lamps picked out the gray features of a dozen men vociferously rolling forth a drinking chorus, while the magic arms of Buck Waters, his falcon's nose and little muzzle eyes, dominated the whole. A shout acclaimed them:

"Yea, fellows!"

"Shove in here!"

"Get into the game."

"Bartender, a little more of that brutalizing beer!"

"Cheese and pretzels!"

"Hello, Tough McCarthy!"

"Over here, Dopey McNab."

"Get into the orchestra."

"Good boy, Stover!"

"Congratulations."

"Oh, Dink Stover, have we your eye?"

The last call, caught up by every voice, went swelling in volume, accompanied by a general uplifting of mugs and glances. It was the traditional call to a health.

"I'd like to oblige," said Dink, a little embarrassed, "but I'm in training."

"That's all right — hand him a soft one."

For the first time he perceived that there was a perfect freedom in the choice of beverage. He bowed, drained his glass, and sat down.

Each new arrival in turn, called to his feet, rose and drained his glass to a hilarious accompaniment, while Stover, to his surprise, noted that fully a third of the crowd were ordering soft drinks.

"Oh, Dink Stover, here's to *you*."

From across the table Tommy Bain, lifting his glass of ginger ale, smiled a gracious smile.

"Same to you, Tommy Bain."

The fellow who had addressed him was a leader among the Hotchkiss crowd, out for coxswain, already spoken of for one of the class managerships. He was a diminutive type, immaculately neat, black hair exactly parted and unflurried, well jacketed, turn-down collar embellished with a red-and-yellow four-in-hand, a rather large, bulbous nose, and thin eyes that were never quiet — shrewd, direct, inquisitive, always estimating. He was smiling again, raising his glass to some one else down the table, and the smile that passed easily over his lips had the quality of seeming to come from the heart.

McNab and Buck Waters, natural leaders of the revels, arms locked, were giving a muscular exhibition of joint conducting, while the room in chorus sang:

"Should fortune prove unkind,
Should fortune prove unfair,
A cure I have in mind
To drive away all care."

"By George!" said Hungerford, at his side, laughing, "it's good to be in the game at last, isn't it, Dink?"

"It certainly is."

"We've got a great crowd; it's going to be a great class."

"Who's Bain?" said Dink, under his breath.

"Bain — oh, he's a clever chap, probably be a class deacon. That's another good thing about this place: we can all get together and drink what we want."

"Chorus!" cried McNab and Waters, with a twin flourish of their arms.

"Chorus!" shouted Hungerford and Bain, raising their glasses in accompaniment.

"For to-night we will be merry
As the rosy wine we drink —
The rosy wine we drink!"

Hunter and Bain were opposite each other, surrounded as it were by adherents, each already aware of the other, measuring glances, serious, unrelaxing, never unbending, never departing a moment from the careful attitude of critical aloofness. In the midst of the rising hilarity and the rebellious joy of newly gained liberty, the two rival leaders sat singing, but not of the song, the same placid, maliciously superior smile floating over the perfectly controlled lips of Bain, while over the anointed gaze of Hunter was a ponderous seriousness which at that age is ascribed to a predestined Napoleonic melancholy.

"Solo from Buck Waters."

"Solo!"

"On the chair!"

"Yea, Buck Waters!"

"The cowboy orchestra!"

While Waters, with his great, comical face swimming above the gleeful crowd like a harvest moon rising from the waters, continued endlessly drawling out his nasal imitations, the crowd, for the first time welded together, rocked and shouted out the farcical chorus.

Bain began to cast estimating glances, calculating on the moment to leave. At the other end Waters was fairly smothered under the rush of delighted comrades, patting him on the back, acclaiming his rise to fame. The tables settled down into a sentimental refrain led by Stone's clear tenor.

Dink's glance, traveling down the table, was suddenly attracted by the figure of a young fellow with a certain defiant yet shy individuality in its pose.

"Who's the rather dark chap just beyond Dopey?" he asked Hungerford.

"Don't know; ask Schley."

"Brockhurst — Sidney Brockhurst," said Schley, not lowering his voice, "from Hill School. Trying for the *Lit.* Clever chap, they say, but a little long-haired."

Stover studied him, his curiosity awakened. Brockhurst, of all present, seemed the most solitary and the most self-conscious. He had a long head, high, thin cheeks, and a nervous little habit, when intent or conscious of being watched, of drawing his fingers over his lips. His head was thrown back a little proudly, but the eyes contradicted this attitude, with the acute shyness in them that clouded a certain keen imaginative scrutiny.

At this moment his eyes met Stover's. Dink, yielding to an instinct, raised his glass and smiled. Brockhurst hastily seized his mug in response, spilling a little of it and dropping his glance quickly. Once or twice, as if unpleasantly conscious of the examination, he turned uneasily.

"He looks rather interesting," said Stover thoughtfully.

"Think so?" said Schley. "Looked rather queer to me."

Suddenly a shout went up:

"Come in!"

"Yea, Sheff!"

"Yea, Tom Kelly!"

The narrow doorway was suddenly alive with a boisterous, rollicking crowd of Sheff freshmen, led by Tom Kelly, a short, roly-poly, alert little fellow with a sharp pointing nose and a great half-moon of a mouth.

"Come in, Kelly."

"Crowd in, fellows."

"Oh, Tom, join us."

"I will *not* come in," said Kelly, with a certain painful beery assumption of dignity. He balanced himself a moment, steadied by his neighbors; and then, to the delight of the room, began, with the utmost gravity, one of his inimitable imitations of the lords that sit enthroned in the faculty.

"I come, not to stultify myself in the fumes of liquor, but to do you good. Beer is brutalizing. With your kind permission, I will whistle you a few verses of a noble poem on same subject."

"Whistle, Tom?"

"The word was whistle," said Kelly sternly. Extending his arm for silence, he proceeded, with great intensity and concentrated facial expression, to whistle a sort of improvisation. Then, suddenly ceasing, he continued: "And what does this beautiful, ennobling little thing teach us, written by a great mind, one of the greatest, greatest minds — what does it teach us?"

"Well, what does it teach?" said one or two voices, after Kelly had preserved a statuesque pose beyond the limits of their curiosity.

"Ask me," said Kelly, with dignity.

"Mr. Kelly," said McNab seriously, "what does this little gem of intellectuality, this as it were psycho-therapeutical cirrhosis of a paleontological state,— you get my meaning, of course, — that is, from the point of view of modern introspective excavations, with due regard to whatever the sixth dimension, considered as such, may have of influence, and allowing that a certain amount of error is inherent in Spanish cooking if eggs are boiled in a chafing-dish — admitting all this, I ask you a simple question. Do you understand me?"

"Perfectly," said Kelly, who had followed this serious harangue with strained attention. "And, moreover, I agree with you."

"You agree?" said McNab, feigning surprise

"I do."

"Sir, you are a congenial soul. Shake hands."

But, in the act of sealing this sudden friendship, Kelly brought forth his hand, when it was perceived that he was tightly clutching a pool-ball, and, moreover, that his pockets were bulging like a sort of universal mumps with a dozen inexplicable companions. A shout went up:

"Why, he's swallowed a frame of pool-balls!"

"He certainly has."

"He's swiped them."

"He's wrecked a pool-room."

"How the deuce did he do it?"

"Why, Tom, where did you get 'em?"

"Testimonial — testimonial of affection," replied Kelly, "literally showered on me."

"Tom, you stole them."

"I did not steal them!"

"Tom, you stole them!"

Kelly, who had proceeded to empty his pockets for an exhibition, becoming abruptly offended at the universal shouted accusation, repocketed the pool-balls and departed, despite a storm of protest and entreaties, carrying with him McNab.

A number of the crowd were passing beyond control; others, inflexible, smiling, continued in their attitude of spectators, Brockhurst because he could not forget himself, Hunter and Bain because they would not.

"Time for us to be cutting out," said Hunter, with a glance at his watch. "What about it, Stover?"

Dink was annoyed that he had not made the move himself. McCarthy, Hungerford, and one or two of the freshman candidates arose. Tommy Bain, in the confusion, slipped out unnoticed and joined them. The last swollen burst of the song was shut from them. They went back toward the campus in twos and threes, over the quiet, moist pavement, past the noisy windows of Mory's,— where no freshmen need apply,— to the Common, where suddenly, in the moonlit shadows of a great elm, they found a vociferous group with Tom Kelly and McNab in the midst.

At this moment something fell from the skies within perilous distance.

"What the deuce is that?" said Hungerford, jumping back.

"Why, it's a pool-ball," said Stone, stooping down.

Another fell, just missing Hunter's shoulders.

"It's Kelly," said Bain, "and he's firing at us."

With a rush they joined the group, to find Kelly, determined and enthusiastic, solemnly discharging his ammunition at the great bulbous moon that was set lumberingly above them. They joined the group that surrounded him, expostulating, sober or fuddled:

"Don't be an ass, Tom."

"The cops are coming."

"I say, come on home."

"How many more has he got?"

"Get him home, you fellows."

"Stop him."

Meanwhile, abetted by the admiring, delighted McNab, Tom Kelly, taking the most solicitous aim, was continuing his serious efforts to hit the moon with the pool-balls which he had procured no one knew how.

"I say, McNab," said Stover, drawing him aside, "better get him to stop now. Too many cops around. Use your influence — he'll listen to you."

McNab's sense of responsibility having thus become violently agitated, he wabbled up to the laboring Kelly, and the following historic dialogue took place:

"I say, Tom, old fellow, you know me, don't you? You know I'm a good sort, don't you — one of the finest."

"I know you, Dopey McNab; I'm proud to know you."

"I want to say a word with you seriously."

"What?"

"Seriously."

"Say on."

"Now, seriously, Tom, do you think you can hit it?"

"Don't know; going to try's much as in me. Biff!"

"Hold up," said McNab, staying his hand. "Tom, I'm going to appeal to you as man to man."

"Appeal."

"I'm going to tell you the truth."

"The whole truth?"

"Solemn truth: you can't hit it."

"Why not?"

"Tom, it's too — too far away!"

The two shook hands solemnly and impressively.

"So you think I can't hit it — too far away," said Kelly, with the pool-ball clutched tight. "Too far away, eh?"

"My dear Tom," said McNab, tearfully breaking the news, "it's too far — too far away. You can't hit it, Tom; believe me, man to man — you can't, you *never* can hit it."

"I know I can't, Dopey," said Kelly, in an equally mournful tone; "I know all that. All that you say is true. But, Dopey, suppose I *should* hit it, just think — think — how my name would go reeling and rocking down to fushure generations! Biff!"

They left McNab overcome by the impressiveness of this argument, busily gathering up the pool-balls, resolved that every opportunity should be given Kelly to rank among the immortals.

Stover would like to have stayed. For the moment, almost a rebellion swept over him at the drudgery to which he had condemned himself in his ambition. He saw again the low table, through the smoke, and Buck Waters' jovial pagan face leading the crowd in lazy, care-free abandon. He felt the liberty, the zest of life, the wild spirit of youth for which he yearned and of which he had been defrauded by Le Baron's hand, that hand which had ruthlessly torn away the veil. Something leaped up within him — a longing to break the harness, to jump fences and go heels in the air, cavorting across unfenced meadows. He rebelled against the way that had been marked out for him. He rebelled against the self-imposed discipline, and, most of all, he rebelled against the hundred eyes under whose inspection he must now inevitably walk.

Ahead of them to the left, across by Osborn, came the gay, defiant singing of a group of upper classmen returning to the campus:

"For it's always fair weather
When good fellows stand together,
With a stein on the table
And a good song ringing clear."

The echo came to him with a certain grim mockery. There would be very little of that for him. It was to be four years, not of pleasure and inclination, but of seriousness and restraint, if he continued in his decision. For a moment the pagan in him prevailed, and he doubted. Then they passed across High Street, and at their sides the dead shadow of the society tomb suddenly intruded upon them. Which of the group at the end of the long three years would be of the chosen? Which would lead?

"Well, fellows, we go this way," said Bain's methodical voice. "Drop around at the rooms soon. Good night."

Stover, Hunter, and Bain for the moment found themselves together, each striving for the same social honor, each conscious that, whatever an established system might bring to them, with its enforced comradeship, among them would always be the underlying contending spirit of variant ambitions.

He felt it keenly, almost with a sharp antagonism that drove from him finally the slumbering rebellion he had felt all that night — the tugging at the bridle of consciousness which had been imposed upon him. This was a bigger thing, a thing that wakened in him the great instincts of combat. He would be a leader among leaders. He would succeed as success was reckoned. He gave a little laugh and held out his hand to Hunter.

"Good night, Jim," he said.

"Why — good night," said Hunter, surprised at the laugh and the unnecessary handshake.

But the hand had been offered in challenge, and the laugh marked the final deliberate acceptance of all that Le Baron had logically exposed to him.

"I'll play the game, and I'll play it better than they will," he said, setting his lips. "I've got my eyes open, and I'm not going to throw away a single chance. We'll see who'll lead!"

CHAPTER VIII

THE intensity and seriousness of the football season abetted Stover in his new attitude of Napoleonic seclusion by leaving him little time for the lighter side of college pleasures. Every hour was taken up with the effort of mastering his lessons, which he then regarded, in common with the majority of his class, as a laborious task, a sort of necessary evil, the price to be paid for the privilege of passing four years in pleasant places with congenial companions.

After supper he returned immediately to his rooms, where presently a succession of visiting sophomores, members of the society campaign committees, took up the first hours. These inquisitorial delegations, formal, stiff, and conducted on a basis of superior investigation, embarrassed him at first. But this feeling soon wore off with the consciousness that he was a subject of dispute, and, secure in the opportunity that would come to him with the opening of the winter term, period of elections, his interest was directed only in the probable selection among his classmates.

In the second week, having satisfactorily arranged his affairs,— by what slender margin no one ever knew,— Regan reported for practice. He had played a little football in the middle West, and, though his knowledge was crude, he learned slowly, and what he learned, as in all things, he never lost. His great strength, and a certain immovable quality which was moral as well as physical, very shortly won him the place of right guard, where with each week he strengthened his hold.

By the middle of October the situation at Yale field had become critical. The earlier games had demonstrated what had been foreseen — the weakness and inexperience of the raw material in hand. Serious errors in policy were committed by Captain Dana, who, in the effort to find some combination which would bolster up the weak backfield, began a constant shifting of the positions in order to experiment with heavier men behind the line. A succession of minor injuries arrived to further the disorganization. The nervousness of the captain communicated itself to the team, harassed and overworked in the effort for accomplishment. That there was serious opposition among the coaches to these new groping policies every man saw plainly; yet, to Stover's amazement, the knowledge remained within the team, impregnated with the spirit of loyalty and discipline.

After three weeks of brilliancy at his natural position of end, buoyed up by the zest of confidence and success, he was abruptly called to one side.

"Stover, you've played behind the line, haven't you?" said Dana.

"A couple of games at school, sir," he answered hastily, "just as a makeshift."

"I'm going to try you at fullback."

"At fullback?"

"Get into it and see if you can make good."

"Yes, sir."

He went without spirit, sure of the impossibility of the thing, feeling only the humiliation and failure that all at once flung itself like a storm-cloud across his ambition. A coach took charge of him, running over with him the elementary principles of blocking and plunging. When he lined up, it was with half of the coaching force at his back.

"Come on, Stover; get into it."

"Wake up!"

"Get your head down."

"Keep a-going."

"Ram into it."

"Knock that man over!"

"Knock him *over!*"

He went into the line blindly, frantically, feeling for the first time that last exhausting, lunging expenditure of strength that is called forth with the effort to fall forward when tackled. Nothing he did satisfied. It was a constant storm of criticism, behind his back, in his ears, shrieked to his face:

"Keep your feet — oh, keep your feet!"

"Smash open that line."

"Rip open that line."

"Hit it — hit it!"

"Hard — harder!"

"Go on — don't stop."

A dozen times he flung his meager weight against the ponderous bodies of the center men, crushed by the impact in front, smothered by the surging support of his own line behind, helpless in the grinding contention, turned and twisted, going down in a heap amid the shock of bodies. Then, for twenty minutes, against the rebellion of his body, he went through a rigorous lesson, improving a little in the length of his punts, and succeeding fairly well in holding the ball, which came spinning end over end to him from the region of the clouds.

"That'll do," said Tompkins, at last.

"That's all?" said Stover stoically, picking up his sweater.

"That's all." Tompkins, watching him for a moment, said suddenly: "Stover, I don't know whether Dana'll keep you at full or not, but I guess you'll have to get ready to fill in. Come over to the gym lot every morning for about half an hour, and we'll see if we can't work up those punts."

"Yes, sir."

"Stover, look here," said Tompkins abruptly, "I'm going to speak straight to you, because I think you'll keep your mouth shut. We're in a desperate condition here, and you know it. There's only one man in charge at Yale, now and always, and that's the captain. That's our system, and we stand or fall by it; and in order that we can follow him four times out of five to victory, we've got sometimes to shut our eyes and follow him down to defeat. Do you get me?"

"I think I do."

"No matter what happens, no criticism of the captain — no talking outside. You may think he's wrong, you may know he's wrong, but you've got to grin and bear it. That's all. Remember it — a close mouth!"

But it required all Stover's newly learned stoicism to maintain this attitude in the weeks that arrived. After a week he was suddenly returned to his old position, and as suddenly redrafted to fullback when another game had displayed the inadequacy of the regular. From a position where he was familiar with all the craft of the game, Stover suddenly found himself a novice whom a handful of coaches sought desperately to develop by dint of hammering and driving. His name no longer figured in the newspaper accounts as the find of the season, but as Stover the weak spot on the eleven. It was a rude discipline, and more than once he was on the point of crying out at what seemed to him the useless sacrifice. But he held his tongue as he saw others, seniors, put to the same test and giving obedience without a word of criticism for the captain, who, every one realized, face to face with a hopeless outcome, was gradually going to pieces.

CHAPTER IX

THE last week of the football season broke over them before Stover could realize that the final test was almost at hand. The full weight of the responsibility that was on him oppressed him day and night. He forgot what he had been at end; he remembered only his present inadequacy.

In the last week a great change took place in the sentiment of the university — the hoping against hope that often arrives with the intensity of combat. At this time Harvard and Yale were still reluctantly estranged, due to a purely hypothetical question as to which side had begun a certain historic slaughter, and the big game of the season was with Princeton, which, under the leadership of Garry Cockerell, Dink's first captain at Lawrenceville, had established a record of unusual power and brilliancy.

Up to Monday of the last week, the opinion around the campus was unanimous that the day of defeat had arrived; but, with the opening of the week and the flocking in of the old players, a new spirit was noticeable, and (among the freshmen) a tentative loosening of the purse-strings on news of extra-insulting challenges from the South.

Thursday and Friday the practice was lightened for all except the backs. For an hour Stover was kept at his punting, while the scrubs, reinforced by every available veteran, swarmed through the line, seeking to block his kicks. To one side, a little knot of coaches watched with critical anxiety the result, following the length of the punts in grim silence.

"That'll do," said Dana, after a moment's hesitation.

"All over?" said Dink, dazed.

"All over!"

The scrubs, with a yell, broke up cheering the varsity and being cheered in turn. Stover, with a sinking, realized that the weeks of preparation had gone, and that as he was he must come up to the test — the final test before the thousands that would blacken the arena on the morrow.

That night, after supper,— a meal full of nervous laughter and assumed spirits,— two or three of the older coaches came in, and their spirit of hopefulness somehow communicated itself to the team. Other Yale elevens had risen at the last moment and snatched a victory— why not theirs? It lay with them, and during the week they certainly had forged ahead. Dink felt the infection and became almost convinced. Then Tompkins, moving around as the spirit of confidence, signaled him.

"Come out here; I want a little pow-wow with you."

They left the others and went out on the dim lawns with the lighted club-house at their backs, and Tompkins, drawing his arm through Stover's, began to speak:

"Dink, we're in for a licking."

"Oh, I say!" said Stover, overwhelmed. "But we have come on; we've come fast."

"Stover, that's a great Princeton team," said Tompkins quietly, "and we're a weak Yale one. We're going to get well licked. It's going to depend a whole lot on you — how you hold up your end — how badly we're licked."

"I know I'm the weak spot," said Stover, biting his lips.

"You're a darn good player," said Tompkins, "and you're going to leave a great name for yourself; but this year you've had to be sacrificed. You've been put where you are because you've got nerve and a head. Now, you've got to do the kicking in the second half as well as in the first. You've got to keep your strength and not break it against a wall. You won't be called on for much rushing in the first half; you'll get a chance later. The line may go to pieces, the secondary defense may go to pieces; but, boy, if *you* go to pieces, we'll be beaten thirty to nothing."

"As bad as that!"

"Every bit."

"That's awful — a Yale team." He drew a long breath and then said: "What do you want me to do?"

"I want you to get off every punt without having it blocked; and that's a good deal, with what you're up against."

"Yes, sir."

"And hold on to every punt that comes to you — no fumbling."

"No fumbling — yes, sir."

"And kick as you've never kicked before — every kick better as you go on. Put your whole soul into it."

"I will."

"You won't miss a tackle — I know that; but you'll have some pretty rum ones to make, and when you tackle, make them remember it."

"Yes, sir."

"But, Stover, above all, hold steadfast. Keep cool and remember the game's a long one. Boy, you don't know what it'll mean for some of us old fellows to see Yale go down, but out of it all we want to remember something that'll make us proud of you." He stopped, controlled the emotion that was in his voice, and said a little anxiously: "I tell you this because a first game is a terrible thing, and I didn't want you to be caught in a panic when you found what you were up against. And I tell you, Stover, because you're the sort of fighting stuff that'll fight harder when you know all there is to it is the fighting. Am I right?"

"I hope so, sir."

"And now, do a more difficult thing. Get right hold of yourself. Put everything out of your mind; go to bed and sleep."

This last injunction, though he tried his best to obey it, was beyond Stover's power. He passed the night in fitful flashes of sleep. At times he awoke, full of a fever of eagerness from a dream of success. Then he would lie staring, it seemed for hours, at the thin path across the ceiling made by a street lamp, feeling all at once a weakness in the pit of his stomach, a physical horror of what the day would bring forth. The words of the coach framed themselves in a sort of rhythmic chant which went endlessly knocking through his brain:

"Catch every punt — get off every kick — make every tackle."

In the morning it was the same refrain, which never left him. He rose tired, with a limpness in every muscle, his head heavy as if bound across with biting bonds. He stood stupidly holding his wash-pitcher, looking out of the window, saying:

"Good heavens! it's only a few hours off now."

Then he began feebly to wash, repeating:

"Get off every kick — every kick."

CHAPTER X

ALMOST before he knew it Stover was in the car and the wheels were moving at last irresistibly toward the field. There was no longer any pretense in those last awful moments that had in them all the concentrated hopes and fears of the weeks that had rushed away. The faces of his own team-mates were only gray faces without identity. He saw some one's lips moving incessantly, but he did not remember whose they were. Opposite him, another man was bending over, his head hidden in his hands. Some one else at his side was nervously locking and unlocking his fingers, breathing short, hard breaths. He remembered only the stillness of it all, the forgetfulness of others, the set stares, and Charlie de Soto fidgeting on the seat and nervously humming something irrelevant.

Filled, too, with this exaggerated passion of combat, Stover leaned back limply. Outside, the street was choked with hilarious parties packed in rushing carriages, blue or orange and black. Horns and rattles sounded like tiny sounds in his ears, and his eyes saw only grotesque blurred shapes that swept across them.

"I'll get 'em off — they won't block any on me — they mustn't," he said to himself, closing his eyes.

Then, on top of the draining weakness that had him in its grip, came a sudden feeling of nausea, and he knew suddenly what the man opposite him with his head in his hands was fighting. He put his arms over the ledge of the door, and rested his head on them, too weak to care that every one saw him, gulping in the stinging air in desperation.

All at once there came a grinding jerk and the car stopped. From the inside came Tompkins' angry, rasping voice:

"Every one up! Get out there! Quick! On the jump!"

Instinctively obedient, the vertigo left him, his mind cleared. He was out in the midst of the bobbing mass of blue sweaters moving as in a nightmare through the black spectators, seeing ahead the mammoth stands, hearing the dull, engulfing roars as one hears at night the approaching surf.

Then they were struggling through the human barriers, and he saw something green at the bottom of a stormy pit, and a great growing roar of welcome smote him as of a descending gale, the hysterical cry of the American multitude, a roar acclaiming Yale.

"All ready!" said Dana's unrecognizable voice somewhere ahead. "On the trot, now."

Instantly he was sweeping on to the field and up along the frantic stands of suddenly released blue. All indecision, all weakness, went with the first hoarse cry from his own. Something hot and alive seemed to flow back into his veins, and with every stride the spongy turf underneath seemed to send its strength and vitality into his legs.

From the other end of the field, through the somber crowd, an orange-and-black group was trickling, flowing into a band and sweeping out on the field, while the Princeton stands were surging to their feet, adding the mounting fury of their welcome to the deafening uproar that suddenly bound the arena in the gripping hollow of a whirlwind.

"Line up, you blue devils," came Charlie De Soto's raucous cry. "On your toes. Get your teeth into it. Hard, now. Ha-a-ard!"

He was in action immediately, thinking only of the signals, sweeping down the field, now to the right, now to the left, stumbling in his eagerness.

"Enough," said the captain's voice, at last. "Get under your sweaters, fellows. Brown and Stover, start up some punts."

Dana and Dudley went back to practise catching. Brown, the center, pigskin under hand, set himself for the pass, while Stover, blowing on his hands, measured his distance. Opposite, Bannerman, the Princeton fullback, was setting himself for a similar attempt. In the stands was a sudden craning hush as the great audience waited to see with its own eyes the disparity between the rival fullbacks.

Stover, standing out, felt it all instinctively, with a little nervous tremor — the quick stir in the stands, the muttered comments, the tense turning of even the cheer leaders.

Then the ball came shooting back to him. He caught it, turned it in his hands, and drove forward his leg with all his might. At the same moment, as if maliciously calculated, the great booming punt of Bannerman brought the Princeton stands, rollicking and gleeful, to their feet in a burst of triumph.

In his own stands there was no answering shout. Stover felt on his cheeks, under his eyes, two hot spots of anger. What did they know, who condemned him, of the sacrifice he had made, of the far more difficult thing he was doing? He remembered Tompkins' advice; he could not compete with Bannerman in the air. Deliberately he sent his next punt low, swift, striking the ground about thirty yards away and rolling treacherously another fifteen before Dudley, who had swerved out, could stop it. This time from the mass almost a groan went up.

A sudden cold contempt for them, for everything, seized possession of Stover. He hated them all. He stooped, plucked a blade of grass, and stuck it defiantly between his teeth.

"Shoot that back a little lower, Brown," he said with a sudden quick authority, and again and again he sent off his fast, low-rolling punts.

"That's the stuff, Dink," said Tompkins, with a pat on the shoulder; "but you've got to get 'em off on the instant — remember that. Here, throw this sweater over you."

"All right."

He did not sit down, but walked back and forth with short steps, waiting for the interminable conference of the captains to be over. And again that same sinking, hollow feeling came over him in the suspense before the question that would be answered in the first shock of bodies.

The feeling he felt ran through the thousands gathered only to a spectacle. The cheers grew faint, lacking vitality, and the stir of feet was a nerve-racked stir. Dink gazed up at the high benches, trying to forget the interval of seconds that must be endured. It did not seem possible that he was to go out before them all. It seemed rather in a far-off consciousness he was the same loyal little shaver who had squirmed so often on the top line of the benches, clinging to his knees, biting his lips, and looking weakly on the ground.

"All ready — get out, boys!"

Dana came running back. Yale had won the toss and had chosen to kick off. Some one pulled his sweater from him, struck him a stinging slap between the shoulders, and propelled him on the field.

"Yale this way."

They formed in a circle, heads down, arms locked over one another's shoulders, disputing the same air; and Dana, the captain, who believed in a victory, spoke:

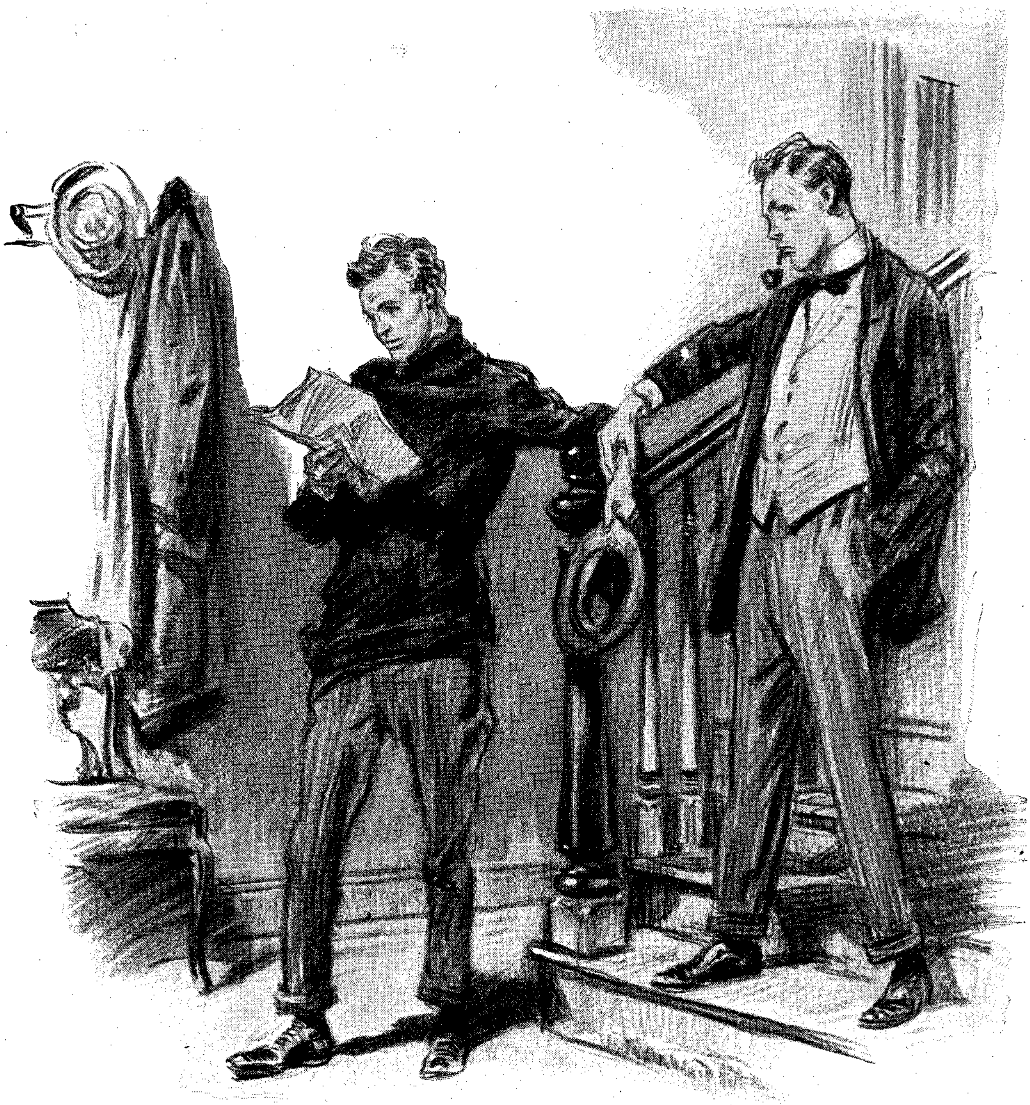
"Now, fellows, one word. It's up to us. Do you understand what that means? It's up to us to win, the way Yale has won in the past — and win we're going to, no matter how long it takes or what's against us. Now, get mad, every one of you. Run 'em right off their feet. That's all."

The shoulders under Stover's left him. He went hazily to the place, a little behind the rest, where he knew he should go, waiting while Brown poised the football, waiting while the orange-and-black jerseys indistinctly scattered before him to their formation, waiting for the whistle for which he had waited all his life to release him. And for a third time his legs seemed to crumble, and the whole blurred scheme of stands and field to reel away from him, and his heart to be lying before him on the ground where he could lean over and pick it up.

Then like a pistol shot the whistle went throbbing through his brain. He sprang forward as if out of the shell of himself, keen, alert, filled with a savage longing. Down the field a Princeton halfback had caught the ball and was squirming back. Then a sudden upheaval, and a mass was spread on the ground.

"About fifteen on that," he said to himself. "They'll kick right off."

Dana came running back to support him.



"'HOW DO YOU FEEL?' SAID McNAB, TAKING HIS PULSE PROFESSIONALLY"

Out of the sky like a monstrous bird something round, yellow, and squirming came floating toward him. He was forced to run back, misjudged it a little, reached out, half fumbled it, and recovered it with a plunging dive just as Cockerell landed upon him.

"Get you next time, Dink," said the voice of his old school captain in his ear.

Stover, struggling to his feet, looked him coolly in the eye.

"No, you won't, Garry, and you know it. The next time I'm going back ten yards."

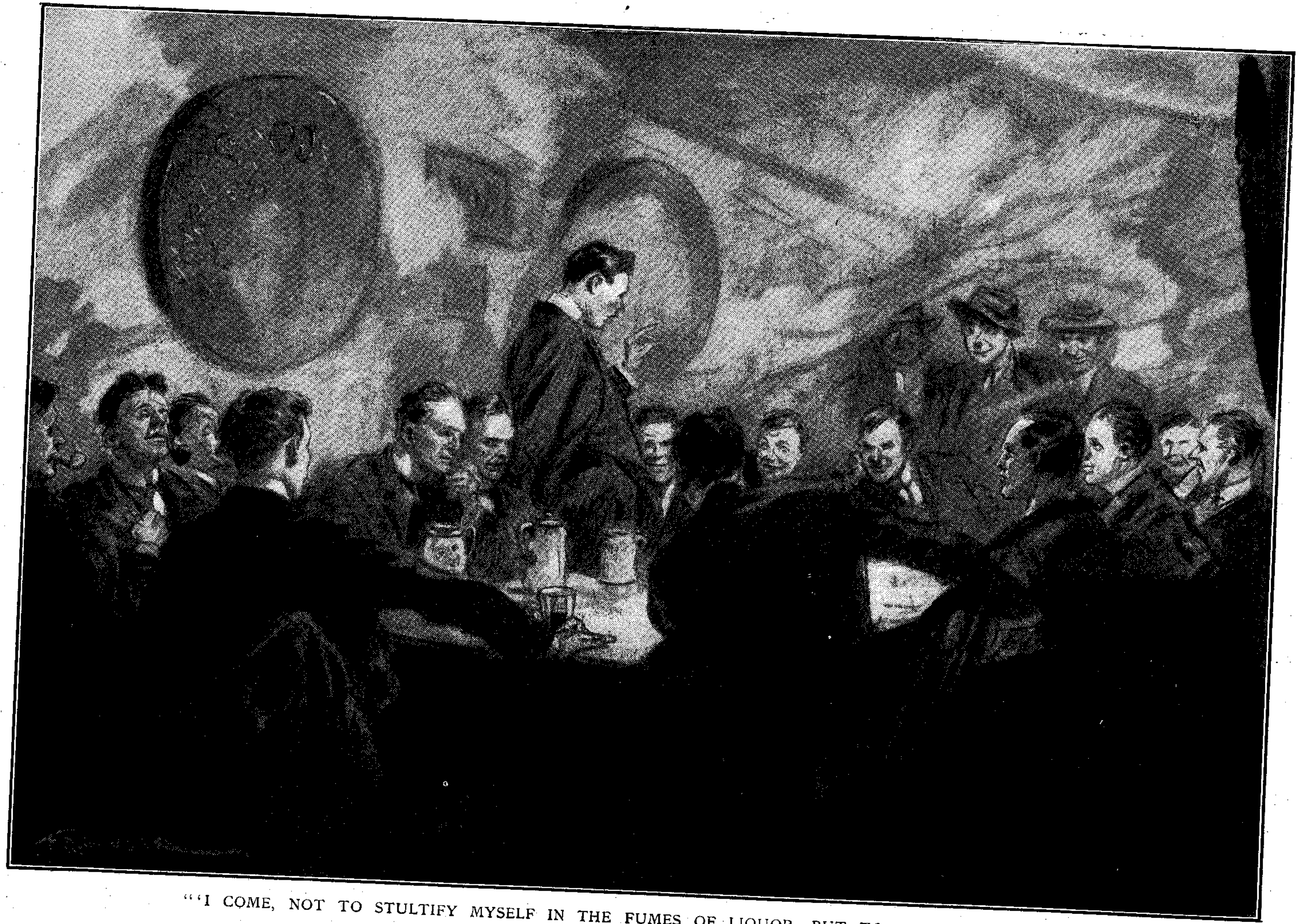
"Well, boy, we'll see."

They shook hands with a grim smile, while the field straggled up. He was lined up, flanked by Dana and Dudley, bending over, waiting for the signal. Three times De Soto, trying out the Princeton line, sent Dana plunging against the right tackle, barely gaining the distance. A fourth attempt being stopped for a loss, Stover dropped back for a kick on the second down.

The ball came a little low, and with it the whole line seemed torn asunder and the field filled with the rush of converging bodies. To have kicked would have been fatal. He dropped quickly on the ball, covering it, under the shock of his opponents.

Again he was back, waiting for the trial that was coming. He forgot that he was a freshman — forgot everything but his own utter responsibility.

"You center men, hold that line!" he cried. "You give me a chance! Give me time!"



"'I COME, NOT TO STULTIFY MYSELF IN THE FUMES OF LIQUOR, BUT TO DO YOU GOOD'"

Then the ball was in his hands, and, still a little hurried, he sent it too high over the frantic leaping rush, hurled to the ground the instant after.

The exchange had netted Princeton twenty yards. A second time Bannerman lifted his punt, high, long, twisting and turning over itself in tricky spirals. It was a perfect kick, giving the ends exact time to cover it.

Stover, with arms outstretched, straining upward, cool as a Yankee, knew, from the rushing bodies he did not dare to notice, what was coming. The ball landed in his convulsive arms, and almost exactly with it Garry Cockerell's body shot into him and tumbled him clear off the ground, crashing down; but the ball was locked in his arms in one of those catches of which the marvel of the game is, not that they are not made oftener, but that they are made at all.

"Come on now, Yale," shouted Charlie De Soto's inflaming voice. "We've got to rip this line. Signal!"

Two masses on center, two futile straining, crushing attempts, and again he was called on to kick. The tackles he had received had steadied him, driving from his too imaginative mind all consideration but the direct present need.

He began to enjoy with a fierce delight this kicking in the very teeth of the frantic Princeton rushes, as he had stood on the beach waiting for great breakers to form above his head before diving through.

On the fourth exchange of kicks he stood on his own goal-line. The test had come at last. Dana, furious at being driven back without a Princeton rush, came to him wildly.

"Dink, you've got to make it good!"

"Take that long-legged Princeton tackle when he comes through," he said quietly. "Don't worry about me."

Luckily, they were over to the left side of the field. He chose his opening, and, kicking low, as Tompkins had coached him, had the joy of seeing the ball go flying over the ground and out of bounds at the forty-yard line.

The Princeton team, springing into position, at last opened its attack.

"Now we'll see," said Stover, chafing in the backfield.

Using apparently but one formation, a circular mass, which, when directly checked, began to revolve out toward end, always pushing ahead, always concealing the runner, the Princeton attack surely, deliberately, and confidently rolled down the field like a juggernaut.

From the forty-yard line to the thirty it came in two rushes, from the thirty to the twenty in three; and then suddenly some one was tricked, drawn in from the vital attack, and the runner, guarded by one interferer, swept past the unprotected end and set out for a touchdown.

Stover went forward to meet them like a shot, frantic to save the precious yards. How he did it he never quite knew, but somehow he managed to fling himself just in front of the interferer and go down with a death grip on one leg of the runner.

A cold sponge was being spattered over him, he was on his back fighting hard for his breath, when he again realized where he was. He tried to rise, remembering all at once.

"Did I stop him?"

"You bet you did."

Regan and Dudley had their arms about him, lifting him and walking him up and down.

"Get your breath back, old boy."

"I'm all right."

"Take your time; that Princeton duck hasn't come to yet!"

He perceived in the opposite group something prone on the ground, and the sight was like a tonic.

The ball lay inside the ten-yard line, within the sacred zone. In a moment, no longer eliminated, but close to the breathing mass, he was at the back of his own men, shrieking and imploring:

"Get the jump, Yale!"

"Throw them back, Yale."

"Fight 'em back."

"You've got to, Yale — you've got to!"

Then, again and again, the same perfected grinding surge of the complete machine: three yards, two yards, two yards, and he was underneath the last mass, desperately blocking off some one who held the vital ball, hoping against hope, blind with the struggle, saying to himself:

"It isn't a touchdown! It can't be! We've stopped them! It's Yale's ball!"

Some one was squirming down through the gradually lightening mass. A great weight went from his back, and suddenly he saw the face of the referee seeking the exact location of the ball.

"What is it?" he asked wildly.

"Touchdown."

Some one dragged him to his feet, and, unnoticing, he leaned against him, gazing at the ball that lay just over the goal-line, seeing with almost a bull-like rage the Princeton substitutes frantically capering up and down the line, hugging one another, agitating their blankets, turning somersaults.

"Line up, Yale," said the captain's unyielding voice; "this is only the beginning. We'll get 'em."

But Stover knew better. The burst of anger past, his head cleared. That Princeton team was going to score again, by the same process, playing on his weakness, exchanging punts, hoping to block one of his until within striking distance, and the size of the score would depend on how long he could stand it off.

"Goal," came the referee's verdict, and with it another roar from somewhere. He went up the field looking straight ahead, hearing, like the sound of a memory, a song of jubilation and the brassy accompaniment of a band.

Again the same story: ten, fifteen yards gained on every exchange of kicks, and a slow retrogression toward their own goal. Time and again they flung themselves against a stronger line, in a vain effort to win back the last yards. Once, in a plunge through center, he found an opening, and went plunging along for ten yards; but at the last the ball was Princeton's on the thirty-five-yard line, and a second irresistible march bore Yale back, fighting and frantic over the line for the second score.

Playing became an instinct with him. He no longer feared the soaring punts that came tumbling to him from the clouds. His arms closed around them like tentacles, and he was off for the meager yards he could gain before he went down with a crash. He no longer felt the shock of the desperate tackles he was called on to make, nor the stifling pressure above him when he flung himself under the serried legs of the mass. He had but one duty — to be true to what he had promised Tompkins: not to fumble, not to miss a tackle, to get each punt off clean.

All at once, as he was setting in position, a body rushed in, seizing the ball.

"Time!"

The first half was over, and the score was: Princeton, 18; Yale, 0.

Then all at once he felt his weariness. He went slowly, grimly with the rest back to the dressing-room. A group of urchins clustering to a tree shrieked at them:

"O you Yaleses!"

He heard that, and that was all he heard. A sort of rebellion was in him. He had done all that he could do, and now they would haul him over the coals, thinking that was what he needed.

"Oh, I know what'll be said," he thought grimly; "we'll be told we can win out in the second, and all that rot."

Then he was in the hands of the rubbers, having his wet, clinging suit stripped from him, being rubbed and massaged. He did not want to look at his comrades, least of all Dana. He only wanted to get back, to have it over with.

"Yale, I want you to listen to me."

He looked up. In the center stood Tompkins, preternaturally grave, trembling a little with nervous, uncontrollable twitches of his body.

"You're up against a great Princeton team — the greatest I remember. You can't win. You never had a chance to win. But, Yale, you're going to do something to make us proud of you. You're going to hold that score where it is! Do you hear me? All you've got left is your nerve and the chance to show that you can die game. That's all you're going to do; but, by heaven, you're going to do that! You're going to die game, Yale! Every mother's son of you! And when the game's over we're going to be prouder of your second half than the whole blooming Princeton bunch over their first. There's your chance. Make us rise up and yell for you. Will you, Yale?"

He passed from man to man, advising, exhorting, or storming, until he came to Stover.

"Dink," he said, putting out his hand and changing his tone suddenly, "I haven't a word to say to you. Play the game as you've been doing — only play it out."

Stover felt a sudden rush of shame; all the fatigue left him as if by magic.

"If Charlie'll only give me a few chances at the center. I know I could gain there," he said eagerly.

"You'll get a chance; you've quite enough to do now."

The second view of the arena was clear to him, even to insignificant details. He thought the cheer leaders, laboring muscularly with their long megaphones, strangely out of place, especially a short, fat little fellow in a voluminous white sweater. He saw a face or two in the crowd he recognized — Bob Story in a group of pretty girls, all superhumanly glum and cast down. Then he had shed his sweater and was out on the field, back under the goal-posts, ready for the bruising second half to begin.

"All ready, Yale!"

"All ready."

Again the whistle and the rush of bodies. Dana caught the ball, and, shifting and dodging, shaking off the first tacklers, carried it back twenty yards. Two short, jamming plunges by Dudley, through Regan, who alone was outplaying his man, yielded first down. Then an attempt at Cockerell's end brought a loss and the inevitable kick. Instead of a return punt, the Princeton eleven prepared to rush the ball.

"Why the deuce do they do that?" he thought, biting his fingers nervously.

Opening up their play, Princeton swept toward Bang's end, forcing it back for four yards, and immediately made first down with a long, sweeping lunge at the other end.

Suddenly Stover, in the backfield, watching like a cat, started forward with a cry. Far off to one side, a Princeton back, unperceived, was bending down, pretending to be fastening one of his shoe-laces.

"Look out — look out to the left!"

His cry came too late. The Princeton quarter made a long toss straight across, twenty yards, to the loitering half, who caught it and started down field clear of the line of scrimmage.

A Princeton forward tried to intercept him, but Stover flung him aside, and, without waiting, went forward at top speed to meet the man who came without flinching to his tackle. It was almost head on, and the shock, which left Stover stunned, instinctively clinging to his man, sent the ball free, where Dana pounced upon it.

"Holy Mike, what a tackle!" said Regan's voice. "Any bones broken?"

"Of course not," he said gruffly.

Some one insisted on sponging his face, much to his disgust.

"How's the other fellow?" he said grimly.

"He's a tough nut; he's up, too!"

"He must be."

The recovery of the ball gave them a short respite, but it served also to enrage the other line, which rose up and absolutely smothered the next plays. Again his kick seemed to graze the outstretched fingers of the Princeton forwards, and he laughed a strange laugh which he remembered long after.

This time the punting duel was resumed until, well within Yale territory, Cockerell looked around and gave the signal for attack.

"Now, Yale, stop it, stop it," Dink said, talking to himself.

But there was no stopping that attack. Powerless, not daring to approach, he saw the blue line bend back again and again, and the steady, machine-like rolling up of the orange and black. Over the twenty-five-yard line it came, and on past the twenty.

"Oh, Yale, will you let 'em score again?" De Soto was shrieking.

"You're on your ten-yard line, Yale."

"Hold them!"

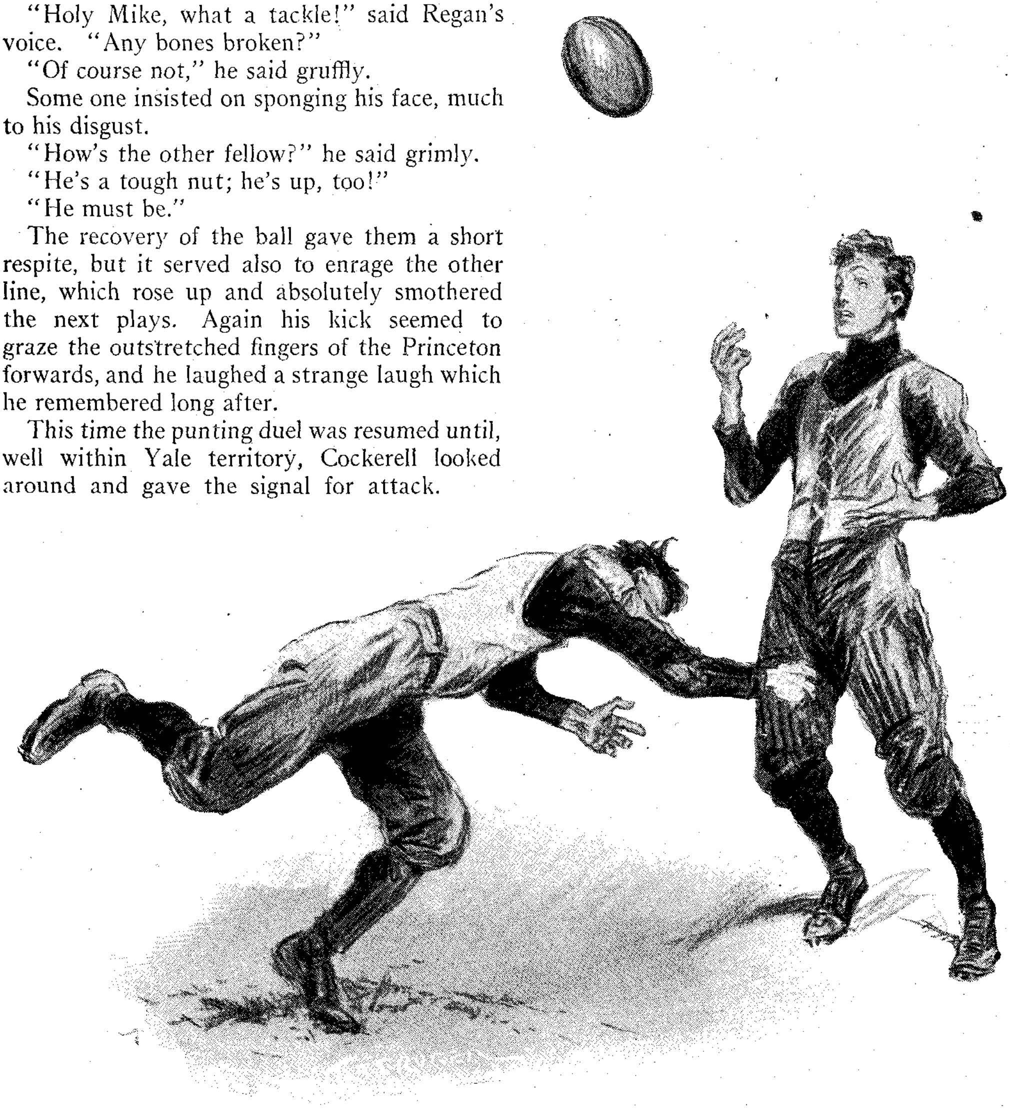
"Hold them!"

Two yards at a time, they were rolled back with a mathematical, unfeeling precision.

"Third down; two yards to go."

"Yale, stop it!"

"Yale!"



"STOVER, STRAINING UPWARD, COOL AS A YANKEE, KNEW WHAT WAS COMING"

And stop it they did, by a bare six inches. Behind the goal-line, Charlie De Soto came up, as he stood measuring his distance for a kick.

"How are you, Dink? Want a bit of a rest — sponge-off?"

"Rest be hanged!" he said fiercely. "Come on with that ball."

Suddenly, instead of kicking low and off to the right, he sent the ball straight down the field with every ounce of strength he could put in it. The punt, the best he had made, catching the back by surprise, went over his head, rolling up the field before he could recover it. A great roar went up from the Yale stands, fired by the spirit of resistance.

Thereafter it had all a grim sameness, except, in a strange way, it seemed that nothing that had gone before counted — that everything they were fighting for was to keep their goal-line inviolate. Nothing new seemed to happen. When he went fiercely into a mêlée, finding his man somehow, or felt the rush of bodies about him as he managed each time to get clear his punt, he had the same feeling:

"Why, I've done this before."

A dozen times they stopped the Princeton advance, sometimes far away and sometimes near, once within the five-yard line. Every moment, now, some one cried wearily:

"What's the time?"

The gray of November twilights, the haze that settles over the struggles of the gridiron like the smoke of a battle-field, began to close in. And then a sudden fumble, a blocked kick, and by a swift turn of luck it was Yale's ball for the first time in Princeton's territory. One or two subs came rushing in eagerly from the side lines. Every one was talking at once:

"What's the time?"

"Five minutes more."

"Get together, Yale!"

"Show 'em how."

"Ram it through them!"

"Here's our chance."

Stover, beside himself, ran up to De Soto and flung his arm about his neck, whispering in his ear:

"Give me a chance — you must give me a chance! Send me through Regan."

He got his signal, and went into the breach with every nerve set, fighting his way behind the great bulk of Regan for a good eight yards. A second time he was called on, and broke the line for another first down.

Regan was transformed. All his calm had gone. He loomed in the line like a Colossus, flinging out his arms, shouting:

"We're rotten, are we? Carry it right down the field, boys!"

Every one caught the infection. De Soto, with his hand to his mouth, was shouting hoarsely, through the bedlam of cheers, his gleeful slogan:

"We don't want to live forever, boys! What do we care? We've got to face Yale after this. Never mind your necks. We've got the doctors! A little more murder, now! Shove that ball down that field, Yale! Send them back on stretchers! Nineteen — eight — six — four — Ha-a-ard!"

Again and again Stover was called on, and again and again, with the whole team behind him or Regan's great arm about him, struggling to keep his feet, crawling on his knees, fighting for every last inch, he carried the ball down the field twenty, thirty yards on.

He forgot where he was, standing there with blazing eyes and colorless face. He forgot he was only the freshman, as he had that night in the wrestling bout. He gave orders, shouted advice, spurred them on. He felt no weariness; nothing could tire him. His chance had come at last. He went into the line each time blubbering, laughing with the fierce joy of it, shouting to himself:

"I'm the weak spot, am I? I'll show them!"

And the certainty of it all overwhelmed him. Nothing could stop him now. He knew it. He was going to score. He was going to cross that line only fifteen yards away.

"Give me that ball again!" he cried to De Soto.

Then something seemed to go wrong. De Soto and Dudley were shrieking out something, protesting wildly.

"What's wrong?" he cried.

"They're calling time on us!"

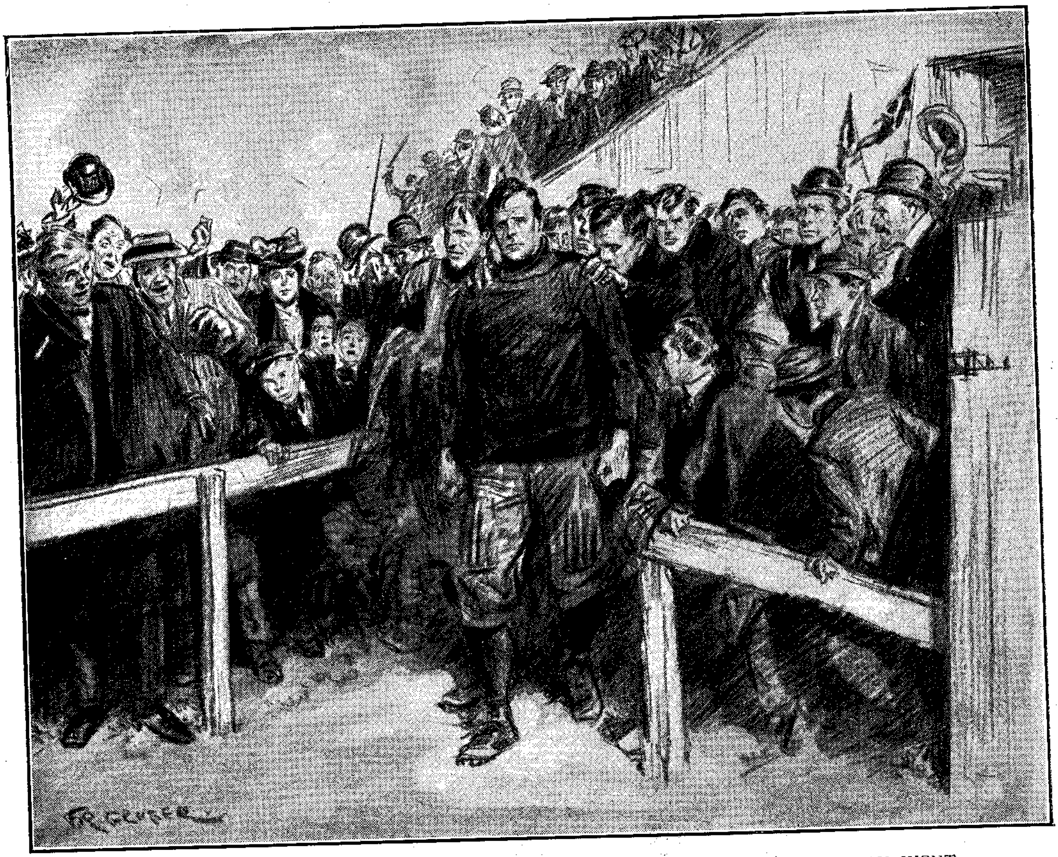
"No, no, it's not possible! It's not time!"

He turned hysterically, beseechingly, catching hold of the referee's arm, not knowing what he did.

"Mr. Referee, it isn't time. Mr. Referee——"

"Game's over," said Captain Dana's still voice. "Get together, Yale. Cheer for Princeton now. Make it a good one."

But no one heard them in the uproar that suddenly went up. Nature could not hold out; the disappointment had been too severe. Stover stood with his arms on Regan's shoulders, and together they bowed their heads and went choking through the crowd. Others rushed around him — he thought he heard Tompkins saying something. He seemed lost in the crowd that stared at him struggling to hold back his grief. Only one figure stood out distinctly — the figure of a white-haired man, who took off his hat to him as he went through the bar-



"HE STOOD WITH HIS ARMS ON REGAN'S SHOULDERS, AND TOGETHER THEY WENT CHOKING THROUGH THE CROWD"

rier, and shouted something unintelligible — a strangely excited white-haired man.

All the way back to the gymnasium, through the jubilant street, Dink sat staring out unseeing, his eyes blurred, a great lump in his throat, possessed by a fatigue such as he had never known before. No one spoke. Through his own brain ceaselessly the score, strangely jumbled, went its tiring way:

"Eighteen to nothing — to nothing! Eighteen to six — it should have been eighteen to six. Eighteen to nothing. It's awful — awful! If I only could punt!"

His ideal, his dream of a Yale team, had always been of victory, not like this, to go down powerless, swept aside, routed — to such a defeat! Then he shut his eyes, fighting over again those last desperate rushes against defeat, against hope, against time, unable to believe it was over.

"How many times did I take that ball?" he thought wearily. "Was it seven or eight? If I'd only got free that last time — kept my feet!"

He remembered flashes of that last frenzy — the face of a Princeton rusher who reached for him and missed, the teeth savage as a wolf's and the strained mouth. He saw again Regan turning around to pull him through, Regan, the brute, raging like a fury. He remembered the quick, strange white looks that Charlie De Soto had given him, wondering each time if he had the strength to go on. Why had they stopped them? They had a right to that last rally!

"Eighteen to nothing. Poor Dana — I wonder what he'll do?"

He remembered, in a far-off way, tales he had heard of other captains, disgraced by defeat, breaking down, leaving college, disappearing. He dreaded the moment when they should break silence, when the awful thing must be talked over, there in the gymnasium, feeling acutely all the misery and ache Dana must be feeling.

"All right there, Stover? Let yourself go, if you want to."

The voice was Tompkins', who was looking up at him anxiously, the gymnasium at his back.

"All right," he said gruffly, raising himself with an effort and half slipping to the ground.

"Sure? How's Dudley?"

He realized in a curious way that others, too, had gone through the game. Then Regan's arm was around him. He did not put it from him, grateful for any support in his weakness. Together they went through the crowd of ragamuffins staring open-mouthed at a defeated team.

"What's the matter with Dudley?"

"Played through all the last with a couple of broken ribs."

"Dudley?"

"Yes. Go as slow as you want, old bantam."

"If we only could have had another minute, Tom —" He stopped, unable to go on, shaking his head.

"I know, I know."

"It was tough."

"Darned tough."

"I thought we were going to do it."

"Now, you shut up, young rooster. Don't think of it any more. You played like a fiend. We're proud of you."

"Poor Dana!"

Upstairs a couple of rubbers took charge of him, stripping him and rubbing him rigorously. Two or three coaches came up to him, gripping him with silent grips, patting him on the back. The cold bite of the shower brought back some of his vitality, and he dressed mechanically, with the squad, who had nothing to say to one another.

"Yale, I want to talk to you boys a moment."

He looked up. In the center of the room was Rivers, coach of coaches, around whom the traditions of football had been formed. Stover looked at him dully, wondering how he could stand there filled with such energy.

"Now, boys, the game's over. We've lost. It's our turn; we've got to stand it. One thing I want you to remember when you go out of here. *Yale teams take their medicine!*" His voice rose to a nervous staccato, and the sharp, cold eye seemed to look into every man, just as at school the Doctor used to awe them.

"Do you understand? Yale teams take their medicine! No talking, no reasoning, no explanations, no excuses, and no criticism! The thing's over and done. We'll have a dinner to-night, and we'll start in on next year; and next year nothing under the sun's going to stop us! Go out; take off your hats! A great Princeton team licked you — licked you well! That's all. You deserved to score. You didn't. Hard luck. But those who saw you try for it won't forget it! We're proud of that second half! No talk, now, about what might have happened; no talk about what you're going to do. Shut up! Remember — grin and take your medicine."

"Mr. Rivers, I'd like to say a few words."

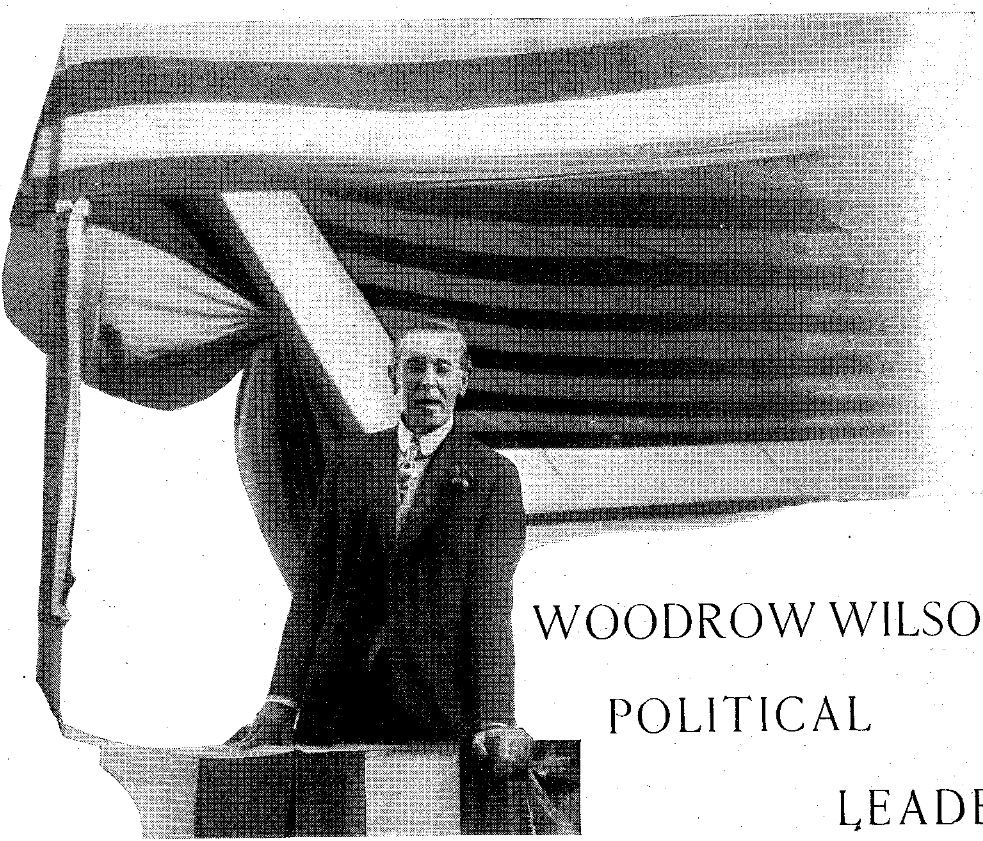
Stover, with almost a feeling of horror, saw Dana step forward quietly, purse his lips, look about openly, and say:

"Mr. Rivers, I understand what you mean, and what's underneath it all, and I thank you for it. At the same time, it's up to me to take the blame, and I'm not going to dodge it. I've been a poor captain. I thought I knew more than you did, and I didn't. I've made one fool blunder after another. But I did it honestly. Well, that doesn't matter — let that go. I say this because it's right, too, I should take my medicine, and because I don't want next year's captain to botch the job the way I've done. And now, just a word to you men. You've done everything I asked you to do, and kept your mouths shut, no matter what you thought of it. You've been loyal, and you'll be loyal, and there'll be no excuses outside. But I want you men to know that I'll remember it, and I want to thank you. That's all."

Instantly there was a buzz of voices, and one clear note dominating it — Regan's voice, stirred beyond thought of self:

"By heavens, boys, we're going to give that captain a cheer. Are you ready? Hip — hip!"

Somehow the cry that went up took from Dink all the sting of defeat. He went out, head erect, back to meet his college, no longer shrinking from the ordeal, proud of his captain, proud of his coach, and proud of a lesson he had learned bigger than a victory.



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WOODROW WILSON: POLITICAL LEADER

AN ATTEMPT TO INTRODUCE GENUINE PARTY RESPONSIBILITY INTO THE GOVERNMENT OF AN AMERICAN STATE

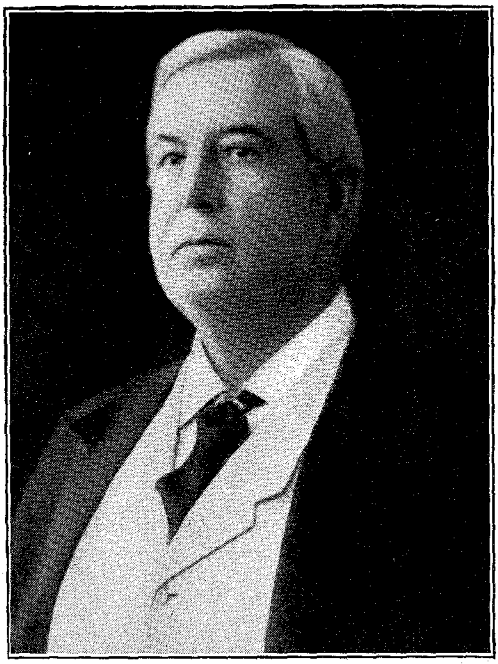
BY

BURTON J. HENDRICK

AUTHOR OF "GOVERNOR HUGHES AND THE ALBANY GANG," ETC.

"Back of all reform lies the means of getting it. Back of the question what we want is the question, How are we going to get it? The immediate thing we have got to do is to resume popular government."—*From a campaign speech of Woodrow Wilson.*

WHEN Woodrow Wilson was made the Democratic candidate for the governorship of New Jersey, in 1910, there were many citizens who did not cordially indorse the nomination. Outside of New Jersey itself, the fact that this distinguished educator had been persuaded to enter public life was generally acclaimed as the beginning of better things in a sadly corrupted commonwealth; within the State, however, the prevailing atmosphere was one of distrust. It was not that Mr. Wilson was a lifelong "schoolmaster," practically inexperienced in politics and presumably disqualified for handling the exceedingly practical problems that would inevitably come up for solution. It was not that he was not widely known, at least politically, and that his definite remedies for the existing evils were not gener-



EX-SENATOR JAMES SMITH, JR., THE DEMOCRATIC BOSS OF NEW JERSEY, WHOSE INFLUENCE GOVERNOR WILSON HAS DESTROYED

ally understood. The unpleasant fact was that the men chiefly responsible for Mr. Wilson's nomination were the leaders of the Democratic machine in New Jersey. And it was no secret that these politicians had forced Mr. Wilson upon a convention that, left to itself, would probably have chosen some other man. With ex-Senator James Smith, Jr., of Newark, and "Bob" Davis, of Jersey City, valiantly fighting for the president of Princeton University, the average citizen could hardly understand how Mr. Wilson's election necessarily implied the destruction of boss rule.

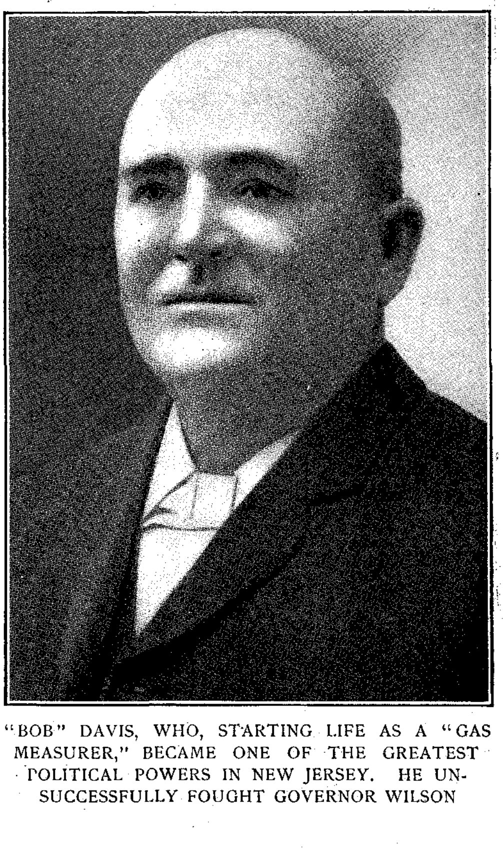
All this, in view of the happenings of the last nine months, seems rather grotesque, and, in fact, this attitude was equally ridiculous a year ago. For Woodrow Wilson's whole career furnished a sufficient rejoinder to these suspicions. Probably no American citizen ever went into public life with a more intelligent comprehension of existing evils or higher ambitions to eradicate them. From his earliest days Mr. Wilson has been a Democrat, with both a large and a small "d"; and a slight glimpse into his ancestry shows that he comes legitimately by his militant spirit. On both his father's and his mother's side, Mr. Wilson is of Covenanting blood. His father, the Rev. Joseph R. Wilson, a Presbyterian clergyman, was the son of Scotch parents who came to America from the North of Ireland; his mother, Jessie Woodrow, was the daughter of an Independent Scottish clergyman of Carlisle, England, and the descendant of a long line of scholars. Both Mr. Wilson's father and mother, in addition to making him virtually a pure-blooded Scotsman, contributed certain definite traits to his character. His father was bold, aggressive, fiery, a good hater, and a stalwart upholder of the causes in which he believed. Though born in Steubenville, Ohio, he spent the greater part of his mature life in the Southern States, and acquired great distinction, during the war, as an unbending advocate of the Southern cause. He was fond of public life, was a pulpit orator of distinguished eloquence, and prominently led his church in the discussion of public affairs. Mr. Wilson's mother, on the other hand, was quiet, gentle, reserved, and scholarly, the constant companion of her son, and especially made happy by his early manifested fondness for the things of the mind. All his life, Governor Wilson has felt these two tendencies pulling him in opposite directions. His ambitions have constantly alternated between a desire for active public life and a liking for the quiet consolations of scholarship.

Attempts to Democratize Princeton

In his earliest experiences, evidently the paternal strain in his heredity got the upper hand, for, after his four years at Princeton, from which Mr. Wilson was graduated in 1879, he took a law course, went to Atlanta, Georgia, and opened an office. In those days the law, in the South, was the essential preliminary to public life; "law and statesmanship" were indissolubly identified. And this was its chief attraction then for Mr. Wilson. Two years' experience, however, disillusioned him. The practice of law, he discovered, was incompatible with that spirit of independence which he regarded as indispensable to efficient service. Instead of actively appearing in the court-room, Mr. Wilson spent the larger part of these two years writing the first draft of his book on "Congressional Government." Soon he found himself, as a graduate student, at Johns Hopkins, specializing in politics and government; and, in the next twenty years, he ascended in his academic career until, in 1902, he became the president of Princeton University. Here he displayed the same aggressive qualities that have marked his administration as Governor; and the objects fought for in both cases were the same — the democratization of life. The undergraduate world at Princeton hardly accorded with Mr. Wilson's ideals. Its tendencies were too aristocratic; there was too great a separation of rich and poor, too much club life of the exclusive kind, and not enough elbow-rubbing. President Wilson's solution was the abolition of the society or club system, and the reconstruction of the university on the "quadrangle" basis — the establishment of communities, that is, in which groups of students might live, eat, sleep, and study in constant every-day contact. President Wilson's attempt to make this radical change produced a mighty row, the conclusion of which is not yet. "I did not get the 'quad,'" he says, summing up the situation, "but I did get the 'wrangle.'"

One of the ironies of politics is the fact that certain Democratic machine leaders in New Jersey should have hit upon this man as a useful tool to serve their personal ends. Until 1910 the Democratic party in New Jersey had not carried a single State election for seventeen years. There were plenty of reasons for this lack of confidence. The last time the Democratic party had controlled New Jersey, in 1893, it had signalized itself in two ways: by handing the State government bodily over to the race-tracks and the railroads, and by electing James Smith, Jr., of Newark, to the United States Senate. Both of these acts had disastrous consequences for New Jersey and the nation. Smith, in Washington, at once became one of that coterie of Democratic Senators, of which other members were Brice and Gorman, who allied themselves with the Republicans, and so prevented that thorough revision of the tariff for which Grover Cleveland had been elected President. In the face of this record, Senator Smith had never lost his absolute control over the Democratic organization in New Jersey. He held this control in spite of the most widespread distrust and unpopularity. Personally, indeed, Smith is not without charm: he is a portly, well-dressed, prosperous figure, with a handsome, smooth, shining face, topped by a mass of well-brushed white hair. He is an Irishman, with all the Irishman's geniality and talent in handling men; able in business, having accumulated a large fortune through his own efforts; and, as a dispenser of hospitality at his summer home in the Garfield cottage at Elberon, he has easily accumulated a large political and social following. He is a political chieftain of the well-known corporation type, and a man cynically out of touch with the people. Ever since his election to the Senate, he had ruled the New Jersey Democrats by the usual methods — large campaign contributions, reinforced by unquestioned personal masterfulness.

There was only one other man in the State, indeed, who approached Smith anywhere in political power. This was his part-time foe, his part-time friend, "Bob" Davis, the little bow-legged, narrow-browed boss of Hudson County. Davis had not the suavity of Smith; he was a political leader of the traditional Tammany kind. His father, an Irish teamster, had brought him to this country in 1848, when Davis was three years old. He spent all his life in Jersey City. At ten he secured employment as the driver of a hoisting-horse, and a few years later he entered the employ of the gas companies which he was afterward so faithfully to serve in politics. Davis' earlier employment, however, was of a humbler order: he became a "gas-meter measurer," and, in this occupation, he had to go around from tenement to tenement, measuring the monthly consumption of gas. As a political apprenticeship this experience was almost as useful as keeping a saloon; it brought Davis into personal contact with thousands of poor people, and laid the basis for that wide personal acquaintance without which success of the Tammany kind is impossible. Davis, once started in politics, advanced rapidly. He bought coal for the poor in winter, gave them chowder parties in summer, paid funeral expenses, kept wayward sons out of jail, and generally practised statesmanship as it is known in large American cities. His political methods, likewise, were of the Tammany kind: he stuffed



"BOB" DAVIS, WHO, STARTING LIFE AS A "GAS MEASURER," BECAME ONE OF THE GREATEST POLITICAL POWERS IN NEW JERSEY. HE UNSUCCESSFULLY FOUGHT GOVERNOR WILSON

JAMES E. MARTINE, NEW JERSEY'S "FARMER SENATOR"

ballot-boxes, employed "repeaters," exchanged colonizers with Tammany across the river, levied blackmail upon law-breakers, and incidentally obeyed the orders of the corporations.

New Jersey's Bi-Partizan Machine

Smith, with his nephew, "Jim" Nugent, Davis, and a few others, were the Democratic "Overlords," the unassailable masters of the Democratic party in New Jersey. The Republican suzerains were popularly known as the "Board of Guardians." According to the prevailing opinion, the "Overlords" and the "Board of Guardians" really represented one unified political power — a bi-partizan machine existing for the purpose of controlling New Jersey in the interests of the corporations. And no State has had quite so disgraceful a corporation record as this one. The railroad and public-utility corporations have for many years virtually owned the commonwealth. The bi-partizan organization had successfully blocked all popular uprisings. There had been plenty of intelligent public sentiment in New Jersey; the mass of the people were opposed to existing conditions; but, with the exception of a successful outbreak here and there, they had not made much headway. There had been reformers and "new idea" men who demanded new election laws, direct primaries, corrupt practices acts, a public-utilities commission, and other "progressive" legislation. For several years bills providing for such laws had been presented to the legislature, only to have their passage invariably stopped by the bi-partizan machine. In the Republican State convention of 1910 one of the delegates, George L. Record, New Jersey's most active "progressive," moved to have all these demands included in the Republican platform. He was received with hoots and jeers and general cries of "Put him out!"

In the summer of 1910 the Democratic leaders saw that the party would have a chance to elect a governor. Should it likewise succeed in electing a Democratic legislature, that would mean a new Democratic senator. In spite of the fact that Smith's career in the Senate had aroused extremely bitter criticism, he continued to nourish hopes of a return. Here was his opportunity. He and Davis got together to study the best way of accomplishing this result. They decided that the president of Princeton University was by all odds their best play. Smith planned to nominate him for Governor, make use of his great reputation to elect a Democratic legislature, and so climb into the United States Senate over Wilson's back. It was a well-thought-out scheme; but Wilson, schoolmaster that he was, saw through it. Many times Wilson's friends had approached him on the governorship question; always, however, he had declared that he would participate in no movement that might send Smith back to the Senate.

In the summer of 1910 there was an historic luncheon party at the Lawyers' Club in New York. Several of New Jersey's most influential

Democrats there met and talked with President Wilson. They offered to do everything in their power to make him the candidate for Governor. The people thought that Wilson could win, and they offered their services on that ground, specifically declaring that they exacted no conditions and no promises.

"I have a feeling, Doctor, that we are making history to-day," said Robert S. Hudspeth, the national committeeman from New Jersey. "I think that we are starting a movement that will end by making you President."

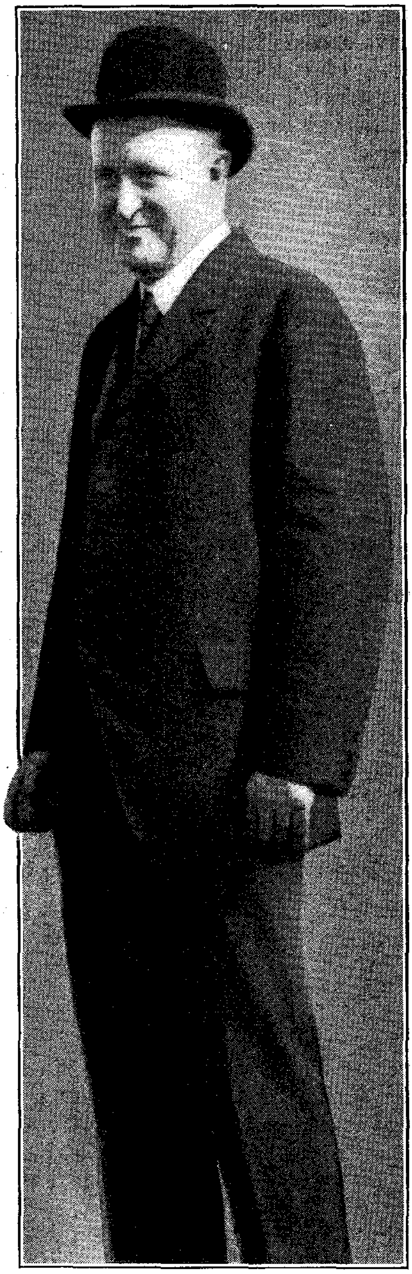
"You are looking a long way ahead," laughed Mr. Wilson, and presently he passed to the really important point. If a Democratic legislature were elected, would that mean Smith's return to the Senate? And then he was assured that it would not — that Smith had outgrown that ambition. On these grounds Mr. Wilson agreed to enter the contest.

Need of Responsible Leadership

The campaign had not gone far when New Jersey and the rest of the country perceived that a new type of political leader had arrived. Wilson soon disclosed himself as a man of a type exceedingly rare in our public life — a man with ideas. Most men selected as candidates for Governor, when they are not professional politicians, belong to specialized classes — successful business men, lawyers, and the like. These men, excellent as their intentions may be, are sadly handicapped by ignorance; they have no well-thought-out ideas on public affairs, and accept the more or less mechanical standards that prevail. Woodrow Wilson, however, is our profoundest student of public affairs. He had studied administration after administration, State after State — studied them not only in books, but in newspapers, correspondence, and direct contact with men; and, as a result, he had certain definite ideas. If one wishes to grasp the real significance of his work as Governor, one should turn to that little book on "Congressional Government" which he wrote, as a young man, while waiting for clients in his lawyer's office in Atlanta. In this book he puts his finger directly upon the cause of much of the confusion and inefficiency of American public life. That cause is the absence of centralized party leadership.

The Classical Separation of Governmental Powers

First and foremost, Mr. Wilson is a strict party man — a man who believes that political parties provide the best possible means for the orderly conduct of public business. In the United States the people have almost automatically divided into two great parties. In view of this fact, thinks Mr. Wilson, it is somewhat unfortunate that our system of government, federal and State, presents so many obstacles to direct party control. It was organized in the days when the classical theory of the separation of the three powers of government —



"JIM" NUGENT, THE POLITICAL BOSS WHOM GOVERNOR WILSON EJECTED FROM HIS OFFICE executive, legislative, and judicial — prevailed. We have a complicated system of checks and balances, of executive against legislature, of House against Senate, of Supreme Court against both. In neither our federal nor our State government, therefore, have we any central organized leadership, any authoritative body that can formulate a party program and carry it through directly. An attempt to separate the legislative and executive departments simply destroys all responsible party leadership. We frequently have an executive belonging to one party and a legislature belonging to another; even when the same party controls both branches, the fact that the executive keeps himself separate from the legislature necessarily implies a divided head. In the Governor's office there is one leader; in both the houses of legislation there are others. There is thus no authoritative group that can both propose legislation and carry on administration. It is largely for this reason that American politics has developed an irresponsible leadership. The separation of the powers in the United States is merely a "literary theory"; actually they are identified, though not in the way that makes for efficient government. The political bosses and machines have developed outside of the State constitutions. These agencies have nullified the Constitution and made the executive and legislature one. Thus the boss system does emphatically provide a centralized leadership; but it is irresponsible, unofficial, constantly works in the dark, and inevitably spells gigantic corruption.

Need of Leadership in the Executive

Governor Wilson makes no secret of the fact that he admires the British cabinet system. In England the responsible rulers are simply a committee of Parliament, composed of the leaders of the political party which has won the people's confidence at the polls. These leaders control the government in both its executive and legislative branches. They propose and pass needed legislation, and they likewise enforce it. They are hampered by no "checks and balances"; they govern directly, with immediate personal responsibility for their success or failure. The one source of their authority is public opinion, and they hold office only so long as the people indorse their acts. Bills are not strangled in committee, as with us; they are openly proposed and debated in full Parliament, and the responsible ministers must be ready at any moment to defend and explain them. Governor Wilson does not believe that this simple system could be advantageously transplanted to this country. He does believe, however, that the American genius will work out some more direct method of transacting public business than now prevails, and substitute some kind of responsible leadership in place of the boss system. This can be done, he thinks, in spite of the fact that we live under rigid, written constitutions. The head and front of this new leadership, according to Mr. Wilson's idea, should be the elected executive. Unquestionably, the American people look for guidance to their President rather than to Congress, just as the States look to their governors rather than to their legislatures. All the people have had a voice in choosing their executive, only a comparatively few a voice in electing any particular lawmakers. The daily press constantly reflects the greater interest popularly manifested in the executives. The speeches of the President and of governors are printed in great detail, and arouse the widest discussion; the debates in Congress and the State legislatures receive only the slightest attention. Mr. Wilson, therefore, believes that the Governor of a great State like New Jersey must necessarily assume an active, energetic control. He must take his position as the responsible captain of the party, and become the chief instrument in directing its policies, in both the legislative and executive departments. Fortunately, the Governor can assume this authority without in any degree usurping unconstitutional powers. The Constitution of New Jersey, as well as that of most other States, besides giving the Governor a direct veto over legislation, thus virtually making him a third house, specifically says that he shall "recommend measures." If this "recommendation" takes the form of actually presenting drafted bills and using all honorable means to secure their passage, the Governor has not overstepped the powers of his office, even technically.

Early in the campaign Mr. Wilson's opponent struck the usual attitude, and complacently announced that, if elected, he would be a "constitutional Governor." By that he meant that he would live up to the "literary theory" of the separation of the powers; that he would shut himself tightly in the executive chamber, make recommendations, but use no pressure or influence on the legislature. Mr. Wilson at once accepted this challenge. If that was what was meant by being a constitutional Governor, he promised the people that he would be an "unconstitutional Governor." He declared that, if elected, he would regard himself as the leader of his party. He would have his advisers, of course, but he proposed to have an active hand in all the party's policies He would constantly

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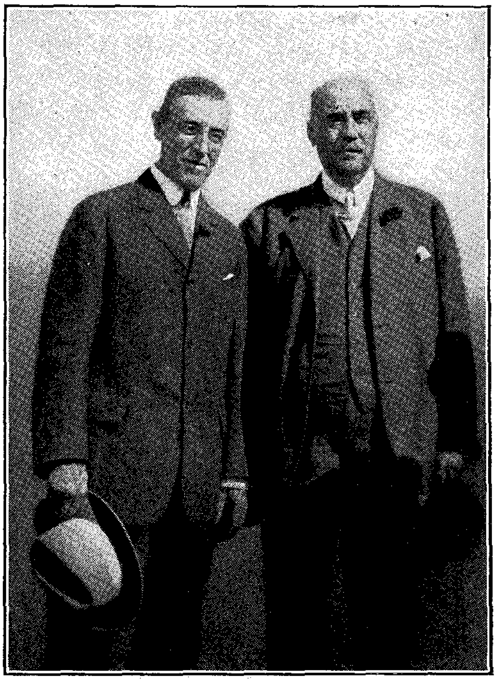
WOODROW WILSON

WHO HAS ADDED TO THE DUTIES OF THE GOVERNORSHIP CERTAIN OF THE FUNCTIONS OF A PRIME MINISTER. A POLITICAL LEADER OF A TYPE NEW IN THE UNITED STATES keep in touch with the members of his party in the legislature, discuss legislation with them, and take part in framing the great party measures. He would not stop at "recommendations," but he would use all honorable means to get the party measures through. He would not do this, however, by bribery — by purchasing support with patronage; his ambition was to bring about "a government by public opinion." He would take the people into his confidence; he would learn what they wanted; he would tell them constantly how things were going on — how particular legislators were serving them, and how others were perhaps betraying them. In other words, he would be their spokesman, their directly chosen representative in the government.

"I mean Smith, Nugent, and Davis"

In this way Mr. Wilson would eliminate the rule of the machines. In this he had discovered his cure for the boss system. James Smith, Jr., "Jim" Nugent, "Bob" Davis, and the other chieftains grew somewhat nervous while talk like this was going on. Nor did Wilson leave them long in doubt as to where they personally stood. In the course of the campaign, George L. Record, of Jersey City, addressed a letter to the Democratic candidate, asking definite replies to certain definite questions. On the subject of bosses, Democratic and Republican, Mr. Record's question and Mr. Wilson's answer were as follows:

> Mr. Record. In referring to the Board of Guardians, do you mean such Republican leaders as Baird, Murphy, Kean, and Stokes? Wherein do the relations to the special interests of such leaders differ from the relations to the same interests of such Democratic leaders as Smith, Nugent, and Davis?
>
> Mr. Wilson. *I refer to the men you name. They differ from the others in this — that they are in control of the government of the State, while the others are not, and can not be if the present Democratic ticket is elected.*



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GOVERNOR WILSON AND HIS PREDECESSOR, GOVERNOR FORT

Mr. Wilson asked for the suffrages of New Jersey on this explicit issue of his personal leadership. If the people did not desire him to assume control, he particularly asked them not to vote for him. When, therefore, Mr. Wilson was elected on an enormous vote,— changing a Republican plurality into a large Democratic plurality,— he at once assumed the responsible chieftainship of the Democratic organization.

The first important test was made upon the election of the new United States senator. The Democrats had a majority in the legislature, and thus they controlled the senatorial situation for the first time since 1892. Manifestly this was a matter strictly outside of the Governor's province. The "constitution" gave the legislature the right to elect this senator; and for the Governor to lift a hand would, under the traditional standards, be "unconstitutional." So Governor Dix, of New York, a "constitutional" Governor of the old-fashioned type, decided, when confronted with a similar situation in New York. Not so, however, Governor Wilson. He had become not only Governor, but the leader of the Democratic party, and the selection of a United States senator was clearly one of that party's greatest responsibilities. In order to assert this authority, however, it was necessary first to sweep away certain obstructions. For the old irresponsible leadership was now once more asserting itself. It found its spokesman in ex-Senator Smith. According to the old political order, Smith had every right to control the party. In Wilson he had elected "his man," and he had also elected "his" Democratic legislature. James Smith was therefore now the party boss. It was his privilege to step forward as head of the organization, to organize the legislature in his own interest, appoint committees, frame legislation, issue orders, dictate appointments, and generally control the executive and legislative departments. True, Mr. Wilson had denounced these things upon the stump; but that, as Smith well understood, was an old-time vote-catching "gag." Of course, the Governor had never really meant it. Smith certainly intended to control the election of United States senator; furthermore, he proposed to appropriate this great prize for himself. He had been waiting patiently for many years, all the time making large money contributions. Was he not entitled to his reward? A slight obstacle was furnished by the fact that the party voters, at the last party primary, had expressed their preference for Mr. James E. Martine as United States senator. But Smith believed he could now brush Martine aside.

The Governor-elect, however, had seriously meant everything he had said. He served notice on Smith and Davis that he was the leader of the Democratic party, not they, and that, as leader, he should certainly oppose Smith's election to the Senate. Mr. Wilson went to Newark and Jersey City and served this notice in person. A dramatic meeting took place between Wilson and Smith — the new type of leader and the old; the leader chosen by the suffrages of the people and the leader chosen by all the indirection of machine politics: Wilson tall, scholarly, with a somewhat gaunt and deeply lined Scotch face, as strong and lithe in figure as one of his own Princeton athletes; Smith sleek, well fed, round-faced, suave in manner, insinuating and persuasive in voice.

Wilson informed Smith that he had been given to understand before election that Smith would not be a candidate — that certain domestic afflictions as well as his own health had put him out of the mood for active public life.

"Yes, that's true," replied Smith, smiling; "but I feel better now."

And then Smith told the long story of what he had done for the Democratic party and the money he had contributed to it. Wilson replied that all this was entirely aside from the point — that the point was the matter of keeping faith with the people. Smith then ridiculed Martine for his unfitness, to which Wilson's answer was that, of the fifty-five thousand Democrats who had expressed a preference at the polls, the great majority had indorsed Martine. In fine, Wilson demanded that Smith immediately withdraw his candidacy, and said that he should certainly fight him as effectively as he knew how.

"Yes, and I suppose you'll beat me, Doctor," said Smith. "But you'll do it by using the patronage."

"No, I won't," replied Wilson quickly. "I'll fight you fair. I shall defeat you simply by making use of public opinion."

Leaving Smith, Mr. Wilson now sought out Davis. He found him in his little red-brick house among the plain people — the house from which Davis had for many years ruled the political destinies of Hudson County. Davis was slowly dying of cancer; his face was pinched and white, but his political militancy was still undimmed. He suggested that Wilson keep his hands off the senatorial situation. "If you do, Governor, we'll support you in your whole legislative program."

"How do I know you will?" replied Wilson, rejecting the proffered "deal." "If you beat me in this the first fight, how do I know you won't be able to beat me in everything?"

Davis laid his hand affectionately upon the shoulder of the ex-president of Princeton. "I've given my word to Smith, Governor. Nothing now can induce me to go back on him."

Wilson now gave the State a typical illustration of the new leadership. Under the old system, the boss summoned members of the legislature to headquarters and delivered his orders. The members of the New Jersey legislature discovered that there was now an "old man" of a different kind. This new centralizing force was not an unofficial person, but the official head of the State. His headquarters were not in a lawyer's office or a bank, but in the shades of Princeton. The Democratic members of the legislature received invitations to spend a few hours at the Governor's house, to discuss the senatorial situation. They came there in batches of six or eight. They found the new "boss" quite different from the old. He did not order them to do certain things; he did not browbeat: he simply discussed. He said what he thought about the senatorial contest, and invited expressions of opinion from his guests. He eloquently appealed to his visitors on the basis of party faith. Mr. Wilson offered no rewards; indeed, he told all members distinctly that he would not repay them with patronage. They were Democrats; the Democratic party had made certain pledges to the people; and surely, as Democrats, they would not betray the State? Nor did the Governor threaten the disobedient with punishment; the nearest he came to this was to suggest that, if any assemblyman or legislator desired it, he was willing to go into his district and publicly debate the issue.

"We can't go against that man! We never can face our people again if we do."

This was the idea with which most of the legislators left the Governor's presence. The Democratic party in New Jersey, they felt, had found its leader; and he was guiding it for its own and the State's good, and not for his own. Mr. Wilson now fortified his position by redeeming his campaign pledge and taking the stump against Smith. He went up to Newark, Smith's home town, and told large and enthusiastic audiences precisely why Smith ought not to go back to the Senate. His policy demonstrated once more the enormous force that public opinion exercises in American public life. In November and December the average observer would have ridiculed the idea that this Princeton schoolmaster, by using these direct but simple methods, could have kept "Jim" Smith out of the United States Senate. Good heavens — hadn't Smith the votes? Hadn't he been the boss of the party for seventeen years? But, when Mr. Wilson openly entered the fight, all opposition disappeared. Public pressure became so strong on the legislators that they fled from Smith in droves. The independent newspapers took the Governor's side; letters and telegrams rained in upon assemblymen and senators; the Governor's voice had put the whole State in flame. Martine was elected on the first ballot, and Smith was unable even to hold all the votes from his own and Davis' counties.

The Unofficial "Ministry"

And in this triumph the Governor accomplished more than the defeat of Smith: he settled, and settled early in his administration, an extremely important point. That was the leadership of the Democratic party in New Jersey. Everybody now understood that the real leader was the man whom the voters had chosen. Smith and his coterie might still make trouble,— as, indeed, they did,— but their capacity thereafter was limited merely to that of annoyance. And now Mr. Wilson, as party leader, began the work of framing the party program. Like a prime minister, he selected a body of advisers in the legislature — a number of leading legislators who were to join hands with him in framing bills and getting them made law. The New Jersey legislature was by no means destitute of talent. There were men like Fielder, Osborne, Gebhardt, and Silzer in the Senate, Kenny, Simpson, Egan, and Geran in the House — men who for several years had been specializing in "progressive legislation." There were other political leaders who were not members of the legislature, especially certain newspaper editors who had been for years waging unsuccessful war against the machine. There were others, like Joseph P. Tumulty of Jersey City, a bright young Irishman who had devoted several years to fighting demoralizing tendencies in his own party — and whom Governor Wilson now promptly attached to his staff as private secretary. Here was plenty of valuable material lying fallow; it had made little headway hitherto, simply because it had lacked that dynamic quality which Governor Wilson now gave it — centralized leadership. At the beginning of his term the Governor called these men into counsel. They held an all-day session at the Hotel Martinique in New York, discussing ways and means of obtaining political freedom for New Jersey. These means necessarily took the form of definite legislative proposals. All kinds of laws were discussed. The experiences of other States were gone over; Governor Wilson himself was extensively informed along these lines, and the legislators and the newspaper editors were full of suggestions. Finally, the work was systematized, and different members of the "conference" were assigned to draft bills on particular subjects. In other words, the Democratic party in New Jersey now had a body of men, all under the leadership of Wilson, responsible for the party program and responsive to the public opinion that had placed it in power. It was not a "ministry" or a "cabinet"— it was merely a "conference"; but it served a similar purpose.

William S. U'Ren Drops in on Wilson

And there were other men from whom this university president did not disdain to learn. One day there dropped into his office a quiet, insinuating citizen from the Pacific Coast. This was the ex-blacksmith, William S. U'Ren, the man who is chiefly responsible for the political regeneration of Oregon. U'Ren came to discuss his favorite subject — the initiative and referendum. Governor Wilson had had little faith in this widely heralded panacea; in his book, "The State," he had not approved its workings in Switzerland. He had likewise taught his students, as a matter of theory, that the thing could never work. U'Ren, however, was able to furnish new points of view. Whether or not it could work, whether or not it *had* worked in Switzerland, was not the point; the fact was that it *did* work in Oregon. From numerous other sources Governor Wilson learned much about the practical workings of this expedient. As a result he became persuaded that the initiative and referendum, under particular circumstances, might serve highly useful ends. He does not believe now, any more than when he lectured at Princeton, that it provides a workable system of legislation — that it is a substitute for the representative system. He thinks, however, that it may furnish a tool by which we may get something that we do not possess — a really representative system. He advocates it merely as a temporary agency, a war measure, which, when it has served its purposes, will pass into disuse. He has not yet suggested that New Jersey adopt it in its constitution. Indeed, there seems no reason why he should; for practically everything that Oregon has obtained in ten years by the initiative and referendum Governor Wilson has secured in three months from his own legislature.

The Administrative Program

It is one of Governor Wilson's favorite ideas that improvement can not advance faster than public opinion, and it was his good fortune to catch this public opinion on the crest. Mr. Wilson naturally makes no claim to originality for his legislative program. New Jersey had long been ready for all these reform measures. His program comprised the changes in our nominating and elective structure which most observers regard as essential preliminaries to political change. No one, of course, believes that these new laws in themselves will destroy the machine system. Only public opinion, aggressively led, can do that. They merely simplify the machinery by which this public opinion, once aroused, can effectively express itself. Clearly, there are certain fundamental abuses that need correction if this public opinion is to rule. There must, for example, be an honest ballot. Dead men, men who never existed, repeaters, colonizers — certainly phantoms of this type should not be permitted to vote. For years, in New Jersey, vacant lots, cemeteries, and the circumambient air had contributed largely to the voting population. The chief measure prepared by the Governor and his "conference"— the so-called Geran Elections Bill — was intended to correct these evils. Again, a vigilant democracy has the right to insist that money shall not corruptly influence elections. Not only shall voters not be purchased directly, but indirect bribery — cigars, liquor, sale of tickets to entertainments, promises of office, or other favors, campaign subscriptions from corporations, campaign expenses beyond a certain stipulated amount, rides to the election booths in automobiles and carriages — these things likewise must be prohibited. The Governor and his associates, therefore, prepared a corrupt practices act as rigid as the famous English law. Above everything else, the party voters must have a direct hand in nominating men for office. The time has gone by when "slates" can be fixed up in the back room of saloons and "slipped through" certain so-called political conventions. An essential part of the legislative program was therefore a direct primary — a bill that made the old-time political conventions illegal and placed the nomination of candidates for all offices, even United States senators and delegates to national party conventions, directly in the hands of the party voters.

In the hope of remedying our greatest political abscess, the government of cities, a bill was decided on that would give all municipalities the option of adopting the commission plan of government. The Des Moines plan, which includes the initiative and referendum and the recall, was adopted. And then there was the pressing problem of the corporations. Governor Wilson is not a corporation baiter. He thoroughly believes in corporations, and in their rights. He wishes to see them go on doing their great work — serving the people, paying their bondholders, and earning handsome dividends for their stockholders. He believes, however, that the federal and State governments must exercise a vigilant and definite control; that they should supervise security issues, so that there shall be no repetition of the crimes of overcapitalization; that they shall regulate equipment and service, so that the purpose for which the railroads really exist may be served; finally, that the State shall have the power even to fix rates, so that passengers and shippers shall be protected against extortion. He would apply these principles not only to railroads, but to all corporations that operate under special franchises — trolley lines, gas- and electric-light companies, telephone and telegraph companies, and the like. A public-utilities bill was thus another outcome of the Governor's "conference." And then there was the saddest fact of corporation management — the killing and maiming of employees, and the antique laws that prevent the widows and children from obtaining compensation. The last great measure upon which the Governor pinned the success of his administration was, therefore, a fair and honest employers' liability and compensation act. This not only swept away all the legal cobwebs that have defeated justice for nearly a hundred years, but provided a regular scale of compensation which became automatically operative on proof of injury. Under this, if a corporation so injures an employee that he is unable to work, it must make regular substantial weekly contributions to his support. It must pay so much for the destruction of a thumb, a finger, a great toe, "other toes," an arm, a leg, an eye, and so on. If the injuries result in death, the corporation must pay the doctors' bills and funeral expenses and certain graduated weekly stipends to the widow and children for a period of three hundred weeks.

Wilson's Work on the Bills

The Governor's "ministry" prepared all these bills, in constant consultation with the Governor himself. Night after night they met in the executive chamber at Trenton. When all his associates had gone, Mr. Wilson himself would sit bending over his desk far into the early hours of the morning, rewriting here, correcting there. There are copies of all the bills in existence, bewilderingly smudged with the Governor's own interlineations. In spite of the great work involved, they were all introduced early in the session. The Governor got them in at an early date, so that there might be plenty of time for publicity — for discussion and amendment. He wanted, he told his associates, the advice of every interested person in the State. On the evening when the bills were introduced, Mr. Wilson sat musingly at his desk in the Governor's room. There was no one else present except his secretary, Mr. Tumulty. The bills just placed before the legislature meant, if they were passed, a revolution in the political machinery of the State. Year after year they had come up, in one form or another, only to be stifled by the lobby. And now the same old lobby was gathering strength for its death grapple.

"Do you think the bills will pass, Tumulty?" the Governor asked.

The secretary merely smiled.

"Why do you smile?"

"Because I have been in the legislature for four sessions, and you haven't."

The Governor turned around and began buttoning up his coat—always a sign, with him, of a serious and determined mood.

"They will pass," he said quietly. "They've got to. The people have demanded them. The people will get them in spite of any legislature. The legislature won't dare to turn them down."

A New Kind of "Old Man"

And now the State of New Jersey had an entirely new experience in practical methods of legislation. The old way in this State was essentially the same as that which prevails in nearly all others. The laws originated in various unofficial places — in the offices of corporation lawyers or in similarly interested quarters. Once drawn up in their final form, they were handed to the "Big Boss," who, in turn, gave them to his lieutenants for introduction. The "Big Boss" haunted the Capitol during the legislative session; though never a member, he commonly took his station on the floor and personally conducted operations; even in recent years, he has been known to stand directly back of the Speaker and vicariously run the legislative machine. All mere members he treated as just so many slaves. When the time came for a particularly favored bill to pass, the Boss would summon his lieutenants. "Number 164 is up at ten o'clock," he would shout. "Come, line up your men." And then the sub-bosses would go scurrying over the building, dragging forth the lawmakers in batches of four and five. "Get into line; go in and vote for 164," they would command. Few of the legislators had the slightest inkling of what the bill was about; their only business was to do precisely what the "old man" said. Occasionally the Governor would take a hand. He would not send for the members and reason with them; he would merely send them explicit orders. Sometimes, if the situation required it, he would hold forth inducements of an appointment, or he would threaten to veto certain much-desired legislation, should the member prove obdurate. Legislation, therefore, was accomplished either by the direct use of the lash or by bribery and executive blackmail.

This was not Governor Wilson's way. His basic idea was that there existed a Democratic party organization, of which he himself was the head. The leaders of this organization, under his guidance, had adopted a certain legislative program — a program which was intended to redeem the promises made to the people. It was his duty, as party leader, to use all honorable means to get these measures enacted. There was no way in which he could exert pressure, except by personal appeals to the members and to the public. And he did this with a persuasive tact that aroused the enthusiasm of the old-timers. For the whole legislative session the legislators were encouraged to make their headquarters in the Governor's room. He became personally acquainted with them, discussed constantly the pending legislation, and tactfully asked their advice as to possible improvements. He persuaded, he reasoned, he argued, he asked and answered questions. The secret of his power and influence was that he treated his party associates as men and equals. He never promised a thing as a reward; he simply appealed to their party loyalty. The powerful hold he obtained in this way was strikingly shown in the case of an assemblyman from Mercer County. This man was a modest employee, at about eighteen dollars a week, of a large manufacturing plant located at Trenton. The officers of this corporation evidently believed that, since this man was one of their employees, they had a right to control his action as a legislator. In the senatorial fight its officers commanded him to cast his vote for Smith. Left to himself, the man would not have hesitated in voting against Smith; but the bread and butter of his wife and children was directly involved.

Many legislators got in the habit of taking their personal troubles to the Governor; and this member now asked Mr. Wilson's advice. "I am afraid I can't advise you," said Wilson. "I appreciate your troubles, and think that I have no right to ask you to sacrifice your family's support. You must settle the question yourself; but, if you vote for Mr. Smith, I shall not hold it against you, as I shall understand your position."

The assemblyman defied his employers and voted against Smith. He was immediately reduced in employment and put upon "piece-work," which meant a reduction in wages to about ten dollars a week. When the matter of the Governor's legislative program came up, this same assemblyman again received his orders from his employers to vote against it. Once more he appealed to Mr. Wilson, and received the same answer as before. Again he defied the corporation upon which he was dependent for his ten dollars a week. This time he was summarily discharged. The interesting part of this story is that this assemblyman was not a man who had hitherto shown any marked independence. He was, indeed, of the most ordinary caliber. It was clearly the Governor's influence that had injected certain heroic qualities into him, and the episode is chiefly interesting as indicating the new spirit that had entered the legislature. It is comforting to add, however, that the assemblyman did not suffer, for an outraged community quickly provided him with employment.

Mr. Wilson made himself accessible not only to members of the legislature, but to all citizens. The best way to settle differences, he believed, was calmly to sit down and talk things over. At first the labor leaders felt somewhat hostile because of the employers' liability bill. They had their own measure, which they regarded as a better one than that which was pushed by the administration. The labor leader having the matter in charge spent some time fuming and denouncing Mr. Wilson, until finally some one suggested that he drop into the executive office and have the matter out. After spending an hour or so with Mr. Wilson, he came out in a high state of enthusiasm. "Why, he's the greatest man in the country!" he exclaimed. "He's dead right, too. He went into the whole matter and showed me just why his bill was a better one than ours. I'm strong for it now."

Still the old lobby, although shorn of nearly all its influence, kept buzzing around. Smith, the owner of two newspapers in Newark, used them chiefly as agents for attacking the Governor and his policies. Wilson, of course, was an "ingrate"; Smith had worked hard to elect him, and now he was using his power to destroy all the things for which the Smith régime had stood. Smith's nephew, "Jim" Nugent, the chairman of the Democratic State Committee, kept hanging about Trenton and the legislature, working here and there against the reform measures. The test came on the Geran election bill. The old-timers, as a means of defeating this, demanded a caucus. Some one repeated this to the Governor.

"All right," he said; "go on. Why not invite me to the caucus? It's unprecedented, I know. Perhaps it's even unconstitutional; but then, I'm an unconstitutional Governor."

The Governor Attends the Party Caucus

This certainly was an amazing idea. A Governor in a party caucus? And yet, according to Wilsonian principles, why not? Was he not the generally acknowledged leader of his party? Was he not daily exercising all the authority of the party leadership? Why, then, should the party members gather to map out a party program without their chief? There was certainly no one so qualified to shed light upon the difficult points of the measure as the man who had had the leading influence in drafting it.

Somewhat dazed by the proposition, the Democratic members agreed, and the Governor promptly appeared. There was a minority that sullenly rebelled against his presence. Hardly had the Governor begun to talk, when some one interrupted. He bluntly told Mr. Wilson that he had no business in the caucus. What "constitutional" right had the Governor to interfere in legislation, anyway? His duties were of an entirely different "constitutional" kind.

"Since you appeal to the constitution," replied Mr. Wilson, "I think I can satisfy you." And he drew from his pocket a copy of the New Jersey constitution and read the following clause:

"The Governor shall communicate by message to the legislature at the opening of each session, and at such other times as he may deem necessary, the condition of the State, and *recommend such measures as he may deem expedient.*"

Naturally, that silenced all protests of this kind. The submerged reactionaries, however, were far from cordial in the early stage of the discussion. They accused the Governor to his face of "playing" for the Presidency — a charge, however, that did not greatly disturb him. He wished rather to limit his attention to the merits of the particular bill under consideration. For three hours the Governor stood there, explaining the bill in detail to his party associates. He took it up clause by clause, rehearsed the experience of other States along similar lines, seemed, indeed, to have the political history of every cranny of the United States at his finger-tips. "Where did this schoolmaster learn so much about politics?" the legislators asked themselves —"not only legislation, but practical politics?" After his explanation Mr. Wilson was submitted to a steady fire of questions. In answering these, he acted like a small boy playing his favorite game; he certainly enjoyed the proceeding to the full.

At the conclusion the Governor launched into an impromptu appeal for support. The eloquence of which he is so great a master now shone at its best. Several of the legislators present have described this experience to the writer. "I have never known anything like that speech," said one. "Such beautiful Saxon English, such suppressed emotion, such direct personal appeal — it was all wonderful, simply wonderful. The Governor talked for at least an hour, his speech flowing smoothly, readily, never pausing for a word or an idea. It was like listening to music. And the whole thing was merely an appeal to our better unselfish natures. The State had trusted us, as Democrats, with great duties and responsibilities. Would we betray the people or would we seize this splendid opportunity? But it is useless to attempt to describe the speech or the effect that it produced. We all came out of that room with one conviction; that we had heard the most wonderful speech of our lives, and that Governor Wilson was a great man. Even the most hardened of the old-time legislative hacks said that. It has been said that debate no longer accomplishes anything in American legislation, that nobody is now persuaded by talk. Here was a case, however, which refutes this idea. When we went into that caucus we had no assurance as to what the result would be. But opposition melted away under the Governor's influence. That caucus settled the fate of the Geran bill, as well as the whole Democratic program."

The Leader and the Boss

That Mr. Wilson could use other methods than appeal and persuasion, however, was shown by another episode connected with this same election bill. Nugent, the chairman of the Democratic State Committee, the representative of the old type of political leader, kept constantly upon the flanks of the legislature, vainly attempting to club the members into opposing the Governor's program. Some one asked Wilson if he would meet Nugent and talk the matter over. "I will talk things over with any citizen who wishes to see me," said Mr. Wilson. Nugent presently came in — not, however, in a conciliatory mood.

"Don't you think, Mr. Nugent," began the Governor, "that you are making a mistake in opposing this bill?"

"No," said Nugent; "and I don't think you could pass it without using these methods."

"What methods?"

"I mean that you are using patronage."

According to Governor Wilson's ideas, that simply amounted to an accusation of using bribery and blackmail, and he met the charge in the only possible way. He rose to the full height of his six feet, swept his arm in the direction of the door, and said:

"Good day, Mr. Nugent, good day!"

"You're no gentleman," shouted the Boss, as he retreated through the door.

"I don't think you're any judge," replied the Governor, sitting down again and applying himself to his work.

The Boss's face, say those who saw him as he came tearing down the corridor, was almost apoplectic with rage. Consider for a moment who he was — this man whom the Governor had almost bodily "fired" out of his office. As chairman of the Democratic State Committee, as nephew and personal representative of ex-Senator "Jim" Smith, Nugent was the regular accredited State "boss." Had Mayor Van Wyck of New York thrown Richard Croker out on the sidewalk, had Governor Dix ordered Charles F. Murphy from his presence in the course of the senatorial fight last winter, had President McKinley kicked Mark Hanna out of the White House, they would have pursued exactly the same policy as did Governor Wilson in ejecting Nugent. This, however, was not the main significance of the Governor's act. The episode simply emphasized the fact that men of Nugent's type have absolutely no place in a political organization, as Governor Wilson understands it. A political leader, according to his conception, must be a responsible leader. He must hold office, and he must have been elected by the rank and file of his party. This fact makes him responsible to public opinion, in which he finds his only lease of power. Manifestly Nugent did not fulfil these requirements. In the next few weeks Governor Wilson was able to show that the State of New Jersey and the Democratic party could get along with its responsible leaders without calling in the assistance of its Nugents. In fact, under the new system, Nugent found himself entirely without influence. He made many frantic attempts to "line up his men"; he laid hold of assemblyman after assemblyman and almost tearfully pleaded with them to vote against the Governor's bill. The Democratic assemblymen, however, ignored his appeals. They passed the entire legislative program by a large majority. Even the Senate, which was overwhelmingly Republican, apparently caught the infection, for it quietly indorsed everything the Democratic Governor had asked for.

And so, as a result of the assertion of real leadership by a governor of great intelligence and force, there must be recorded a real miracle in politics: New Jersey is a "progressive" State. Its legislation is as far "advanced" as that of Oregon, California, and other Western commonwealths. But it is progressive not only in measures, but in methods. Governor Wilson's real service is that he has dissipated a great American governmental superstition: the idea that political parties should work under a divided leadership; that a governor, elected by public opinion on certain definite issues, should divorce himself from public opinion and those issues immediately on assuming office. He has shown the necessity of uniting, under centralized party control, both the executive and legislative branches, and has proved that, once such a centralization is established, the power of the boss system disappears. That is Mr. Wilson's great contribution to the solution of our political problems.

THE WISH

BY KATHARINE TYNAN

A COTTAGE I would have which opes
Just where the lovely country drops
To valleys full of umbraged trees
And shining grass in wavèd seas.

My windows, diamond-paned, should look
Over an orchard with a brook,
And little apples growing round,
And many a pleasant sight and sound.

No naked plateau cold and wide
Enchants me like this countryside,
Opening in valleys at my feet,
And every valley gray with heat.

Below the oaks the cattle press;
Great peace is theirs, sweet heaviness;
With beechen coppices that hide
The feathered bridegroom and the bride.

The hops cling round the poles and leap;
The lovely valley's full of sleep,
Where the browned peasant smiles to hear
His country's praise, sweet to his ear.

I hear the heart of England beat
In the rich loam beneath my feet;
This ordered beauty, vale and hill,
That holds the heart of England still.

Beauty that changes, yet endures,
This good God's gift is mine and yours;
For gentle and for common men
God builds his glory over again.

Give me a cottage — gable small,
Smothered in roses, roof and wall,
A cottage garden, bright and gay,
And time to write and time to pray.

A NEW CONSCIENCE AND AN ANCIENT EVIL

BY

JANE ADDAMS

AUTHOR OF "THE SPIRIT OF YOUTH AND THE CITY STREETS," ETC.

CHAPTER II. ECONOMIC PRESSURE AND ITS INEVITABLE RESULTS

IT may be possible to extract some small degree of comfort from the recent revelations of the white slave traffic, when we reflect that at the present moment, in the midst of a freedom such as has never been accorded to young women in the history of the world, under an economic pressure grinding down upon the working-girl at the very age when she most wistfully desires to be taken care of, it is necessary to organize a widespread commercial enterprise in order to procure a sufficient number of girls for the white slave market.

Certainly the larger freedom accorded to women by our changing social customs, and the phenomenal number of young girls who are utilized by modern industry, taken in connection with this lack of supply, would seem to show that the chastity of women is holding its own in that slow-growing civilization which ever demands more self-control and conscious direction on the part of the individuals sharing it.

Our Constantly Increasing Army of Young Working-Girls

Successive reports of the United States census indicate that self-supporting girls are increasing steadily in number each decade, until fifty-nine per cent of all the young women in the nation between the ages of sixteen and twenty years are now engaged in some gainful occupation. Year after year, as these figures increase, the public views them with complacency, almost with pride, and confidently depends upon the inner restraint and training of this young multitude to protect it from disaster. Nevertheless, the public is totally unable to determine at what moment these safeguards, evolved under former industrial conditions, may reach a breaking-point, not because of economic freedom, but because of untoward economic conditions.

For the first time in history, multitudes of women are laboring without the direct stimulus of family interest or affection, and they are also unable to proportion their hours of work and intervals of rest according to their strength; in addition to this, for thousands of them, the effort to obtain a livelihood has fairly eclipsed the meaning of life itself. At the present moment no student of modern industrial conditions can possibly assert how far the superior chastity of women, so rigidly maintained during the centuries, has been the result of her domestic surroundings, and certainly no one knows under what degree of economic pressure it may give way.

In addition to the monotony of work and the long hours, the small wages these girls receive have no relation to the standard of living which they are endeavoring to maintain. Discouraged and over-fatigued, they are often brought into sharp juxtaposition with the women who are obtaining much larger returns from their illicit trade. Society also ventures to capitalize a virtuous girl at much less than one who has yielded to temptation, and may well hold itself responsible for the precarious position into which, year after year, this multitude of frail girls is placed.

Six Thousand Dollars the Capitalized Value of the Average Working-Girl

The very valuable report recently issued by the Vice Commission of Chicago leaves no room for doubt upon this point. The report estimates the yearly profit of this nefarious business, as conducted in Chicago, to be between fifteen and sixteen millions of dollars. Although these enormous profits largely accrue to the men who conduct the business of the social evil, the report emphasizes the fact that the average girl earns very much more in such a life than she can hope to earn by any honest work. It points out that the capitalized value of the average working-girl is six thousand dollars, as she ordinarily earns six dollars a week, which is three hundred dollars a year or five per cent on that sum. A girl who sells drinks in a disreputable saloon, earning in commissions for herself twenty-one dollars a week, is capitalized at a value of twenty-two thousand dollars. The report further estimates that the average girl who enters an illicit life under a protector or manager is able to earn twenty-five dollars a week, representing a capital of twenty-six thousand dollars. In other words, a girl in such a life "earns more than four times as much as she is worth as a factor in the social and industrial economy where brains, intelligence, virtue, and womanly charm should be worth a premium." Of course, the argument is specious, in that it does not reckon the economic value of the many later years in which the honest girl will live as wife and mother, in contrast to the premature death of the girl in the illicit trade.

Yet, in spite of all this difference in the immediate earning capacity of a girl in the two situations, the supply of girls for the white slave traffic so far falls below the demand that large business enterprises have been developed, throughout the world, in order to secure a sufficient number of victims for this modern market. Over and over again in the criminal proceedings against the men engaged in this traffic, when questioned as to their motives, they have given the simple reply, "that more girls are needed," and that they were promised big money for them.

Girls Who Succumb to Economic Pressure

Although economic pressure as a reason for entering an illicit life has been brought out in court by the evidence in a surprising number of white slave trials, there is no doubt that a girl prefers to think that economic pressure is the reason for her downfall, even when the immediate causes have been her love of pleasure, her desire for finery, or the influence of evil companions. In a very real sense her diagnosis is correct, but economic stress given as a reason for entering the life sounds better than any other, and it is easy for all of us to deceive ourselves as to our motives. In addition to this, the wretched girl finds the experience too terrible to be faced day by day, and she endeavors to shelter her broken life with the excuse that the money she earns is needed for the support of some one dependent upon her, following the habits established by generations of virtuous women who cared for feeble folk. One such girl living in a disreputable house had adopted a delicate child afflicted with curvature of the spine, whom she boarded with respectable people, and kept for many weeks out of each year in an expensive sanatorium, that it might receive medical treatment. The mother of the child, an inmate of the house in which the ardent foster-mother herself lived, was quite indifferent to the child's welfare and also rather amused at such solicitude. The girl has persevered in her course for five years, never, however, allowing the little invalid to come to the house in which she and the mother live. The same sort of devotion and self-sacrifice is often poured out upon the miserable cadet who in the beginning was responsible for the girl's entrance into this life and who constantly receives her earnings. She supports him in the luxurious life he may be living in another part of the town, takes an almost maternal pride in his good clothes and general prosperity, and regards him as the one person in all the world who understands her plight.

Most of the cases of economic responsibility, however, are not due to chivalric devotion but arise from a desire to fulfil family obligations such as would be accepted by any conscientious girl. This was clearly revealed in conversations recently held with thirty-four girls who were living at the same time in a rescue home, when twenty-two of them gave economic pressure as the reason for choosing the life which they had so recently abandoned. One piteous little widow of seventeen had been supporting her child, and had been able to leave the life she had been leading only because her married sister had offered to take care of the baby without the money formerly paid her; another had been supporting her mother, and only since her recent death was the girl sure that she could live honestly because she had only herself to care for.

The Typical Story of a Fifteen-Year-Old Shop-Girl

The following story, fairly typical of the twenty-two giving economic pressure as a reason, is of a girl who had come to Chicago, at the age of fifteen, from a small town in Indiana. Her father was too old to work and her mother was a dependent invalid. The brother who cared for the parents, with the help of the girl's own slender wages earned in the country store of the little town, became ill with rheumatism. In her desire to earn more money, the country girl came to the nearest large city, Chicago, to work in a department-store. The highest wages she could earn there, even although she wore long dresses and was "experienced," was five dollars a week. Such a sum was, of course, inadequate even for her own needs, and she was constantly filled with a corroding worry for "the folks at home." In a moment of panic for more money, a fellow clerk who was "wise" showed her that it was possible to add to her wages by making appointments for the noon hour at downtown hotels; and having earned money in this way for a few months, the young girl made an arrangement with an older woman to be on call in the evenings whenever she was summoned by telephone, thus joining that large clandestine group of apparently respectable girls, most of whom yield to temptation only when hard pressed by debt incurred during illness or non-employment, or when they are facing some immediate necessity. This practice has become so established in the larger American cities as to be systematically arranged for. It is perhaps the most sinister outcome of the economic pressure, unless one cites its corollary — the condition of thousands of young men whose low salaries so cruelly and unjustifiably postpone their marriages. For a long time the young saleswoman kept her position in the department-store, retaining her honest wages for herself but sending everything else to her family. At length, however, she changed from her clandestine life to an openly professional one because she needed enough money to send her brother to Hot Springs, Arkansas, where she maintained him for a year. She explained that he was now restored to health and able to support the family once more, and she had left the life "for ever and ever," expecting to return to her home in Indiana. She suspected that her brother knew of her experience, although she was sure that her parents did not, and she hoped that, as she was not yet seventeen, she might be able to make a fresh start. Fortunately, the poor child did not know how difficult that would be.

The Department-Store — the High-Pressure Point of Temptation

It is perhaps in the department-store more than in any other situation that every possible weakness in a girl is detected and traded upon. For, while it is true that "wherever many girls are gathered together, more or less unprotected and embroiled in the struggle for a livelihood, near by will be hovering the procurers and evil-minded," no other place of employment is so easy of access as the department-store. No visitor is received in a factory or office unless he has definite business there, whereas every purchaser is welcome at a department-store, and even a notorious woman, well known to represent the *demi-monde* trade, is treated with marked courtesy if she spends large sums of money. The primary danger lies in the fact that the young saleswomen are thus easy of access. The cadet constantly passes in and out, making small purchases from every pretty girl, opening an acquaintance with complimentary remarks; or the procuress, a fashionably dressed woman, buys clothing in large amounts, sometimes for a young girl by her side, ostensibly her daughter. She condoles with the saleswoman upon her hard lot and lack of pleasure, and, in the rôle of a kindly prosperous matron, invites her to come to her own home for a good time. The girl is also subjected to temptation through the men and women in her own department, sometimes higher up, who tell her how invitations to dinners and theaters may be procured. It is not surprising that so many of these young, inexperienced girls are either deceived or yield to temptation, in spite of the efforts made by the management and by the older women in various departments to protect them.

The department-store has brought together, as has never been done before in history, a bewildering mass of delicate and beautiful fabrics, jewelry, and household decorations such as women covet, gathered skilfully from all parts of the world; and in the midst of this bulk of desirable possessions is placed an untrained girl, with careful instructions as to her conduct for making sales but with no guidance in regard to herself. Such a girl may be bitterly lonely, but she is expected to smile affably all day long upon a throng of changing customers; she may be without adequate clothing, although she stands in an emporium where it is piled about her literally as high as her head; she may be faint for want of food, but she may not sit down lest she assume "an attitude of inertia and indifference," which is against the rules; she may have a great desire for pretty things, but she must sell to other people at least twenty-five times the amount of her own salary or she will not be retained. Because she is of the first generation of women that have stood alone in the midst of trade, she is clinging and timid; and yet, the only person, man or woman, in this commercial atmosphere who speaks to her of the care and protection which she craves, is seeking to betray her. Because she is young and feminine, her mind secretly dwells upon a future lover, upon a home adorned with the most enticing of the household goods about her, upon a child dressed in the filmy fabrics she tenderly touches; and yet, the only man who approaches her there, acting upon the knowledge of this inner life of hers, does it with the direct intention of playing upon it in order to despoil her. Is it surprising that the average human nature of which young girls are made so often can not endure this strain?

Of fifteen thousand women employed in the downtown department-stores of Chicago the majority are Americans. We all know that the American girl has grown up in the belief that the world is hers "from which to choose," that there is ordinarily no limit to her ambition or to her definition of success. She realizes that she is well mannered and well dressed and does not appear unlike most of her customers. She sees only one aspect of her countrywomen who come "shopping," and she may well believe that the chief concern of life is fashionable clothing. Her interest and ambition almost inevitably become thoroughly worldly, and from the very fact that she is employed downtown she obtains an exaggerated idea of the luxury of the illicit life all about her, which is barely concealed.

The fifth volume of the report of "Woman and Child Wage-Earners in the United States" gives the result of a careful inquiry into "the relation of wages to the moral condition of department-store women." In connection with this, the investigators secured "the personal histories of one hundred immoral women," of whom ten were or had been employed in a department-store. They found that, while only one of the ten had been directly induced to leave the store for a disreputable life, six of them said that "it was easier to earn money that way." The report states that the average employee in a department-store earns about seven dollars a week, and that the average income of the one hundred immoral women covered by the personal histories ranged from fifty dollars a week to one hundred dollars a week in exceptional cases. It is of these exceptional cases that the department-store girl hears, and the knowledge becomes part of the unreality and glittering life which is all about her. It is one of her disadvantages as compared to the life of a factory girl, who is much less open to direct inducement and to the temptations that come through sheer imitation. The factory girl also has the advantage of working among plain people who frankly designate an irregular life in harsh, old-fashioned terms. If the factory girl catches sight of this vicious life at all, she sees its miserable victims in all the wretchedness and sordidness of their trade in the poorer parts of the city. As she passes the opening doors of a disreputable saloon, she may see, for an instant, three or four listless girls urging liquor upon men tired out with the long day's work and already sodden with drink. As she hurries along the street on a rainy night, she may hear a sharp cry of pain from a sick-looking girl whose arm is being brutally wrenched by a rough man; and if she stops for a moment, she hears his muttered threats in response to the girl's pleading that "it is too bad a night for street work." She sees a passing policeman shrug his shoulders as he crosses the street, and she vaguely knows that the sick girl has put herself beyond the protection of the law and that the rough man has an understanding with the officer on the beat.

An Industrial System that Destroys the Nerves of Workingwomen

Yet, in spite of all this corrective knowledge, the increasing nervous energy to which industrial processes daily accommodate themselves, and the "speeding up" constantly required of the operators, may at any moment so register their results upon the nervous system of a factory girl as to overcome her powers of resistance.

Many a working-girl at the end of a day is so hysterical and overwrought that her mental balance is plainly disturbed. Hundreds of working-girls go directly to bed as soon as they have eaten their suppers. They are too tired to go from home for recreation, too tired to read, and often too tired to sleep. A humane forewoman recently said to me, as she glanced down the long room in which hundreds of young women, many of them with their shoes beside them, were standing: "I hate to think of all the aching feet on this floor. These girls all have trouble with their feet; some of them spend the entire evening bathing them in hot water." But aching feet are no more usual than aching backs and aching heads. The study of industrial diseases has only this year been begun by the federal authorities, and doubtless, as more is known of the nervous and mental effect of over-fatigue, many moral breakdowns will be traced to this source. It is already easy to make this connection in definite cases. "I was too tired to care," "I was too tired to know what I was doing," "I was dead tired and sick of it all," "I was dog tired and just went with him," are phrases taken from the lips of many reckless girls who are endeavoring to explain the situation in which they find themselves.

Only slowly are laws being enacted to limit the hours of workingwomen; yet the able brief presented to the United States Supreme Court on the constitutionality of the Oregon Ten-Hour Law for Women based its plea upon the results of overwork as affecting women's health, the grave medical statements constantly broken into by a portrayal of the disastrous effects of over-fatigue upon character. It is as yet difficult to distinguish between the results of long hours and the results of overstrain. Certainly the constant sense of haste is one of the most nerve-racking and exhausting tests to which the human system can be subjected. Those girls in the sewing industry whose mothers thread needles for them far into the night that they may sew without a moment's interruption during the next day; those girls who pack and seal forty-three hundred and twenty boxes of candy a day, not even taking a drink of water unless it is brought to them, because they can lose no time when they are paid at the rate of three fourths of a cent a dozen boxes, are striking victims of the over-speeding which is so characteristic of our entire factory system.

One Girl Who "Sold Out for a Pair of Shoes"

Yet, factory girls who are subjected to this overstrain and overtime often find their greatest discouragement in the fact that, after all their efforts, they earn too little to support themselves. One girl said that she had first yielded to temptation when she had become utterly discouraged because she had tried in vain for seven months to save enough money for a pair of shoes. She habitually spent two dollars a week for her room, three dollars for her board, and sixty cents a week for carfare, and she had found the forty cents remaining from her weekly wage of six dollars inadequate to do more than resole her old shoes twice. When the shoes became too worn to endure a third soling, and she possessed but ninety cents toward a new pair, she gave up her struggle; to use her own contemptuous phrase, she "sold out for a pair of shoes."

Usually the phrases are less graphic, but, after all, they retain the same dreary meaning: "Couldn't make both ends meet"; "I had always been used to having nice things"; "Couldn't make enough money to live on"; "I got sick and ran behind"; "Needed more money"; "Impossible to feed and clothe myself"; "Out of work — hadn't been able to save."

Very often, all that is necessary effectively to help the girl who is on the edge of wrong-doing, is to lend her money for her board until she finds work, provide the necessary clothing of which she is in such desperate need, persuade her relatives that she should have more money for her own expenditures, or find her another place at higher wages. Upon such simple economic needs does the tried virtue of a good girl sometimes depend!

The Cynicism of the Overworked

Here, again, the immigrant girl is at a disadvantage. The average wage of two hundred newly arrived girls of various nationalities, Poles, Italians, Slovaks, Bohemians, Russians, Galatians, Croatians, Lithuanians, Rumanians, Germans, and Swedes, who were interviewed by the Immigrants' Protective League, was four dollars and a half a week for the first position which they had been able to secure in Chicago. It often takes a girl several weeks to find this first place. During this period of looking for work the immigrant girl is subjected to great dangers; she is almost always exploited industrially, and often the attempt is made to exploit her virtue. A Russian girl quite recently took a place in a Chicago clothing factory at twenty cents a day, without in the least knowing that she was undercutting the wages of even that ill-paid industry. This girl rented a room for a dollar a week, and all she had to eat was given to her by a friend in the same lodging-house, who shared her own scanty fare. Such a desperate strait in regard to wages can be ameliorated only through the establishment of a minimum wage below which payment for services in a given trade may not fall. In the clothing industry trade-unionism has already established this limit for the wages of thousands of women who are receiving the protection and discipline of trade organization and responding to the tonic of self-help. Low wages will doubtless in time be modified by minimum wage boards for women such as have been in successful operation for many years in certain English colonies and are now being instituted in England itself, although as yet Massachusetts is the only State that has appointed a commission to consider this establishment for America. In the meantime, the average girl is subjected to temptations to which society has no right to expose her. A dangerous cynicism regarding the value of virtue, a cynicism never so unlovely as in the young, sometimes seizes a girl who because of long hours and overwork has been unable to preserve either her health or spirit and has lost all measure of joy in life. Often this premature cynicism may be traced to an unhappy and narrow childhood; for unless we have had much happiness then we can never be certain of a faith in life and a sense of security. This may have something to do with the experiences of the officers of the Juvenile Protective Association of Chicago, who are constantly surprised at the large number of young girls who come from families in which there has been a lack of warm affection and the poor substitute of parental tyranny.

Girls Who Dare Not Go Home a Nickel Short in Their Wages

A little Italian girl who earned four dollars a week in a tailor shop by pulling out bastings, when asked why she wore a heavy woolen gown on one of the hottest days of last summer, replied that she was obliged to earn money for her clothes by scrubbing for the neighbors after hours; that she had found no such work lately, and that her father would not allow her anything from her wages for clothes or for carfare, because he was buying a house. This control, sometimes exercised in order to secure all of a daughter's wages, is often established with the best intentions in the world. I recall a French dressmaker who had frugally supported her two daughters until they were of working age, when she quite naturally expected them to conform to the careful habits of living necessary during her narrow years. In order to save carfare she required her daughters to walk a long distance to the department-store in which one was a bundle-wrapper and the other a clerk at the ribbon counter; they dressed in black as being the most economical color, and a penny spent in pleasure was never permitted. One day a young man who was buying ribbon from the older girl gave her a yard, with the remark that she was much too young and pretty to be so somberly dressed. She wore the ribbon at work, never of course at home; but it opened a vista of delightful possibilities, and she eagerly accepted a pair of gloves the following week from the same young man, who afterward asked her to dine with him.

This was the beginning of a winter of surreptitious pleasures on the part of the two sisters. They were shrewd enough never to be out later than ten o'clock, and always brought home so-called overtime pay to their mother. In the spring the older girl, finding herself worn out by her dissipation and having resolved to cut loose from her home, came to the office of the Juvenile Protective Association to ask help for her younger sister. It was discovered that the mother was totally ignorant of the semi-professional life her daughters had been leading, and she reiterated over and over again that she had always guarded them carefully and had given them no money to spend. It took months of constant visiting on the part of a representative of the Association before she was finally persuaded to treat the younger girl more generously.

While this family is fairly typical of those in which over-restraint is due to the lack of understanding, it is true that in most cases the family tyranny is exercised by an old-country father in an honest attempt to guard his daughter against the dangers of a new world. The worst instances, however, are those in which the father has fallen into the evil ways of drink, and not only demands all of his daughter's wages, but treats her with great brutality when those wages fall below his expectations. Many such daughters have come to grief because they have been afraid to go home at night when their wage envelops contained less than usual either because a new system of piece work had reduced the amount, or because, in a moment of weakness, they had taken out five cents with which to attend a show or ten cents for the much-desired pleasure of riding back and forth the full length of an elevated railroad, or because they had in a thirsty moment taken out a nickel for a drink of soda water, or, worst of all, had fallen a victim to the instalment plan of buying a new hat or a pair of shoes. These girls, in their fear of beatings and scoldings, although they are sure of shelter and food and often have a mother who is trying to protect them from domestic storms, have almost no money for clothing, and are inevitably subject to moments of sheer revolt, their rebellion intensified by the fact that after a girl earns her own money, and is accustomed to come and go upon the streets as an independent wage-earner, she finds unsympathetic control much harder to bear than do school-girls of the same age who have never broken the habits of their childhood and are still economically dependent upon their parents.

Eighty-four per Cent of Working-Girls Turn All Their Earnings into the Family Fund

So long as home control is sympathetic and the family affection and loyalty maintained, all goes well. Any one who has lived among working-people has been surprised at the docility with which the grown-up children give all of their earnings to their parents. This is, of course, especially true of the daughters. The fifth volume of the governmental report upon "Woman and Child Wage-Earners in the United States," quoted earlier, gives eighty-four per cent as the proportion of working-girls who turn in all of their wages to the family fund. In most cases this is done voluntarily and cheerfully, but in many instances it is as if the tradition of woman's dependence upon her family for support held long after the actual fact had changed, or as if the tyranny established through generations when daughters could be starved into submission to a father's will continued even after the rôles had changed and the wages of the girl child supported a broken and dissolute father.

An over-restrained girl from whom so much is exacted will sometimes begin to deceive her family by failing to tell them when she has had a raise in her wages. She will habitually keep the extra amount for herself, as she will any overtime pay that she may receive. All such money is invariably spent upon her own clothing, which she of course can not wear at home, but which gives her great satisfaction upon the streets.

The girl of the crowded tenements has no room in which to receive her friends or to read the books through which she shares the lives of assorted heroines, or, better still, dreams of them as of herself. Even if the living-room is not full of boarders or children or washing, it is comfortable neither for receiving friends nor for reading, and she finds upon the street her entire social field. The shop windows with their desirable garments hastily clothe her heroines as they travel the old roads of romance; the street-cars rumbling noisily by suggest a delectable somewhere far away; and the young men who pass offer possibilities of the most delightful acquaintance. Is it to be marveled at that she insists upon clothing that conforms to the ideals of this all-absorbing street, and that she will unhesitatingly deceive an uncomprehending family which does not recognize the importance of "proper dressing"?

One such girl had for two years earned money for clothing by filling regular appointments made for her by a cadet in a saloon between the hours of six and half past seven in the evening. With this money, earned almost daily, she bought the clothes of her heart's desire, keeping them with the saloonkeeper's wife. She demurely returned to her family for supper in her shabby working-clothes, and presented to her mother her unopened pay envelop every Saturday night. She began this life at the age of fourteen, after her Polish mother had beaten her because she had "elbowed" the sleeves and "cut out" the neck of her ungainly calico gown in a vain attempt to make it look "American." The mother who had so conscientiously beaten her daughter who was "too crazy for clothes" could never, of course, comprehend how dangerous a combination is the girl with an unsatisfied love for finery and the opportunities for illicit earning afforded on the street. Yet many sad cases may be traced to such lack of comprehension.

Looking for a Job

Another experience during which a girl faces a peculiar danger is when she has lost one "job" and is looking for another. Naturally, she loses her place in the slack season and pursues her search at the very moment when positions are hardest to find and her unemployment is therefore most prolonged. Perhaps nothing in our social order is so unorganized and inchoate as our method, or rather lack of method, of placing young people in industry, whether we consider this from the point of view of their first positions when they leave school at the wayward age of fourteen, or from the innumerable places they hold later, often as many as ten a year, when they are dismissed or change voluntarily through sheer restlessness. Here, again, the girl's difficulty is often increased by a lack of sympathy and understanding on the part of her parents. The girl is often afraid to say that she has lost her place, and pretends to go to work each morning while she is looking for a new one; she postpones telling them at home day by day, growing more frantic as the usual pay-day approaches. Some girls borrow from loan sharks in order to take the customary wages to their parents; others fall victims to unscrupulous employment agencies in their eagerness to take the first thing offered.

The majority of these girls answer advertisements in the daily papers, as affording the cheapest and safest way to secure a position. These out-of-work girls are found, sometimes as many as forty or fifty at a time, in the rest rooms of department-stores, waiting for new editions of the newspapers, after they have gone the rounds of the morning advertisements and have found nothing.

In the "Rest Room" of the Department-Store

Of course, such a possible field as these rest rooms afford is not overlooked by the cadet, who finds it very easy to establish friendly relations through the offer of the latest edition of the paper. Even pennies are precious to a girl out of work, and she is also easily grateful to any one who expresses an interest in her plight and tells her of a position. Two representatives of the Juvenile Protective Association of Chicago, during a period of three weeks, arrested and convicted seventeen men and three women who were plying their trades in the rest rooms of nine department-stores. The managers of the stores were greatly concerned over this exposure, and immediately arranged both for more intelligent matrons and greater vigilance. One of the less scrupulous stores voluntarily gave up a method of advertising carried on in the rest room itself, where a demonstrator from the 'beauty counter" made up the faces of the patrons of the rest room with the powder and paint obtainable in her department below. The out-of-work girls especially availed themselves of this privilege, and hoped that their search would be easier when their pale, woe-begone faces were made "beautiful." The poor girls could not know that a face thus made up enormously increased their risks.

A number of girls also came early in the morning, as soon as the rest rooms were open. They washed their faces and arranged their hair, and then settled themselves to sleep in the largest and easiest chairs the room afforded. Some of these were out-of-work girls also determined to take home their wages at the end of the week, each pretending to her mother that she had spent the night with a girl friend and was working all day as usual. How much of this deception is due to parental tyranny and how much to a sense of responsibility for younger children or invalids, it is impossible to estimate until the number of such recorded cases is much larger. Certain it is that the long habit of obedience as well as the feeling of family obligation established from childhood is often utilized by the cadet.

Difficult as is the position of the girl out of work when her family is exigent and uncomprehending, she has incomparably more protection than the girl who is living in the city without home ties. Such girls form sixteen per cent of the workingwomen of Chicago. With absolutely every penny of their meager wages consumed in their inadequate living, they are totally unable to save money. That loneliness and detachment which the city tends to breed in her inhabitants is easily intensified in such a girl into isolation and a desolating sense of belonging nowhere. All youth resents the sense of the enormity of the universe in relation to the insignificance of the individual life, and youth, with that intense self-consciousness which makes each young person the very center of all emotional experience, broods over this as no older person can possibly do. At such moments a black oppression, the instinctive fear of solitude, will send a lonely girl restlessly to walk the streets, even when she is "too tired to stand," and when her desire for companionship in itself constitutes a grave danger.

Shall the State Protect Girls until They are Twenty-one?

Certainly, during those trying times when a girl is out of work she should have much more intelligent help than is at present extended to her. In the first place, she should be able to avail herself of the state employment agencies much more successfully than is now possible, and the work of the newly established vocational bureaus should be enormously extended. One dreams of the time when the interest and capacity of each young person shall be studied with reference to the industry about to be undertaken. When vocational bureaus are properly connected with the public schools, a girl will have an intelligent point of departure into her working life and a place to which she can turn in time of need. A royal commission has recently recommended to the English Parliament that some sort of supervision be kept over children from the time they leave the ward schools until they are twenty-one years old, that the nation may thereby save them from premature exploitation and ruin. Unquestionably the average American child has received a more expensive education than has as yet been accorded to the child of any other nation. The girls working in department-stores have been in the public schools on an average of eight years each, while even the factory girls, who so often leave school from the lower grades, have yet averaged six and two tenths years of education, at the public expense, before they enter industrial life. Certainly the community that has accomplished so much could afford them help and oversight for six and a half years longer, which is the average length of time that a working-girl is employed. The state might well undertake this, if only to secure its former investment and to save that investment from utter loss.

When once we are in earnest about the abolition of the social evil, society will find that it must study industry from the point of view of the producer in a sense which has never been done before. Such a study with reference to industrial legislation will ally itself, on the one hand, with the trade-union movement, which insists not only upon a living wage and shorter hours for the workers, but upon an opportunity for self-direction, and, on the other hand, with the efficiency movement, which would refrain from over-fatiguing the operator as it would from over-speeding a machine. In addition to legislative enactment and the historic trade-union effort, the feebler and newer movements on the part of the employers being reinforced by the welfare secretary, who, in addition to devising recreational and educational plans, is placing before the employer much disturbing information upon the cost of living in relation to the pitiful wages of working-girls. Employers are growing ashamed to use the worn-out, hypocritical pretense of employing only the girl "protected by home influences" as a device for reducing wages. Help may also come from the consumers; for an increasing number of them, with compunctions in regard to tempted young employees, are not only unwilling to purchase from the employer who underpays his girls, and thus to share his guilt, but are striving in divers ways to modify existing conditions.

As working-women enter the new fields of labor which ever open up anew as the old fields are submerged behind them, may society not hope speedily to protect them by an amelioration of the economic conditions which are now so unnecessarily harsh and dangerous to health and morals? The world-wide movement for establishing governmental control of industrial conditions is especially concerned for working-women. Nine of the great European powers prohibit all night work for women, and almost every civilized country in the world is considering the number of hours and the character of work in which women may be permitted safely to engage. Although amelioration comes about so slowly that many young girls are sacrificed each year under conditions which could so easily and reasonably be changed, nevertheless it is apparently better to overcome the dangers in this new and freer life which modern industry has opened to women than it is to attempt to retreat into the domestic industry of the past. A careful history of the social evil gives the largest number of recruits for this life as coming from domestic service, and the second largest number from girls who live at home with no definite occupation whatever.

Perhaps, on the whole, in the economic aspect of the social evil more than in any other do we find ground for despair, and at the same time we discern, as nowhere else, a stubborn power of resistance in the young girl. There is no room for doubt, however, that even the most superficial survey of her surroundings should convince society of the necessity for ameliorating, as rapidly as possible, the harsh economic conditions which now environ her.

MISS ADDAMS' THIRD ARTICLE, WHICH WILL APPEAR IN JANUARY, WILL DEAL WITH "THE MORAL EDUCATION AND LEGAL PROTECTION OF CHILDREN"

CHRISTMAS EVE

COME, guard this night the Christmas-pie,
That the thief, though ne'er so sly,
With his flesh-hooks don't come nigh
To catch it
From him who all alone sits there,
Having his eyes still in his ear,
And a deal of nightly fear,
To watch it.

THE CEREMONIES FOR CANDLEMAS DAY

KINDLE the Christmas brand, and then
Till sunset let it burn;
Which quenched, then lay it up again
Till Christmas next return.
Part must be kept wherewith to teend
The Christmas log next year,
And where 'tis safely kept, the fiend
Can do no mischief there.

Robert Herrick

THE MERCHANTS FROM CATHAY

BY WILLIAM R. BENÉT

How that they came

THEIR heels slapped their bumping mules. Their fat chaps glowed.
(Glory unto Mary! Each seemed to wear a crown!)
Like sunset their robes were on the wide white road.
So we saw those mad merchants come dusting into town.

Of their beasts

Two paunchy beasts they rode on and two they drove before.
(May the saints all help us! The tiger-stripes they had!)
And the panniers upon them crammed full of stuffs and ore!
The square buzzed and jostled at a sight so mad.

And their boast

They bawled in their beards and their turbans they wried.
They stopped by the stalls with curveting and clatter.
As bronze as the bracken their necks and faces dyed.
And a stave they set singing to tell us of the matter:

With its burthen

"For your silks to Sugarmago! For your dyes to Isfahan!
Weird fruits from the isle o' Lamaree!
But for magic merchandise — for treasure-trove and spice —
Here's a catch and a carol to the great grand Chan,
The king of all the kings across the sea!

And refrain

"A catch and a carol to the great grand Chan!
For we won through the deserts to his sunset barbacan,
And the mountains of his palace no Titan's reach may span
Where he wields his seigniorie!

A first stave fearsome!

"Red-as-blood skins of panthers so bright against the sun
On the walls of his halls where his pillared state is set
They daze with a blaze no man may look upon,
And with conduits of beverage those floors run wet.

And a second right hard to stomach

"His wives stiff with riches they sit before him there.
Bird and beast at his feast make song and clapping cheer;
And jugglers and enchanters, all walking on the air,
Make fall eclipse and thunder — make moons and suns appear!

We gape to hear them end!

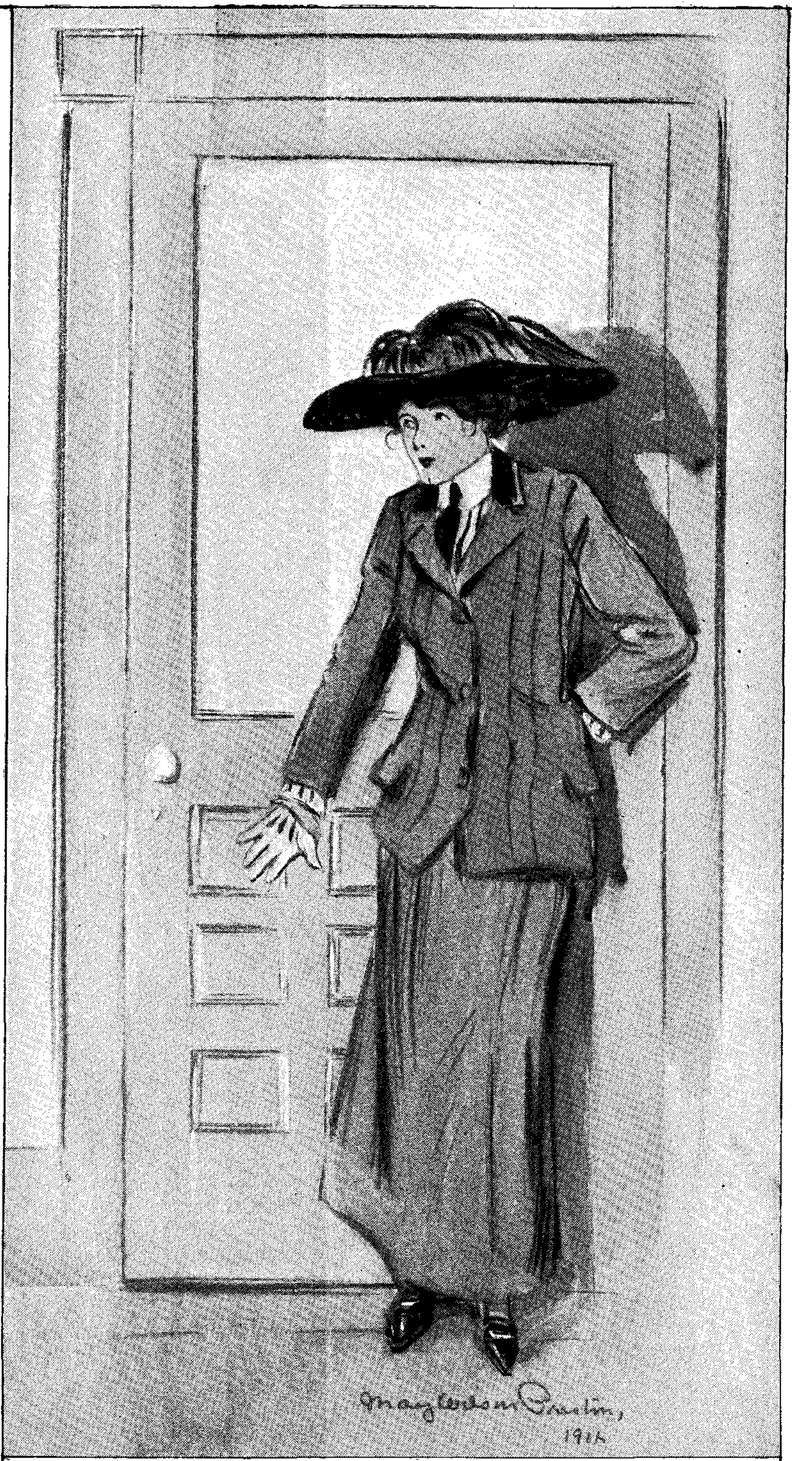
"A catch and a carol to the great grand Chan!
Past masters of disasters, our desert caravan
Won through all peril to his sunset barbacan
Where he wields his seigniorie!
And crowns he gave us! We end where we began:
A catch and a carol to the great grand Chan,
The king of all the kings across the sea!"

And are in terror

Those mad, antic merchants! Their stripèd beasts did beat
The market-square suddenly with hooves of beaten gold!
The ground yawned gaping and flamed beneath their feet.
They plunged to pits abysmal with their wealth untold!

And dread it is devil's work

And some say the Chan himself in anger dealt the stroke
For sharing of his secrets with silly common folk.
But, Holy Blessed Mary, preserve us as you may
Lest once more those mad merchants come chanting from Cathay!



Mary Wilson Preston, 1912

"FOR THE FIRST TIME SHE SAW YOUNG ZIRKLE AS A SON WHO HAD LOVED HIS FATHER"